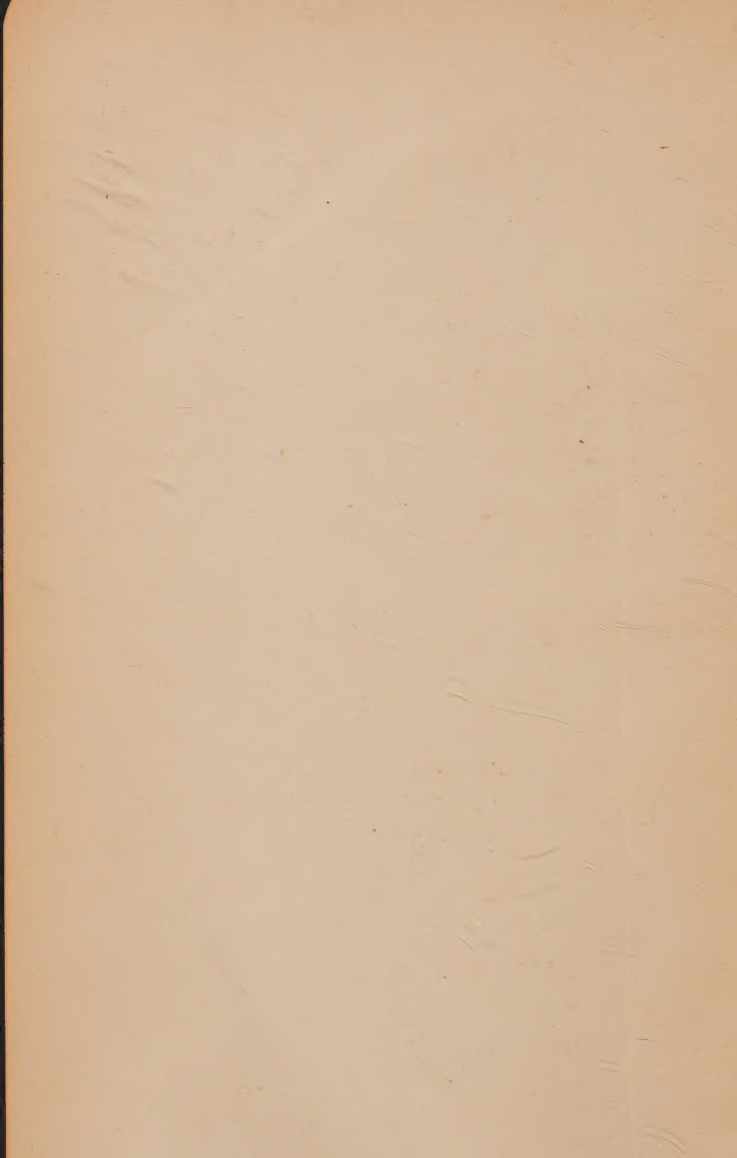


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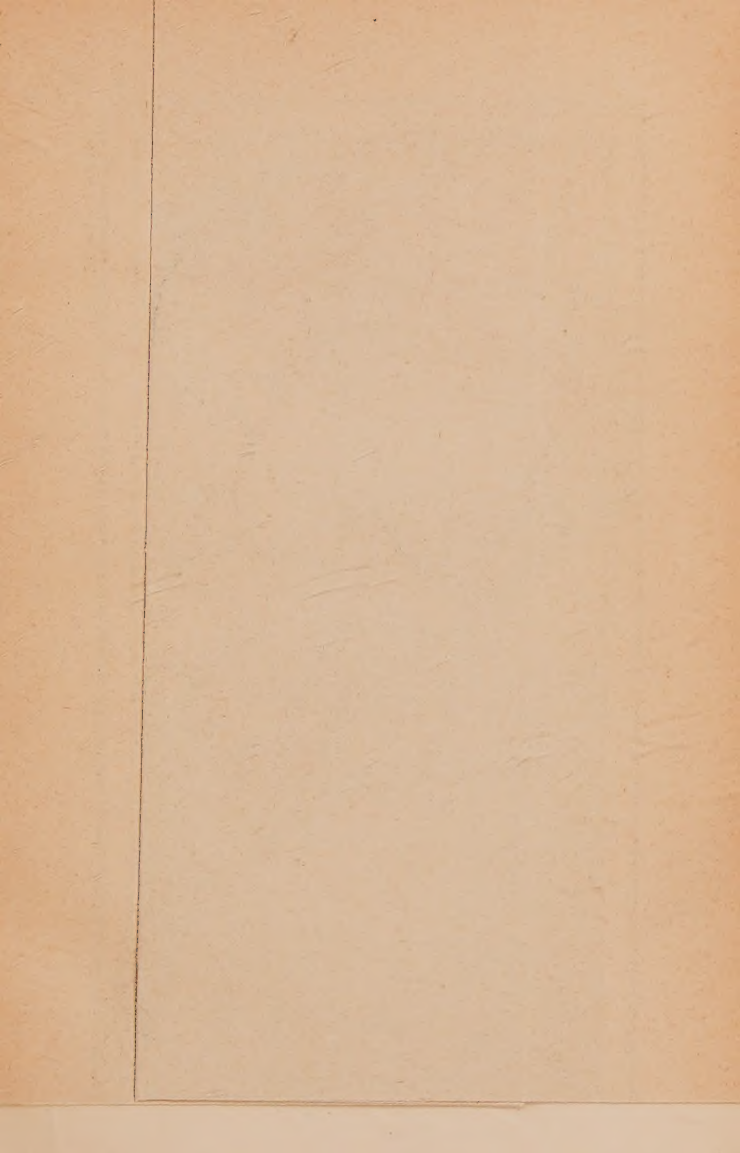
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DAYS NEAR ROME

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

F. F. TUCKETT, ESQ., AND OTHERS



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Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

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DAYS NEAR ROME

INTRODUCTORY

'The **Campagna di Roma** is nothing else than the land of Latium, which is separated from Tuscany by the Tiber. From the time of Constantine the Great the name of Latium has fallen into disuse, and that of Campania has been used in its place, and in the middle ages this name indicated a great part of the so-called "Ducatus Romanus."

'Since the middle ages this district has been divided into two parts, the Campagna, which comprises the inland district, and the Maritima, which extends along the sea-coast as far as Terracina. Nature herself has separated it by mountains and plains into distinct compartments. It is divided into three plains: first, the Campagna around the city, watered by the Tiber and the Anio, and hemmed in by the Alban and Sabine mountains, the hills above Ronciglione, and the sea-coast; secondly, the great plain in which the Pontine Marshes are situated, bounded on one side by the Alban and Volscian Hills and on the other by the sea; and lastly, the valley of the Sacco which runs between the Volscian and the Equian and Hernician Hills, and falls into the Liris near Isoletta below Ceprano.'—*Gregorovius*.

THE more distant excursions described in this volume are not always the most interesting, and of course cannot be recommended for aged or delicate persons. There are, however, some even of these which may be undertaken without the slightest inconvenience or discomfort, and which form a delightful change from Rome itself in the Spring. The most advisable of these easy tours is that by the southern railway, making the excursions (separately) to Cori and Ninfa from Velletri. Another is from Ferentino to Alatri and Trisulti. Subiaco, Olevano, and Palestrina may be comfortably visited from Rome by rail or motor in the day. The Abruzzi beyond will delight those who can enjoy the wilder moods of nature. In the Ciminian Hills, which, combined with Caprarola or Bracciano, afford in Spring perhaps the most delightful of the excursions from Rome, the accommodation is indifferent though improving. Much may be seen in drives from Viterbo, a good central situation, where a week may be passed with real profit, especially to the lover or student of things mediæval.

Perhaps there is no town in the world whence such a *variety* of excursions may be made as from Rome. They are so entirely different from one another. The phase of scenery, the architecture of the towns, the costume, the habits, the songs (and this means

so much to Italian peasants), even the language, is changed, according to the direction you take on leaving the capital. And whether tourists confine themselves to the inner circle of sights usually known to strangers, which is hemmed in by the hills which encircle the Campagna ; or whether they are induced to penetrate among the glorious heights of the Volscian and Hernican Mountains, the deep recesses of the Sabina, behind Subiaco, or amid the lost cities of Etruria, they will find that the small disagreeables and the occasional difficulties, which must frequently be endured at the time, weigh as nothing in the balance against the store of beautiful mental pictures, of instructive recollections of people and character, and of heart-stirring associations, which will be laid up for the rest of life. And they will come to feel that it is just because they were *not* first-rate roads, *not* easy carriages, *not* comfortable inns, that it was all so interesting, because thus, not only the places themselves remained the same, but the simple poetical character of the people was unspoilt.

The comparative stagnation of life under the Papal Government did much to preserve the mediæval character of towns in the Papal States. Militarism is rapidly killing it.

Should the present progressive state of things continue, much of the beauty of Rome itself will disappear. It is to the environs that poets must turn for their inspiration and artists for their pictures, and as the obliterating hand advances, they must wander further away. Even Cori and Ninfa, Alatri and Anagni, Subiaco, Soracte, Palestrina, and Caprarola will not long remain quite unspoilt.

It must necessarily be with the present work as with the many which have preceded it. Some who follow in the paths it indicates will think its descriptions exaggerated, others will find them not sufficiently glowing. For Rome, more than any other place, produces different impressions on different minds. The Campagna in its ruin and desolation will be described as 'dismal and monotonous,' or 'solemn and beautiful,' according to the feelings of those who traverse it. Some will only be impressed with the dirt, the poverty, the ruinousness of the mountain-towns ; others with their picturesqueness and colour. It is necessary to real enjoyment of these mountain-places to cast out all the black moths which too often obscure our vision. When this is done, what a store of sunny memories may be laid up.

'Yea, from the very soil of silent Rome
You shall grow wise ; and walking, live again
The lives of buried peoples, and become
A child by right of that eternal home,
Cradle and grave of empires, on whose walls
The sun himself subdued to reverence falls.'

—J. A. Symonds.

Rome used to be unlike other towns in having scarcely any suburbs ; on nearly every side one entered the country almost at once : unfortunately that is no longer the case. Yet it does not take long to get there.

Without its varied mountain distances, without the brilliant atmosphere to illuminate it, it is impossible to say how ugly the Campagna would be. As it is it could not be more beautiful. For so vast an expanse there are few marked features; only, here and there, the **Aqueducts**, spanning the plain in mighty groups of arches, sometimes merely marked by a white line among the purple wind-flowers, or stern old towers of other days. Between and under the aqueducts run the modern roads, often following the course of the Consular highways, and, as in the case of the Tiburtina and Prenestina, still paved in parts with polygonal blocks of lava, laid down two thousand years ago, over which the wine-carts rattle along, with their revolving hoods (*cappote*), shelters alike against sun and shower—formerly often drawn by grand, meek-eyed oxen, but to-day by horses. Hard by, black crosses, by the dusty wayside amongst the thistles, keep their dismal record of accidents; while refuges of hurdles, erected at intervals, used to attest the presence of the nearly obsolete Campagna buffaloes and the means of escape from them. But the buffaloes have well-nigh vanished, and the last hurdles of this kind are to be found on the Via Ostiense.

In the winter the plain is crimson and gold with the decaying vegetation; but, as spring advances, it changes so rapidly to green that it is as if it were suddenly touched with exquisite enamel. As summer advances, the growth becomes coarse and rampageous to a degree—thistles, breast-high; rank bugloss; hemlock; huge reseda; acres covered with the tall and stately, but evil-smelling, asphodel. Here and there a low bush of hawthorn and a band of green willows mark where the Anio or a tributary meanders. Almost every building is mediaeval, but more often than not it is built upon a classical foundation. The most conspicuous are the tall towers of brick and stone, relics for the most part of Frangipani, Orsini, and Colonna feuds, and erected as refuges for the shepherds of one of the great proprietors, against the inroads of his neighbours. Besides these, there are Capanne, or round huts built of reeds, such as Virgil describes, and the rifled tombs, sometimes used as houses, in the doors of which we see the shepherd-wife, with folded *panni* shading her face, seated spinning, while the shepherds themselves, mantled, and dressed in goatskins, are out with their flocks and big white dogs on the neighbouring turf hillocks.

‘Next to the picturesquely conspicuous **Towers**, the most frequent landmarks are the conical **shepherds’ huts**, usually on the higher grounds, inhabited during about half the year by a race of men so cut off from all social and civilising influences that one might expect to find the lowest brutality, and all the fiercest passions, in a moral soil thus neglected. The shepherd of these parts, in his broad-brimmed black hat, long loose jacket and leggings, both alike of unshorn sheep- or goat-skin, might seem the original type whence an idealising dream devised the mythologic satyr. His temporary dwelling is made of branches of the yellow-flowering Spanish broom, and is open at the pointed apex for the escape of smoke from the wood-fire lit in the middle, around which are ranged beds, something like berths in a ship, and usually for several people, as this hut is inhabited by many inmates,

besides dogs or pigs, and at times sheep or goats, also privileged to enjoy its warmth and shelter. Here (it may be within sight of S. Peter's and the Lateran basilica) does this rude servant of the soil spend the long seasons of his monotonous existence, till the summer sultriness obliges him to migrate with his dogs and sheep. The usual food of these outcast-looking beings is black bread and *ricotta* (ewe's-milk cheese).—*Hemans*, '*Story of Monuments in Rome*.'

In this vast undulating plain, sometimes occupying some green knoll, washed by a brook at its base, are the sites of many an ancient Latin town which was alternately the enemy and the ally of Rome. Sometimes, as in the case of Ostia, a whole city, with its paved streets, its narrow shops, and its temples, has been laid bare. Sometimes, as at Veii, Gabii, and Tusculum, only a fragment of ruin, rising here and there above ground, marks one of the principal buildings—a theatre, a temple, or walls. Often, as at Antennæ, Fidenæ, Crustumium, and Collatia, only cuttings, or the undulations of the turf, or caves in the cliff, attest where the town has been.

As we advance into the hills, where they were more easily protected, the ancient towns are far more perfect; at Tivoli are the beautiful temples and villas of ancient Tibur; at Sutri is its wonderful rock-hewn amphitheatre of the time of Augustus; at Cori are the threefold polygonal walls which girdle, and the rock temples which crown, its noble ridge.

Further still from the capital, where the classical buildings were usually less magnificent, mediæval remains attest the doings of Popes who made some of the hill-towns fortified residences during their troubled reigns. The massive remains of the Papal palaces of Anagni and Viterbo, with the churches of those towns; the gothic palace of Cardinal Vitelleschi at Corneto; the convents of Subiaco, Farfa, Grotta Ferrata, Trisulti, Casamari, and Fossanova; the castles and towers of Tivoli, Borghetto, Ostia, Bracciano, and Bolsena; the churches of Toscanella; the walls of Civita Lavinia and Nepi—attest the love and knowledge of art and beauty which flourished in those feudal days. An especial archaeological interest is afforded by the polygonal walls at Palestrina, Cori, Norba, Segni, Alatri, and Ferentino; and yet another by the marvellous Etruscan remains at Cervetri, Corneto, Vulci, Norchia, and Bieda.

'The excursions in the neighbourhood of Rome are charming, and would be full of interest if it were only for the changing views they afford of the wild Campagna. But every inch of ground, in every direction, is rich in associations, and in natural beauties. There is Albano, with its lovely lake and wooded shore, and with its wine, that certainly has not improved since the days of Horace, and in these times hardly justifies his panegyric. There is squalid Tivoli, with the river Anio, diverted from its course, and plunging down, headlong, some eighty feet in search of it; with its picturesque Temple of the Sibyl, perched high on a crag; its minor waterfalls glancing and sparkling in the sun; and one good cavern yawning darkly, where the river takes a fearful plunge and shoots on, low down under beetling rocks.'—*Dickens*.

'Nothing can be more rich and varied, with every kind of beauty, than the Campagna of Rome—sometimes, as around Ostia, flat as an American prairie, with miles of *canne* and reeds rustling in the wind, fields of exquisite feathery grasses waving to and fro, and forests of tall golden-trunked stone-pines

poising their spreading umbrellas of rich green high in the air, and weaving a murmurous roof against the sun ; sometimes drear, mysterious, and melancholy, as in the desolate stretches between Civita Vecchia and Rome, with lonely hollows and hills without a habitation, where sheep and oxen feed, and the wind roams over treeless and deserted slopes, and silence makes its home ; sometimes rolling like an inland sea whose waves have suddenly been checked and stiffened, green with grass, golden with grain, and gracious with myriads of wild flowers, where scarlet poppies blaze over acres and acres, and pink-frilled daisies cover the vast meadows, and pendant vines shroud the picturesque ruins of antique villas, aqueducts, and tombs, or droop from mediæval towers and fortresses.

Such is the aspect of the Agro Romano, or southern portion of the Campagna extending between Rome and Albano. It is a picture wherever you go. The land, which is of deep rich loam that repays a hundred-fold the least toil of the farmer, does not wait for the help of man, but bursts into spontaneous vegetation and everywhere laughs into flowers. Here is pasture for millions of cattle, and grain fields for a continent, that now in wild untutored beauty bask in the Italian sun, crying shame on their neglectful owners. Over these long unfenced slopes one may gallop on horseback for miles without let or hindrance, through meadows of green smoothness on fire with scarlet poppies—over hills crowned with ruins that insist on being painted, so exquisite are they in form and colour, with their background of purple mountains—down valleys of pastoral quiet, where great *tufa* caves open into subterranean galleries leading beyond human ken ; or one may linger in lovely secluded groves of ilexes and pines, or track the course of swift streams overhung by dipping willows, and swerving here and there through broken arches of antique bridges smothered in green ; or wander through hedges heaped and toppling over with rich luxuriant foliage, twined together by wild vetches, honeysuckles, morning-glories, and every species of flowering vine ; or sit beneath the sun-looped shadows of ivy-covered aqueducts, listening to the song of hundreds of larks far up in the air, and gazing through the lofty arches into wondrous deeps of violet-hued distances, or lazily watching flocks of white sheep as they cross the smooth slopes guarded by the faithful watch-dog. Everywhere are deep brown banks of *pozzolana* earth which makes the strong Roman cement, and quarries of *tufa* and travertine with unexplored galleries and catacombs honey-combing for miles the whole Campagna. Dead generations lie under your feet wherever you tread. The place is haunted by ghosts that outnumber by myriads the living, and the air is filled with a tender sentiment and sadness which makes the beauty of the world about you more touching. You pick up among the ruins on every slope fragments of rich marbles that once encased the walls of luxurious villas. The *contadino* or shepherd offers you an old worn coin, on which you read the name of Caesar, or a *scarabæus* which once adorned the finger of an Etruscan king, in whose dust he now grows his beans, or the broken head of an ancient jar in marble or terra-cotta, or a lacrymatory of a martyred Christian, or a vase with the Etrurian red that now is lost, or an *intaglio* that perhaps has sealed a love-letter a thousand years ago.—*Story, 'Roba di Roma,'* i. 313.

From the nature of the Campagna and the paucity of inhabitants, the ancient landmarks are sometimes more easily traced here than in other parts of Italy. But cultivation born of modern Italian prosperity, which is no friend to old sites and remains, is moving apace. Every year some disappear, and inscriptions are destroyed.

The hills of Rome are such as we rarely see in England, low in height but with steep and rocky sides. In early times the natural wood still remained in patches amidst the buildings, as at this day it still grows here and there on the green sides of the Monte Testaccio. Across the Tiber the ground rises to a greater height than that of the Roman hills, but its summit is a level unbroken line, while the heights opposite to Rome itself rise immediately

from the river, under the names of Janiculus and Vaticanus, then sweep away to some distance from it, and return in their highest and boldest form at the Monte Mario, just above the Milvian bridge and the Flaminian road. Thus to the west the view is immediately bounded; but to the north and north-east the eye ranges over the low ground of the Campagna to the nearest line of Apennines, which closes up, as with a gigantic wall, all the Subiue, Latin, and Volscian lowlands, while over it are still distinctly to be seen the high summits of the central Apennines, covered with snow, even at this day, for more than six months in the year. South and south-west lies the wide plain of the Campagna; its level line succeeded by the equally level line of the sea, which can only be distinguished from it by the brighter light reflected from its waters. Eastward, after ten miles of plain, the view is bounded by the Alban Hills, a cluster of high bold points rising out of the Campagna, like Arran from the sea, on the highest of which, at nearly the same height with the summit of Helvellyn, stood the Temple of Jupiter Latiaris, the scene of the common worship of all the people of the Latin name. Immediately under this highest point lies the crater-like basin of the Alban lake; and on its nearer rim might be seen the trees of the grove of Perentia, where the Latins held the great civil assemblies of their nation. Further to the north, on the edge of the Alban Hills looking towards Rome, was the town and citadel of Tusculum; and beyond this, a lower summit crowned with the walls and towers of Labicum seems to connect the Alban hills with the line of the Apennines just at the spot where the citadel of Praeneste, high up on the mountain side, marks the opening into the country of the Hernicans, and into the valleys of the streams that feed the Liris.

Returning nearer to Rome, the lowland country of the Campagna is broken by long green swelling ridges, the ground rising and falling, as in the heath country of Surrey and Berkshire. The streams are dull and sluggish, but the hill-sides above them constantly break away into little rocky cliffs, where on every ledge the wild fig now strikes out its branches, and tufts of broom are clustering, but which in old times formed the natural strength of the citadels of the numerous cities of Latium. Except in these narrow dells, the present aspect of the country is all bare and desolate, with no trees nor any human habitation. But anciently, in the time of the early kings of Rome, it was full of independent cities, and in its population and the careful cultivation of its little garden-like farms, must have resembled the most flourishing parts of Normandy or the Netherlands.—*Arnold, 'History of Rome,'* vol. i. ch. 3.

Excursions from Rome have hitherto been usually limited to the Alban Hills and Tivoli, or at most Subiaco. Thus foreigners have forgone not only enjoyment of much that is worth seeing, but the benefit of occasional draughts of pure mountain air, which would do much to keep off the feverish colds, to which too many, who strictly confine themselves to the city-sights, and heated hotel-rooms, are apt to fall victims.

Owing to the rapidly increasing prosperity of agriculture, malaria is little to be feared now in localities where but a few years ago one ran no little risk of taking it.

‘Strabo particularises the sites on the Campagna notoriously dangerous to inhabit:—Ardea, Suetia (now Sezza), Terracina, &c. In reference to this does Cicero complain of the fevers prevailing in its low districts; and Livy laments the fate of the retired soldiers doomed to reside on this soil—“*Se militando fessos in pestilenti atque arido, circa urbem, solo luctari.*”’—*Hemans, 'Story of Monuments in Rome.'*

But malaria does not penetrate into the hills, and nothing can be more healthy and invigorating than the air in the mountain towns.

The middle of winter, when light is wanting and nights are long,

should be devoted to the city, and to the nearer Campagna drives, so as to leave spring days for the excursions, which will then have a charm none who have not felt them here can ever realise.

'About your feet the myrtles will be set,
 Grey rosemary, and thyme, and tender blue
 Of love-pale labyrinthine violet ;
 Flame-born anemones will glitter through
 Dark aisles of roofing pine-trees ; and for you
 The golden jonquil and starred asphodel
 And hyacinth their speechless tales will tell.
 The nightingales for you their tremulous song
 Shall pour amid the snowy scented bloom
 Of wild acacia bowers, and all night long
 Through starlight-flooded spheres of purple gloom
 Still lemon-boughs shall spread their faint perfume,
 Soothing your sense with odours sweet as sleep,
 While wind-stirred cypresses low music keep.'

—J. A. Symonds.

'The Campagna glowed under the midday sun, like a Persian carpet—one wilderness of poppies and harebells, buttercups, daisies, wild convulvuli, and purple hyacinths. Every crumbling ruin burst into blossom, like a garden. Every cultivated patch within the city walls ran over, as it were, spontaneously, with the delicious products of the spring. Every stall at the shady corner of every quiet piazza was piled high with early fruits : and the flower-girls sat all day long on the steps of the Trinità de' Monti. Even the sullen pulses of the Tiber seemed stirred by a more genial current, as they eddied round the broken piers of the Ponte Rotto. Even the solemn sepulchres of the Appian Way put forth long feathery grasses from each mouldering cranny, and the wild eglantine struck root among the shattered urns of the roadside columbarium ; and the nightingales sang as if inspired, among the cypresses of the Protestant burial-ground.'—Miss Edwards, '*Barbara's History*.'

The spring in Italy is the time for active, the summer for passive, enjoyment.

In the mountain-towns, living is exceedingly economical. Even at the hotels there are few places where the charges for *pension* including everything would be more than 4½, or at most 5 lire a day, while in lodgings one may live quite handsomely for 25 lire a week. All prices are proportionately small. For instance, in the Abruzzi a whole day's journey by diligence seldom costs more than 6 or 8 lire. Of course this tariff does not apply to Albano, where the price of everything has been raised by fashion, but rather to places which are not much frequented, or which are resorted to by Italians of the lower-upper or *mezzo-ceto* classes, who simply laugh down any overcharge. In some of these places there are charming, happy summer colonies, which migrate to the fresher air like the swallows, as regularly as the hot months come round. To L'Ariccia especially artists flock forth, and there and at Olevano they make their summer societies, leading an innocent, merry enough life, and, though rivals in their art, are filled with kindnesses for one another ; the companionship and good-fellowship of the Via Margutta being carried on equally in these country villages.

He who remains for a time in one of these country places will have an experience of Italian character which no town residence will give ; and will be astonished at the amount of quaint folk-lore

and historical tradition which is handed down orally among a population that can seldom read, and is ignorant of the most ordinary principles of modern information. They rarely go beyond the limits of their own *castelli*, except that in former days all probably paid one visit to Rome in their lifetime, to receive the Easter Benediction from the Holy Father. Their animals are generally like friends to them, and are trained in a wonderfully human way — especially their pigs, which often live in the houses, and are the companions of their daily life. A pig at Subiaco danced the tarantella like a human being. If an Italian peasant were told that there was no future state for his domestic animals he would be very incredulous. ‘S. Antonio abbia pietà dell’ anima sua,’ cried Madame de Staël’s Italian coachman, as his horse fell down dead; and the *Intendente* of the Duke of Sermoneta, writing to announce that a number of his pigs had died in the country, said simply, ‘Sono andati in Paradiso.’

The men are generally far more instructed than the women, whose ideas are for the most part confined to what they hear in the churches, and to the stories of their own village or of the saints.

‘Among us, and in many places, the *contadina* is neither more nor less than the wife, the female of the *contadino*, as the hen is the female of the cock; with which, except in sex, it has life, nourishment, habits, all in common. This equality, on the contrary, in certain places becomes destruction and loss to the poor woman. Here, for example, if a faggot of wood and a bunch of chickens have to be carried down to the shore from one of the villages half-way up the mountain, the labour is thus distributed in the family: the wife loads herself with the faggot of wood which weighs half a hundredweight, and the husband will take the chickens which weigh a mere nothing. In mountainous places it is generally thus. It is curious to hear the *contadini*, when they are trying to lift a weight, if they find it heavy, say, as they quickly put it down again, “It is woman’s work!”’—*Massimo d’Azeglio*.

‘From a people so original and so ignorant we may expect many quaint superstitions. Accordingly besides ghosts and haunted houses we hear of the *lupo-manaro*, a kind of were-wolf, most dangerous on rainy nights; of witches whom you may keep out of the house by hanging a broom at the window. The Roman witch seizes eagerly on her favourite steed, and with the muttered charm,

“Sopr’ acqua e sopra vento
Portami alla noce di Benevento,”

she is off in a trice to join her Samnite sisters. If a Roman housewife has lost anything, she will repeat Psalm xci., “*Qui habitat*,” quite sure that at the words “from the snare of the hunter” (“*de laqueo venantium*”—she reads it “*acqua di Venanzio*”) the truant will re-appear. Then she has her famous “*Rimediî Simpatietî*.” To cure a wart you must tie the finger round with crimson silk ribbon: for a sty, pretend to sew it up with needle and thread; for a boil, get a poor neighbour to beat a frying-pan at your door. Their faith in the lottery and the *libro dell’ arte* is too well known for comment; a similar reverence is paid to the weather-prophecies of the almanac. The book must be true, they argue, for it has the *Imprimatur*.”—*Claude Delaval Cobham*, ‘*Essay on Belli*.’

‘Can we believe that amid the abundant produce of the land the peasants are poor? Looking at the region, it appears to be an Eldorado of happy inhabitants; but living with them in the paradise of Nature we meet too often with starvation. All these fruits (twenty figs or twenty walnuts may be bought here for one bajocco, and in good years a bottle of wine for the same price) do not feed the peasant; he would starve if he had not the meal of the

Turkish corn, which is his only food. The fault of this incongruity lies in the agrarian condition. To begin with, you must know that the possessor of land here owes the fourth part of the produce as rent to the lord of the soil. It is the old curse of the latifundia to sink the people in poverty. There are, indeed, few peasants who do not possess a small vineyard, but it is not sufficient to maintain the family. Usury is unlimited; even from the poorest ten per cent. is taken. The smallest misfortune, or a bad harvest, brings him into debt. If he borrows money or grain the interest burdens him; the avaricious rich man watches for the time of want to wrest the land from the small proprietor for a nominal price. Barons and monasteries grow rich, the peasant-farmer becomes their vassal and vine-dresser. As a rule the transaction takes place thus,—the debtor only sells the soil; the trees (*gli alberi*, which includes the vines) remain his, he continues to cultivate the vineyard, and retains for himself half or three-quarters of the produce. Scarcely a year passes, and the same vine-owner appears before the purchaser of his land and offers him the trees for sale. Now he becomes farmer for his master, inhabits the vineyard with his family, and continues to cultivate it, receiving a portion of the produce. This may equal or even exceed that of the present proprietor, but yet he will find himself more and more in debt, and have to make over to his master no small proportion of his gains in advance.”—*Gregorovius*.

The simple religious faith which exists among the mountain peasantry is most touching and instructive. The sound of the Angelus bell will collect the whole population of one of the small Abruzzi towns in its churches, and the priests, unlike the spectres which haunt ultra-Protestant story-books, are more frequently simple gentle fathers of their people, consulted by them in every anxiety, and trusted in every difficulty. The open-air life in many of these villages, where all the spinning, lace-making, and other avocations are carried on in the street, brings the people wonderfully together, and unites their interests and associations as those of one great family, and if a poor person dies, it is not unusual to see the whole town attend the funeral, while orphans who have been born in the place become regarded as universal property, and receive a share of the attentions and care of all. On a summer evening, when crowds of the inhabitants of a mountain-town are sitting out in the shady street at their work, it is not unusual for one of them to take up one of the long melancholy never-ending songs which are handed down here for generations, and for the whole people to join in the choruses. These songs are inexhaustible, varying from the short lively catches in two lines called *stornelli*, to long ballads which sometimes succeed one another in more than a hundred verses. A curious collection of the latter, giving their variations according to the different towns and patois in which they are sung, is being published, under the name of *Canti e Racconti del Popolo Italiano*, collected by D. Comparetti and A. d' Ancona.

Riding or cycling is the best means of seeing the Campagna immediately around Rome; indeed, there are many interesting places, such as Rustica on the Anio, which cannot be reached in a carriage. On the other hand, for walkers the most interesting thing to do is to take a train, or tramway, to some interesting spot, and thence make a definite walk across country, so as to spend the day and catch an afternoon train back to Rome on another line. But for the longer excursions it is far best to adopt the cycle,

or whatever is the usual means of locomotion in the district, generally some high-slung *Baroccino*. In the Abruzzi, diligences are universally used, and, where the distances are so great between one town and another, they are quite a necessity. In some places these are of the most primitive construction, and in mountainous districts are always drawn by oxen placed in front of the horses, while the harness of the latter, thickly adorned with bells, feathers, and little brass figures of saints, is quite an artistic study. Diligence life is a phase of Italian existence which no one should omit trying at least once—or rather that of the public carriages which ply slowly between the different surrounding towns and the capital. In a vehicle of this kind one cannot fail to be thrown into the closest juxtaposition with one's neighbours, and nowhere is the universal national *bonhomie* and good-fellowship more conspicuous. Suppose you are at Tivoli and wish to go to Rome. The diligence starts in the middle of the day. You walk to it from your inn, with a porter carrying your portmanteau. You find it under a dark archway; a lumbering vehicle, something like a heavy though very dilapidated fly, with three lean unkempt horses attached to it by ropes. The company already assembled greets you as if you were an old acquaintance. There is a fat monk in a brown habit which does not smell very good, a woman in *panno* and large gold earrings, a young office clerk, a girl of sixteen, and a little child of two. The young man sits by the driver; all the rest go inside. There is endless delay in starting, for when you are just going off, the rope-harness gives way and has to be mended. You begin to feel impatient, but find nobody cares in the least, so you think it is not worth while. You get in, and find the interior very mouldy, with tattered sides, and dirty straw on the floor. The most unimaginable baggage is being packed on the roof. The gossip *conduttore* leans against the portico smoking cigarettes, and regaling Tivoli with the scandal of Rome. An important *stalliere* in rags stands by and demands his fee of one *soldo*. At last the company are desired to mount. The diligence is moving: it is an immense excitement: there is quite a rush of children down the street to see it. The vehicle creaks and groans. Surely the ropes are going to break again; but no, they actually hold firm this time and the carriage starts, rocking from side to side of the rugged pavement, amid the remonstrances of the woman in the earrings, whose daughter has not been able to embrace her, and who shrieks out of the window, 'Ma, Nino, Nino, non ho baciato la figlia mia.'

You do not get far before a universal scratching begins. The child squeals. Then the monk gives it a lollypop and begins a long story about an image in his convent which winked twice—*ringraziamo Dio*—actually *twice*, on the eve of Ascension Day. You can hardly hear, for you are going down a hill and the carriage creaks so, and the bells make such a noise. Suddenly there is a regular outcry, 'Oh, Madonna Santissima!' the young girl is taken worse. . . . 'Oh, povera piccina!' You stop for a little while, and are glad to escape even for a minute from the overwhelming smell of

cheese and garlic which rises from a precious basket your next neighbour has placed at your feet. All is perfect good humour, the invalid recovers, you mount once more, the driver sings *stornelli* in a loud ringing voice: the monk hands round his snuff-box: you sneeze, and all the company say 'Felicità'—and so on, till when you reach the walls of Rome, you are all the greatest friends in the world, and you shake hands all round when you part, amid a chorus of 'A rivederla, Signore!'

With regard to the best seasons for the excursions from Rome, those who reach Central Italy in October will find that month far the best for a tour in the Abruzzi, before the winter snows have set in. Avezzano, Carseoli, and Subiaco are beautiful in November, and their beauty is greatly enhanced by the tints of the vegetation, absence of which is much felt in spring, when the grand valley between Subiaco and Tivoli looks almost bare and colourless.

But during the winter months the shorter excursions may be pleasantly made from Rome in a carriage or on horseback, motor, or far better, on foot from one railway to another. The railways to Frascati, Tivoli, and Viterbo offer many delightful short excursions, and may always give a perfect country change of a few hours. In March, Alatri, Anagni, Cori, and Segni may be visited, with many other places in that district, but March is an uncertain month because 'Marzo è pazzo,' for it is the time, say Italians, 'when men did kill God.' For this reason every traveller should provide himself with an 'Indicatore,' containing the train-tables for going and returning. By this means, and arming himself with a map of the environs, or sectional maps of the district he purposes to visit, he can go whither he wills, at ease.

'A reverend meteorologist accounted for the cold in Lent, by saying that it was a mortification peculiar to the holy season, and would continue till Easter, because it was cold when Peter sate at the High Priest's fire on the eve of the Crucifixion.'—*Forsyth*.

In many parts of the Campagna the contadino will not so much as name March: it is always for him 'il mese accanto Aprile': an unnamable one. Has it anything to do with the death of Cæsar?

But April is the pleasantest month of all, and then should be made the enchanting excursions to Soracte, Caprarola, and the Ciminian Hills—which may be extended, *viâ* Montefiascone, to Orvieto, whence those who do not wish to return to Rome may continue their journey northward.

CHAPTER I

OSTIA AND CASTEL FUSANO

(This excursion can easily be managed in the day. It is $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles by road : two horses, 25-30 lire. Provisions must be taken, as there is no inn at Ostia, and visitors to Castel Fusano must provide themselves the day before with an Order. Two hours do not suffice to see Ostia ; nevertheless, as much time as possible should be given to Castel Fusano if shown. It is now a royal hunting-box.)

IT was in the freshness of an early morning of brilliant sunshine, that we drove out of the old crumbling Ostian gate, now Porta S. Paolo, which Belisarius built, and whereby Totila and Genseric entered Rome, and passed the **Pyramid** of Caius Cestius, which for over nineteen hundred years has cast its pointed shadow over the turfy slopes, where foreign Christians, gathered from so many distant lands, now sleep in Christ. This pyramid (though not the walls) must have seen S. Paul as he was led to execution, and it may be considered as 'the sole surviving witness of his martyrdom.' A little further and we pass the 'Chapel of the Farewell,' which marks the site of his legendary leave-taking with S. Peter, and is adorned with a bas-relief of the two aged martyrs embracing for the last time, and inscriptions of the words they are reported to have spoken to one another. Then (2 kil.) we reach the great basilica, once surrounded by the fortified village of Joannopolis (made by John VIII., A.D. 880), but now standing alone in solitary abandonment, even the monks, who scantily occupy its adjoining convent, being obliged to flee before the summer malaria. Externally, the rebuilt church has no features of age or grandeur.

Soon after passing the Basilica, the Via Laurentina strikes off to the left, and another road leading direct among low hills to Tre Fontane. After the sixth kil., the Rio Petroso brings down the out-flow of the Alban Lake. Near this a road branches off to Castel Porziano.

Beyond S. Paolo, and indeed most of the way from thence to Ostia, the road was once bordered with villas and warehouses, but now there are only a few cottages in the whole distance, which is bare and solemn. It leads through the monotonous valley of the Tiber, where grand slow-moving *buoi* feed amid the pastures which are white with jonquils. Here and there a bit of tufa rock crops up crested with gnarled ilex and laurustinus. A Roman (republican) viaduct called Ponte della Rifolta, which

crosses the Fossa di Malafede, is passed after the twelfth kil. At length, on mounting a slight hill, we gain a wide view over the pale-blue mosquito-haunted marshes, called *Campo-morto*, to the shining sea, and almost immediately we enter a thin forest of brushwood—*Macchia di Ostia*—chiefly myrtle and Phillyrea, from which we only emerge as we reach the narrow causeway above the marsh-lands leading to Ostia itself. It is a strange scene, and upon a small scale not unlike the approach to Mantua. At kil. 17, we near the area lately reclaimed by a colony of Ravennese Socialists, which brings us along to the canal, *Allacciante del Dragoncello*. On either side formerly stretched the still waters of the lagoon, called the *Stagno*, waving with tall reeds rustling mournfully in the wind, and white with floating *ranunculus*. To the left, an undulant outline of dark pine-tops marks the forest of Fusano; to the right we see the tower of Porto, the cathedral of Hippolytus, and the tall campanile which watches over the lonely *Isola Sacra*, that place where, with a feeling fitting the mysterious sadness of the spot, Dante makes souls wait to be ferried over into purgatory. Yet here with gay ceremony in presence of a Consul and the Prefect of Rome used to be celebrated the Festival of Castor and Pollux. Large sea-birds swoop over the empty expanse. In front the fifteenth century castle of the Bishop of Ostia rises massive and grey against the sky-line. As we approach, it increases in grandeur, and its huge machicolations and massive bastions become fascinating. The desolate causeway is now peopled with marble figures; heroes standing armless by the wayside, ladies reposing headless amid the luxuriant thistle-growth. Across the gleaming water we descry the faint snowy peaks of the Leonessa. On each sandbank, rising above the *Stagno*, are works connected with the salt-pans founded by Ancus Martius, twenty-five centuries ago, and still working. They have always been important, as is evidenced by the name of one of the gates of Rome, the *Porta Salaria*, through which the inhabitants of the Sabina passed with their purchases of Ostian salt.

Every artist will sketch the Castle of Ostia, and will remember, as he works, that Raffaele sketched it long ago, and that, from his sketch, Giovanni da Udine painted it in the background of his grand fresco of the victory over the Saracens, in the Stanza of the Incendio del Borgo in the Vatican, for here the enemy who had totally destroyed the ancient town were as totally defeated in the reign of Leo IV. (A.D. 847-856). Procopius in the sixth century had written of Ostia as 'a city nearly overthrown.' The present town is but a fortified hamlet, built by Gregory IV. (844), and originally called by him Gregoriopolis. It was completely wrecked by the Saracens in 846, who carried off the treasures from the tombs of the apostles. Leo IV. a little later assembled a fleet, and encountering the foe off Ostia effectually defeated them. Nevertheless, the wholesome fear of them caused this same pontiff to fortify the Vatican. In the fifteenth century Cardinal d'Estouteville employed Sangallo, who lived here for two years, in building the moated

castle, and Giuliano della Rovere, afterwards Pope Julius II. and then cardinal bishop of Ostia, continued the work. Here, for two years, he took refuge from the persecution of Alexander VI. Afterwards, in 1513, he imprisoned Caesar Borgia here, whose escape, however, was connived at by Cardinal Carvajal, to whose custody he had been entrusted. Nothing remains of the internal decorations save some mouldering frescoes by Baldassare Peruzzi and Cesare da Sesto painted for Cardinal della Rovere, but the outer walls are so covered with escutcheons as 'to form a veritable chapter of pontifical heraldry.' The Government has lately, for the second time, converted the castle into an interesting museum. Conspicuous amongst these emblazonments are the oak-tree (*Robur*) of della Rovere, and the enwreathed column of Colonna. On the battlements above, masses of the blue-green wormwood, which is a lover of salt air and scanty soil, wave in the wind.

The tiny town, huddled into the narrow fortified space, which forms as it were an outer bastion of the castle, contains the small Church of **S. Andrea**, a work of Baccio Pontelli (1497), with a rose-window. Some accounts state that this ancient see was founded by the apostles themselves; others consider that Pope Urban I. (A.D. 222) was its founder, and declare S. Ciriacus to have been its first bishop.¹

A quarter of a mile beyond the mediaeval town we enter upon the ancient city, originally at the mouth of the Tiber, of which the excavations were first begun under Poggio Bracciolini in the time of Cosimo de' Medici. It resembles Pompeii and Ravenna in its abandonment by the sea. The long entrance street unearthed is paved with 'polygonal blocks of lava (*selce*), carefully fitted, and is lined with low ruins of tombs. Here and there a grey sarcophagus like that of Sextus Carminius stands erect; but no building remains perfect in the whole of the great town, which as the Port of Rome once contained eighty thousand inhabitants. Thistles flourish everywhere, and snakes and lizards abound, and glide in and out of the hot unshaded stones. In a few minutes we turn into other and smaller streets, in which there are remains of arcaded porticoes.

In the streets the deep ruts of the chariot-wheels—obliged by the narrow space to run always in the same groove—remain in the pavement. The ground is littered with pieces of coloured marble, and of ancient glass tinted with all the hues of an opal. The banks are filled with fragments of pottery, and here and there of bones. The whole scene is melancholy and strange beyond description.

We must remind ourselves that the ancient bed of the river is but a few yards from us on our right, while immediately on our

¹ The towns of Ostia, Portus, Silva Candida, Sabina, Praeneste, Tusculum, and Albanum, were the sees of seven suffragan bishops, afterwards called cardinal bishops, of whom the Bishop of Rome was in a special sense the Metropolitan.

left stood Gregoriopolis, already mentioned, and the more ancient Ostia. Leaving this point we may pass along to the theatre constructed by Severus on the site of previous ones, and restored by Honorius (405). Thence the street leads us in a few paces to the Temple or Forum of **Vulcan**, dating from the early second century A.D. The Forum is surrounded on three sides with its columnar portico: and the south side is occupied by the noble temple, the entrance of which is paved with the grandest monolith of Africano marble known, until the excavation of the Basilica *Æmilia*. It has a vaulted crypt, &c., which can be inspected. Between this and the river rise vast remains of **Horrea**, or warehouses for grain, &c., many more of which continued to skirt the river-banks; following these we soon reach the Baths, which, however, do not seem to have been very extensive. Beyond them, on our left, a large building adorned with granite columns, and mosaic pavements, is identified by some as the Palace of Commodus. Behind this (west) lies the **Mithraeum**, excavated in 1886, being in fact the Mithraic chapel. The progress of Mithraism, with its repulsive taurobolium, or baptism with the blood of a bull pouring down warm through a platform on to the candidate, had thus made great strides since the days of Hadrian. Another Mithraic chapel was found in 1888, in the house of the *Ægrilii*. The signs of the Zodiac are seen upon the stone-bench at each side. Continuing toward the river we encounter the Arsenal and Emporium, and may keep our eyes open for brick-stamps and fragments of glass, &c. Having viewed the boatless river that here once had its mouth and multitudinous life, we may turn back, and, making for the centre of the town, discover the Temple of Cybele and the Metroon belonging to it. We may then take our repast in the Temple of Vulcan previous to passing on to fascinating Castel Fusano in its forest of singing pines (where Pliny the younger had his Laurentine villa), now used as a hunting-box by the king.

The ruins of a **theatre** discovered in 1881, being the spot where SS. Cyriacus, Maximus, and Archelaus were martyred, 'ad arcum ante theatrum,' belong chiefly to a careless 'restoration' of the fifth century, but are interesting from the materials then used, which were plundered from various ancient monuments in the town. They include a number of pedestals (built into the wall of the corridor leading to the orchestra), which once supported statues of distinguished citizens in the Ostian Forum, and are inscribed with eulogies.

Between the proscenium of the theatre and the Tiber, a large Porticus, 240 feet square, has been discovered, apparently of the time of Septimius Severus. On one of the columns is a relief representing the 'Genius Castrorum Peregrinorum'—a half-naked youth, with long curly hair and the bulla round his neck, holding a cornucopia in the left hand, and in the right a patera, which he is using in the act of sacrificing on an altar. An inscription explains how two brothers, Optatianus and Pudens, 'milites peregrini,' (Detective Force), consecrated the relief to the genius of their

service. The intercolumniations of the east and west wings of the portico were divided off into rooms for the different trade-guilds, and the black and white mosaics on each threshold mention the corporations which respectively occupied them. In the centre of the area are the remains of a temple of Ceres.

Ostia for hundreds of years was the place whence the great Roman expeditions were embarked for the conquest, or the subjugation of nations. Among these we may recall the expedition of Scipio Africanus to Spain, and that of Claudius to Britain (A.D. 46). It was in the time of this Emperor that the town obtained its chief importance. He dearly loved his sea-port, often stayed here, and it was from hence that he was summoned to Rome by the news of the iniquities which led to the death of Messalina. But even in his time the sand was already beginning to accumulate at the mouth of the ever-changing Tiber, and Ostia began to pale before the prosperity of Porto, where he had constructed a splendid harbour. His predecessor, Caligula, had been obliged to use the smallest of war-galleys in bringing the ashes of his mother, Agrippina I., to Rome from the isle of Ponza. The lighter grain-vessels were towed up to Rome; the heavier ones discharged here or outside. In consequence of the changes in the mouth of the Tiber, which no longer observes the graceful course and the woody banks described by Virgil, it is difficult to recognise the site of the ancient harbour. It is disputed through how many channels the river entered the sea; Dionysius, in his 'Periegesis,' declares that it had only one; Ovid alludes to two.

'Ostia contigerat, qua se Tiberinus in altum
Dividit, et campo liberiore natat.'—*'Fast.'* iv. 291.

'Fluminis ad flexum veniunt; Tiberina priores
Ostia dixerunt, unde sinister abit.'—*'Fast.'* iv. 329.

But from these classical recollections the Christian pilgrim will now turn with enthusiasm to later memories, perhaps as precious and beautiful as any the Campagna of Rome can afford, and he will see Augustine (A.D. 354–430), with his mother, Monica, sitting, as in Ary Scheffer's picture, at 'a curtain window,' discoursing together, very sweetly, and 'forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth to those things which are before,' inquiring in the presence of the Truth of what sort the eternal life of the saints was to be, and 'gasping with the mouths of their hearts' after the heavenly streams of the fountain of life. Then, as the dull world and all its delights become contemptible in the vivid nearness into which their converse draws them to the Unseen, he will hear the calm voice of Monica in the twilight telling her son that her earthly hopes and mission are fulfilled, and that she is only waiting to depart, 'since that is accomplished for which she had desired to linger awhile in this life, that she might see him a Christian before she died.' He will remember that five days after this conversation, Monica lay in Ostia upon her death-bed, and waking from a long swoon and looking fixedly on her two sons

standing by her 'with grief amazed,' said to Augustine, 'Here thou shalt bury thy mother:' and that to those who asked whether she was not afraid to leave her body so far from her own city, she replied, 'Nothing is far to God; nor is it to be feared lest at the end of the world He should not recognise whence to raise me up.' And here 'on the ninth day of her sickness, and the fifty-sixth year of her age, was that religious and holy soul freed from the body.' The bones of Monica were moved afterwards to Rome, to the church which was later on dedicated to her son's memory; but it is Ostia which will always be connected with the last scenes of that most holy life, and it is at Ostia that Augustine describes the 'mighty sorrow which flowed into his heart,' the tears and outcries of 'the boy Adcodatus,'¹ as the beloved mother sank into her last sleep; how Euodius calmed their grief by taking up the Psalter, while the mourning household sang the psalm, 'I will sing of mercy and judgment to thee, O Lord,' around the silent corpse; and lastly, how the body was carried to the burial, and they 'went and returned without tears—for the bitterness of sorrow could not exude out of the heart.'

With these recollections in our minds, let us leave Ostia. It is a deeply interesting, but not a beautiful place, and it is a bold contrast, when we have returned once more to the old fortress, and, turning sharply round its walls, traversed the two miles of desolate campagna between it and the pine-wood, to find in Castel Fusano a climax of poetical loveliness. The peasants do all their field labour here in gangs, men and women together, and most picturesque they look, for the costumes which are vanished from Rome are universally worn here, and all the women have their heads shaded by white *panni*, and are dressed in bright pink and blue petticoats with laced bodices. They have hard work to fight against the deep-rooted asphodels, which overrun whole pastures and destroy the grass. These they collect into heaps and burn. And they have also malaria to struggle against, borne up every night by the mosquitoes of the marsh, which until lately used to render Ostia almost uninhabitable even to the natives, and sometimes deadly to the stranger who passed the night there. But scientific cultivation, and scientific war on the mosquito that carries the miasma, are fast reaping reward for the brave agriculturists.

A bridge, decorated with the arms of the Chigi, takes us across the last arm of the Stagno, with a bold avenue of pines ending upon a green lawn, in the midst of which stands the lonely Chigi chateau. No road, no path even, until lately led to its portal; but all around is green turf, and it looks like the house where the enchanted princess went to sleep with all her attendants for five hundred years, and where she must surely be asleep still. Round it, at intervals, stand gigantic red vases, like Morgiana's oil-jars, filled with yuccas and aloes. The principal staircase formerly was merely a rope-ladder, which at night was drawn up after the

¹ The son of Augustine.

household had retired. Over the parapet wall stone figures look down, set there, it is said, to scare away the Saracens; but for centuries they have seen nothing but tourists or sportsmen, and the wains of beautiful meek-eyed oxen drawing timber from the forest, and wild-boars routing for acorns. All beyond is a vast expanse of wood, huge pines spreading their immense green umbrellas over the lower trees away to the sea-shore; stupendous ilexes contorted by time into a thousand strange vagaries; bay-trees bowed with age, and cork-trees hoary with lichen—patriarchs even in this patriarchal forest. And beneath these greater potentates such a wealth of beautiful shrubs as is almost indescribable—arbutus, lentisc, that sweetens water, and phillyrea; tall Mediterranean heath, waving vast plumes of white blossom far overhead; sweet daphne, scenting all around with its pale pink blossoms; myrtle growing in thickets of its own; smilax and honeysuckle, leaping from tree to tree, and forming themselves into a thousand lovely wreaths, and, beneath all, such a carpet of cyclamen, that the air is heavy with its perfume, and we may sit down, if we will, and fill our hands and baskets with the flowers without moving from a single spot. A walk, one mile long, paved with blocks of lava taken from the Via Severiana, leads from the back of the chateau to the sea, and we must follow it, partly to see the rosemary which Pliny describes, still growing close to the shore in abundance, and partly for the sake of a glimpse of the Mediterranean itself (so refreshing after the close air of Roman streets), which rolls in here with long waves upon a heavy sandy shore—that shore where Suetonius¹ describes some city youths making a bargain with some fishermen for a cast of their net, and, to their common amazement, landing gold sewn up in a bag. Here a few fisherfolk still have their huts, built of myrtle from the wood, and wattled with reeds of the Stagno. But all the forest is delightful, and one cannot wander enough into its deep recesses, where some giant of the wood is reflected in a solitary pool, or where the trees reach overhead forming long aisles. If time can be given, it is well worth while to follow on horseback the road which leads by Pratica and Piangimino near Ardea to Porto d'Anzio; but in this case it will be necessary to have permission. Such an excursion will give leisure to dwell with the beauties which are generally seen so hurriedly. Virgil should be taken as a companion, who describes the very pines, which cast such long shadows,—

‘Evertunt actas ad sidera pinus,’²

and with the poet as a fellow-traveller, perhaps the very desertion and solitude, and the intense silence, only broken by the songs of the birds or the chirp of the cicada, will act as a charm.

¹ *De Clar. Rhet.* c. i.

² *Aen.* xi. 136.

CHAPTER II

ALBANO AND L'ARICCIA

(The **Albergo della Posta** is an old-established inn in the Italian style, and has a few pleasant rooms overlooking the Campagna. The **Salustri**, on the other side of the street, is comfortable and well-furnished : the upper floor is, however, very cold in winter. The **Hotel de Russie**, near the Roman gate and the Villa Doria, is an old-fashioned inn, with less pretension. At all the hotels at Albano the charges are apt to be high in comparison with other places near Rome. It is necessary *on arriving* to make a fixed bargain at all of them, and for *everything*. The charges for carriages are extortionate and ought to be resisted ; for there is plenty of competition. Places in the open omnibus for Genzano, whence Nemi is visited, without luggage, cost fifty cents each. Those who stay will find it less expensive to walk across the viaduct to L'Ariccia and take a carriage from thence. Donkeys cost four lire by the day, the donkeyman four lire, and the guide seven : these prices include the whole excursion by Monte Cavo and Nemi. The best thing to be done on arrival at Albano is to appear to be going to take none, and mount the steps to the town. Arrived there the drivers come into competition for possession of you. Offer nine lire for a single-horse fly to take you to Genzano (where two hours may be spent in the garden of the Palazzo Sforza-Cesarini), and afterwards be driven to Frascati, to the station, so as to catch the 4 P.M. to Rome. For a two-horse carriage offer twelve lire and don't exceed fifteen for the day's work (*tutto compreso*). This should take one person on the box and four inside.) Tramway to Frascati.

LOOKING across the level reaches of the Campagna as it is seen above the walls of the city from the Porta Maggiore to the Porta S. Paolo, the horizon is bounded by a chain of hills, or rather low mountains. So varied in outline, so soft and beautiful in the tender gradations of their ever-changing colour, that the eye is always returning to rest upon them, they soon assume the aspect of loved and familiar friends, equally charming in the sapphire and amethyst hues of autumn, under the occasional snow-mantle of mid-winter, or when bursting afresh into light and life from the luxuriant green of early spring. Where they break away from the plain, the foot-hills of the mountains are clothed with olives or with fruit-trees. Great purple hollows vary their slopes, and towns and villages on the projecting heights gleam and glitter in the sun—towns, each with a name so historical as to awaken a thousand associations. And these centre most of all around and below the white building on the highest and steepest crest of the chain, which marks the summit of the Alban Mount, and the site of the great temple of Jupiter Latiaris—once the federal sanctuary of the Latin tribes.

For those who have not been at Rome I will say that, on looking south-east from the gate of S. John Lateran, after a slightly undulating plain of

eleven miles, unbroken by any tree, but only by tombs and broken aqueducts, there rises in the mist of beautiful days a line of blue hills of noble forms, which, leaving the Sabine country, go leaping on in various and graceful shapes, till they reach the highest point of all, called Monte Cavo. Hence the chain descends afresh, with moderate declension, and with a line long drawn out, reaches the plain, and is lost there not far from the sea.'—*Massimo d'Azeglio*.

'Alba, thou findest me still, and, Alba, thou findest me ever,
Now from the Capitol steps, now over Titus's Arch,
Here from the large grassy spaces that spread from the Lateran portal,
Towering o'er aqueduct lines lost in perspective between,
Or from a Vatican window, or bridge, or the high Coliseum,
Clear by the garlanded line cut of the Flavian ring.
Beautiful can I not call thee, and yet thou hast power to o'ermaster,
Power of mere beauty; in dreams, Alba, thou hauntest me still.'—
A. H. Clough.

Carriages from Rome usually follow the Via Appia Nuova, which emerges from the city walls by the Porta S. Giovanni and, after crossing the Via Latina, runs between the stately arches of the Claudian Aqueduct on the left, and the ruined tombs of the Appian Way on the right.

'Passing out by the S. Giovanni gate, you enter upon those broad wastes that lie to the south-east of the city. Going forward thence, with the aqueducts to your left, and the old Appian Way, lined with crumbling sepulchres, reaching for miles in one unswerving line on your far right, you soon leave Rome behind. Faint patches of vegetation gleam here and there, like streaks of light; and nameless ruins lie scattered broadcast over the bleak slopes of this most desolate region. Sometimes you come upon a primitive bullock-waggon, or a peasant driving an ass laden with green boughs; but these signs of life are rare. Presently you pass the remains of a square temple, with Corinthian pilasters—then a drove of shaggy ponies—then a little truck with a tiny penthouse reared on one side of the seat, to keep the driver from the sun—then a flock of rusty sheep—a stagnant pool—a clump of stunted trees—a conical thatched hut—a round sepulchre, half buried in the soil of ages—a fragment of broken arch: and so on, for miles and miles across the barren plain. By and by you see a drove of buffaloes scouring along towards the aqueducts, followed by a mounted herdsman, buskined and brown, with his lance in his hand, his blue cloak floating behind him, and his sombrero down upon his brow—the very picture of a Mexican hunter.'—*Miss Edwards, 'Barbara's History.'*

Eleven miles from Rome the Via Appia Nuova joins the Via Appia Vecchia at **Le Frattocchie**. The view from hence, looking down the avenue of mouldering sepulchres, is desolate, yet strikingly beautiful. The use of the popular term *Strada del Diavolo*, which we constantly meet with here as applied to the Via Appia, will call to mind the name of the Devil's Dyke as applied to well-known Roman works in England.

'One day we walked out, a little party of three, to Albano, fourteen miles distant; possessed by a great desire to go there by the ancient Appian Way, long since ruined and overgrown. We started at half-past seven in the morning, and within an hour or so were out upon the open Campagna. For twelve miles we went climbing on, over an unbroken succession of mounds, and heaps, and hills, of ruin. Tombs and temples, overthrown and prostrate; small fragments of columns, friezes, pediments; great blocks of granite and marble; mouldering arches, grass-grown and decayed; ruin enough to build a spacious city from, lay strewn about us. Sometimes loose walls, built up from these fragments by the shepherds, came across our path: sometimes a ditch, between two mounds of broken stones, obstructed

our progress ; sometimes the fragments themselves, rolling from beneath our feet, made it a toilsome matter to advance : but it was always ruin. Now we tracked a piece of the old road above the ground ; now traced it underneath a grassy covering, as if that were its grave ; but all the way was ruin. In the distance, ruined aqueducts went stalking on their giant course along the plain ; and every breath of wind that swept towards us stirred early flowers and grasses, springing up spontaneously, on miles of ruin. The unseen larks above us, who alone disturbed the awful silence, had their nests in ruin ; and the fierce herdsman, clad in sheepskins, who now and then scowled upon us from their sleeping nooks, were housed in ruin. The aspect of the desolate Campagna in one direction, where it was most level, reminded me of an American prairie ; but what is the solitude of a region where men have never dwelt, to that of a Desert where a mighty race have left their footprints in the earth from which they have vanished ; where the resting-places of their Dead have fallen like their Dead ; and the broken hourglass of Time is but a heap of idle dust ! Returning by the road at sunset, and looking, from the distance, on the course we had taken in the morning, I almost felt as if the sun would never rise again, but look its last, that night, upon a ruined world.—*Dickens*.

Le Frattocchie was the scene of the fatal encounter (Jan. 20, B.C. 52) between Clodius and Milo.

A little to the right are the ruins of **Bovillae**, the foundation of which is attributed to Latinus Silvius of Alba. Bovillae was the first station on the Appian Way :—

‘ Et cum currere debeas Bovillas,
Interjungere quaeris ad Camoenas.’

—*Martial*, ‘*Ep.*’ ii. 6, 15.

Florus speaks of Bovillae as one of the towns first subdued by the Romans. Plutarch tells how it was taken and plundered by Coriolanus. In the time of Cicero, who speaks of it as a ‘municipium,’ it was already almost deserted,¹ although Sulla had fortified it in the previous generation. The Julian Gens had a chapel here, where their images were preserved, and games were celebrated in their honour. The only remains now visible are those of a circus (for the sports of which Bovillae was famous), a theatre, a reservoir, and a sacrarium. The position of Bovillae receives additional identification from the description which Cicero gives of the circumstances which led to the murder of Clodius (near, strange to say, its temple of the Bona Dea), when he speaks of it as ‘Pugna Bovillana.’² Here the body of the Emperor Augustus rested for a month on its way from Nola, and here the knights assembled to conduct it to the city.

Beyond Le Frattocchie the Via Appia ascends in a direct line continuously to Albano.

‘Now the Campagna is left behind, and Albano stands straight before you, on the summit of a steep and weary hill. Low lines of whitewashed wall border the road on either side, enclosing fields of *fascine*, orchards, olive-yards, and gloomy plantations of cypresses and pines. Next comes a range of sand-banks, with cavernous hollows and deep under-shadows ; next, an old Cinque-cento gateway, crumbling away by the roadside ; then a little wooden cross on an overhanging crag ; then the sepulchre of Pompey ; and then the gates of Albano, through which you rattle into the town.’—*Miss Edwards*, ‘*Barbara's History*.’ [The gate is being destroyed in order to make a safe entrance for the tramway.]

¹ *Orat. pro Plancio*, ix.

² *Ad Atticum*, v. 15.

Albano owes its existence to the Emperor Domitian, who, to make his Villa, united those of Clodius and Pompey.

Immediately before entering the town, we pass, on the left, a lofty brick ruin, known as the *Tomb of Pompey*. Plutarch mentions his sepulchre as being near his villa at Albanum, though according to the epigram of Varro Atacinus, quoted by the scholiast on Persius (*Sat.* ii. 36), Pompey had no tomb:—

‘Marmoreo Licinus tumulo jacet; at Cato parvo;
Pompeius nullo; quis putet esse Deos.’

To those who have received their impressions of Albano from water-colour drawings and from engravings, the sight of the place will be disappointing. The town consists, for the most part, of an ill-paved street a mile in length, of shabby whitewashed houses, without feature, while the inhabitants have little beauty and wear no distinctive costume. All the interest of the place is to be found in the lovely scenery which surrounds it (and most lovely this is), and the rich associations. For costumes and primitive habits of the peasantry we must penetrate further, to the Volscian and Hernican hills, or attend the fair of Grotta-Ferrata. Albano has made small progress in late years, and is ill-provided with the comforts of civilised life: the few there are being supplied to strangers at prices which are for Italy excessive.

‘Albano—a place of more than 6000 souls, the episcopal see of a Cardinal who represented his sovereign in the spiritual government of Rome—has not a bookseller’s shop, no sort of library for public use, no journal except sterile official papers, though a large Cathedral Chapter, seminary, and public schools, the residence of a Gonfaloniere and a governor, attest the importance—numerous hotels and rather gay caf  s, announce the fashionable reputation—of this town. Under the old government, twelve convents, in Albano and its vicinity, dispensed charities, usually in the form of soup and bread, to all applicants, either daily or on stated days. Yet the town itself has always been swarming with beggars, who usually appeal to compassion with promises of so many Aves in return! The native youth of the place, seeming for the most part artisans or labourers in tolerably good condition, spend their evenings generally, as the visitor may perceive, at the caf  s playing cards.’—*Hemans*, ‘*Catholic Italy*.’

But the beauty of the villas (Doria, Barberini, and Altieri), and the variety of excursions in the neighbourhood, make Albano the most enchanting of summer residences for those who can bear the heat of Italian *villeggiature*. Large apartments may be obtained in many of the old palaces, where, in the great heat, the shortness of furniture is no disadvantage. But those who sojourn here, will do well to conform to Italian habits—to dine early and then take a siesta, followed by the Italian refecton of lemonade, fruits, or tea, which is known as *Mercenda*,—and sallying forth in the beauty of the evening, walk or drive in the ‘galleries’ overhanging the lake, or as far as the woods overlooking Nemi.

‘When the sun draws down to the horizon the people flock forth from their houses. All the chairs and benches in front of the caf   are filled—the streets are thronged with companies of promenaders—every doorstep has its little group—the dead town has become alive. Marching through the long green corridors of the ‘gallerie’ that lead for miles from Albano or Castel

Gandolfo to Genzano, whole families may be seen loitering together, and pausing now and then to look through the trunks of the great trees at the purple flush that deepens every moment over the Campagna. The *cicale* now renew their song as the sun sets, and croak dryly in the trees their good-night. The *contadini* come in from the vineyards and olive-orchards, bearing osier baskets heaped with grapes, or great bundles of brushwood on their heads. There is a crowd around the fountain, where women are filling their great copper vases with water, and pausing to chat before they march evenly home under its weight like stout *caryatides*. Broad-horned white oxen drag home their creaking wains. In the distance you hear the long monotonous wail of the peasant's song as he returns from his work, interrupted now and then with a shrill scream to his cattle. White-haired goats come up the lanes in flocks, cropping as they go the overhanging bushes—and mounting up the bank to pluck at the flowers and leaves, they stare at you with yellow glassy eyes, and wag their beards. The sheep are huddled into their netted folds. Down the slopes of the pavement jar along ringing files of wine-carts going towards Rome, while the little Pomeranian dog who lives under the triangular hood in front is running about on the piled wine-casks, and uttering volleys of little sharp yelps and barks as the cars rattle through the streets. If you watch the wine-carriers down into the valley you will see them pull up at the wayside fountains, draw a good flask of red wine from one of the casks, and then replace it with good fresh water.

The *grilli* now begin to trill in the grass, and the hedges are alive with fire-flies. From the ilex groves and the gardens nightingales sing until the middle of July; and all summer long glow-worms show their green emerald splendour on the grey walls, and from under the roadside vines. In the distance you hear the laugh of girls, the song of wandering promenaders, and the burr of distant tambourines, where they are dancing the *saltarello*. The *civetta* hoots from the old tombs, the *barbigiano* answers from the crumbling ruins, and the plaintive, monotonous *cicou* owls call to each other across the vales. The moonlight lies in great still sheets of splendour in the piazza, and the shadows of the houses are cut sharply out in it, like blocks of black marble. The polished leaves of the laurel twinkle in its beams and rustle as the wind sifts through them. Above, the sky is soft and tender; great, near, palpitant stars flash on you their changeful splendour of emerald, topaz, and ruby. The Milky Way streams like a torn veil over the heavens. The villa fronts whiten in the moonlight among the grey smoke-like olives that crowd the slopes. Vines wave from the old towers and walls, and from their shadow come a song to the accompaniment of a guitar—it is a tenor voice, singing “Non ti scordar, non ti scordar di me.”

‘Nothing’ can be more exquisite than these summer nights in Italy. The sky itself, so vast, tender, and delicate, is like no other sky. As you stand on one of the old balconies or walls along the terraces of the Frascati villas, looking down over the mysterious Campagna, and listening to the continuous splash of fountains and the song of nightingales, you feel Italy—the Italy of Romeo and Juliet. Everything seems enchanted in the tender splendour. The stars themselves burn with a softer, more throbbing and impulsive light. The waves of the cool, delicate air, passing over orange and myrtle groves, and breathing delicately against the brow and cheeks, seem to blow open the inmost leaves of the book on which youth painted his visionary pictures with the colours of dreams. In a word, we say this is Italy—the Italy we dreamed of—not the Italy of fleas, couriers, mendicants, and postilions, but of romance, poetry, and passion.’—*Story*, ‘*Roba di Roma*,’ i. 298.

The origin of Albano may be traced to the choice of the spot by the Emperor Domitian for his favourite country residence. Having erected his palace and an amphitheatre, he proceeded to form a drive half encircling the lake below; the pavement of which can still be traced close to the present edge of its waters, where it has been washed in and sunken by the rains of 1800 years. A hundred years later than this Septimius Severus having a liking for the place took with him thither his Parthian Legion

(Leg. II.), for whom he caused spacious barracks, temples, &c., to be erected. The tombs of some of the officers of the legion were, a few of them, till 1900, lying among the waste boskage near the Cappuccini. The name of Albanum was no doubt given the place owing to its then known proximity to the site of Alba Longa, not covered, as now, by another town (Castel Gandolfo). Here it was Domitian held his games in honour of his Sabine tutelary goddess, Minerva, and Statius was laureated. 'Celebrabat et in Albano quotannis Quinquatria Minervæ cui collegium instituerat' (*Suet.*, c. iv. *Vita Domit.*), while Juvenal tells us that the tyrant caused Acilius Glabrio, consul in A.D. 91, to fight Numidian bears unarmed in the amphitheatre (*Sat.* V. v. 99). Here also he held the iniquitous mock-trial of Cornelia Maxima, the vestal abbess, in A.D. 91, whom he condemned to the gods of the under-world. In the Villa Barberini may be examined splendid remains of his villa and its superb terraces. The site of the Amphitheatre is found behind the Church of S. Paolo towards the Convent of the Cappuccini above. While not far from the station, on the left as the tourist arrives, stand important remains of the Baths. In the Church of S. Maria della Rotonda are seen niches pertaining to the Temple of Minerva, and at six feet depth below the present pavement is found the original mosaic floor of that shrine. There are Christian catacombs near Madonna della Stella, and an earlier monument.

As soon as the visitor is settled in his hotel he will probably wander up to the end of the street and beyond it, where he will at once find himself amid the greatest attractions of the place. Just below the road, upon the right, is the republican tomb which Nibby conjectured to be that of Aruns, son of Porsenna; though upon very slender grounds. It consists of a square base with four truncated cones rising from its angles, and a central chamber, in which an urn with ashes was discovered. Aruns was killed by Aristodemus of Cumæ before Aricia, which his father had sent him to besiege. It was long supposed to be the monument of the Horatii and Curiatii, and is so-called still by the contadini and drivers.

Below the tomb, the old Appia to Aricia winds through the hollow, amid rocks and pollard trees. The glen always full of beauty, is a common resort of landscape-painters.

'From Albano we had to go on foot for the short and beautiful remainder of the way through Aricia. Reseda and golden cistus grew wild by the roadside; the thick, juicy olive-trees cast a delicious shade. I caught a glimpse of the distant sea; and upon the mountain-slopes by the wayside, where a cross stood, merry girls skipped dancing past us, yet never forgetting piously to kiss the holy cross. The lofty dome of the church of Aricia I imagined to be that of S. Peter, which the angels had hung up in the blue air among the dark olive-trees.'—*'Improvvisatore,' H. C. Andersen.*

The ravine is now called **Vallericcia**, and was once a sheet of water called **Lacus Aricinus**. Beside the old road below the town are remains supposed to be those of a temple of Diana, which Sulla restored.

The ceremonies of the temple of Aricia were, according to Strabo, barbaric and cythian, like those of the *Fauric Diana*. The priest (*Rex Nemorensis*)

was always a fugitive who had slain his predecessor, and always had in his hand a drawn sword, to defend himself from a similar fate. There was a tree near the temple, whence if a fugitive could approach and carry off a bough, he was entitled to the duel, or monomachia, with the Rex Nemorensis.

'A most curious basso-rilievo was found in the neighbourhood some years ago,' representing several personages, among whom is the priest, lately in possession, lying prostrate, with his entrails issuing from a wound, inflicted by his successor, who stands over him with his sword; there are also several females in long robes, in the Etruscan style, who seem to invoke the gods. This basso-rilievo and the passage of Strabo seem to explain each other.'—*Sir W. Gell.*

The great temple of Diana, however, was situated on the eastern side of the secluded Lake of Nemi: hence, Diana Nemorensis. The whole of this region seems to have been dominated by the worship of this divinity. Hence the grandest of its ridges is called Monte Artemisio. 'She was for the Latins second only to Jupiter Latiaris in the power she exercised of uniting communities together and so working in the cause of civilisation. This was the case with the cult on the Aventine, as it was also with that at Aricia.'—*The Roman Festivals: Warde Fowler*, pp. 198–9. 'Diana, like Silvanus, was no doubt originally a spirit of holy trees and woods; i.e. of wild life generally, who became gradually reclaimed and brought into friendly and useful relations with the Italian farmer, his wife, and his cattle.'—*Ibid.*, 200–1.

Virbius (favoured of charioteers), the legendary founder of **Aricia**, was strangely conjoined with Diana in the worship of the inhabitants, and is commemorated with her by many of the Latin poets. By syncretism he became identified with Hippolytus of Troezen, perhaps a masculine counterpart of Artemis.

'Jamque dies aderat; profugis cum regibus aptum
Fumat Aricinum Triviae nemus, et face multa
Consciis Hippolyti splendet lacus.'

—*Stat. 'Silv.'* iii. 1, 55.

'Ecce suburbanæ templum nemorale Dianæ,
Partaque per gladios regna nocente manu.'

—*Ovid, 'Art. Am.'* i. 259.

'Nympha, mone, nemori stagnoque operata Dianæ;

Nympha, Numæ conjux, ad tua festa veni.

Vallis Aricinae sylvæ præcinctus opaca

Est lacus, antiqua religione sacer.

Hic latet Hippolytus loris distractus equorum,

Unde Nemus nullis illud aditur equis.'

—*Ovid, 'Fast.'* iii. 261.

'Lucus eum, nemorisque tui, Dictynna, recessus

Celat: Aricino Virbius ille lacu est.'

—*Ovid, 'Fast.'* vi. 755.

' nam conjux urbe relicta

Vallis Aricinae densis latet abdita sylvis:

Sacraque Oresteae gemitu questuque Dianæ

Impedit. Ah quoties Nymphae nemorisque lacusque,

Ne faceret, monuere, et consolantia verba

dixerunt.'

—*Ovid, 'Metam.'* xv. 487.

'Ibat et Hippolyti proles pulcherrima bello,
Virbius ; insignem quem mater Aricia misit,
Eductum Egeriae lucis, humentia circum
Littora, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Dianae.'

—*Virgil*, 'Aen.' vii. 761.

'At Trivia Hippolytum secretis alma recondit
Sedibus, et nymphae Egeriae nemorique relegat ;
Solut ubi in silvis Italis ignobilis aevum
Exigeret, versoque ubi nomine Virbius esset.'

—*Virgil*, 'Aen.' vii. 774.

'Jam nemus Egeriae, jam te ciet altus ab Alba
Jupiter, et soli non mitis Aricia regi.'

—*Val. Flac.* 'Arg.' ii. 304.

' quos miserat altis
Egeriae genitos immitis Aricia lucis,
Aetatis mentisque pares ; at non dabat ultra
Clotho dura lacus aramque videre Dianae.

—*Sil. Ital.* iv. 368.

A specially steep ascent from Vallericcia is also commemorated by the poets.

' accedo Bovillas
Clivumque ad Virbi : praesto est mihi Manius haeres.'

—*Persius*, 'Sat.' vi. 56.

'Irus tuorum temporum sequebaris.
Migrare clivum crederes Aricinum.'

—*Martial*, 'Ep.' xii. 32.

The steepness of the hill or hills from the earliest times afforded great advantages to the beggars.

'Dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes,
Blandaue devexae jactaret basia rhedae.'

—*Juvenal*, 'Sat.' iv. 117.

The rich country upon which we look down was as famous in ancient as in modern times for the produce of its vineyards.

'Est mihi nonum superantis annum
Plenus Albani cadus.'

—*Horace*, 'Od.' iv. 11.

'Hic herus ; Albanum, Maecenas, sive Falernum
Te magis appositis delectat, habemus utrumque.'

—'Sat.' ii. 8, 16.

'Hoc de Caesareis mitis vindemia cellis
Misit, Iuleo quae sibi monte placet.'

—*Martial*, xiii. 109.

Aricia was also celebrated for its leeks :—

'Bruttia quae tellus, et mater Aricia porri.'

—*Columella*, 139, 'R. Rust.' x. 139.

'Mittit praecipuos nemoralis Aricia porros.'

—*Martial*, xiii. 19.

Some fragments of the ancient wall may be seen before entering the gate of Ariccia with its forked battlements. The city itself is of very ancient origin, being first mentioned in the story of

Tarquinius Superbus, when Turnus Herdonius, its Deputy to the Federal Council, was drowned in the Aqua Ferentina (Parco Colonna), near Marino. It was the birthplace of Atia, mother of Augustus, and as such is extolled by Cicero in his third Philippic. Having taken the part of Sulla, Ariccia was destroyed by Marius. Sulla built its wall and temple, and his soldiers repopulated it. Ariccia was the second station on the Via Appia. The place suffered severely at the hands of both Goths and Vandals.

Ariccia is now chiefly remarkable for the *Palace of the Chigi*, built by **Bernini** for Alexander VII. It is noble and imposing in its proportions, as it rises on huge buttresses from the depths of the ravine. In the interior are some interesting rooms hung with curious stamped leather, and a chamber containing portraits of the twelve nieces of Alexander VII., who were so enchanted at the elevation of their uncle, that they all took the veil immediately to please him. Apartments are let here in the summer months, and can be found very delightful.

Opposite the palace is the well-proportioned *Church of the Assumption*, also built (1664) by *Bernini*, with a dome painted by *Antonio Raggi*, and a few indifferent pictures. Two fountains covered with saxifrage stand in front of the portico. The palace and church form the beautiful group of L'Ariccia so well known from pictures. Between them the town is entered (from Albano) by a grand viaduct, 700 feet long, whence the views are exquisitely lovely, on the left over the Campagna, on the right looking into the depths of the immemorial wood known as the *Parco Chigi*.

‘Le pont monumental remplit un profond ravin pour mettre de plain-pied la route d'Aricia à Albano. Il passe donc par-dessus tout un paysage vu en profondeur, et ce paysage est rempli par une forêt vierge jetée dans un abîme. Une forêt vierge fermée de murs, c'est là une de ces fantaisies que les princes peuvent seuls se passer. Il y a cinquante ans que la main de l'homme n'a abattu une branche et que son pied n'a tracé un sentier dans la forêt Chigi. Pourquoi? *Chi lo sa?* vous disent les indigènes.

‘Au reste, ce caprice-là, qui serait bien concevable de la part d'un propriétaire artiste, est une agréable surprise pour l'artiste qui passe. Sur les flancs du ravin s'échelonnent les têtes vénérables des vieux chênes soutenant dans leur robuste branchage les squelettes penchés de leurs voisins morts, qui tombent en poussière sous une mousse desséchée d'un blanc livide. La lierre court sur ces ruines végétales, et sous l'impénétrable abri de ces réseaux de verdure vigoureuse et de pâles ossements, un pêle-mêle de ronces, d'herbes, et de rochers va se baigner dans le ruisseau sans rivages praticables. Si l'on n'était sur une grande route, avec une ville derrière soi, on se croirait dans une forêt du nouveau monde.’—*George Sand, 'La Daniella.'*

‘It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct, lighting up the infinity of its arches like the bridge of chaos. But as I climbed the long slope of the Alban Mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outline of the domes of Albano, and graceful darkness of its ilex grove, rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber: the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-cloud in deep, palpitating azure, half aether and half dew. The noonday sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and their masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it colour, it was

conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with burning and buoyant life; each, as it turned to reflect or transmit the sunbeam, first a torch, and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every blade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet-lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock—dark though flushed with scarlet lichen—casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound; and over all—the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals between the solemn and orbéd repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea.'—*Ruskin, 'Modern Painters.'*

An historic road fringed with cyclamen and forget-me-not, passing under the arch at the back of the Chigi palace, leads up a ravine and (left) to the *Convent of the Cappuccini* above Albano, from whose lovely ilex groves there are again glorious views. From here started the triumphal processions to Monte Cavo. The convent occupies the site of part of the villa of Domitian, whither Juvenal describes the saturnine Emperor as summoning the imperial council from Rome in the winter of A.D. 84.

'Anxiously they asked each other, What news? What the purport of their unexpected summons? What foes of Rome had broken the prince's slumbers—the Chatti or the Sicambri, the Britons or the Dacians? While they are yet waiting for admission, the menials of the palace entered, bearing aloft a huge turbot, a present to the emperor, which they had the mortification of seeing introduced into his presence, while the doors were still shut against themselves. A humble fisherman had found the monster stranded on the beach, beneath the fane of Venus at Ancona, and had hurried to receive a reward for so rare an offering to the imperial table. When at last the councillors were admitted, the question reserved for their deliberations was no other than this, whether the big fish should be cut in pieces, or served up whole on some enormous platter, constructed in its honour. The cabinet was no doubt sensibly persuaded that the question allowed at least of no delay, and with due expressions of surprise and admiration voted the dish, and set the potter's wheel in motion.'—*Merivale, 'Romans under the Empire.'*

'Surgitur, et misso procures exire jubentur
Consilio, quos Albanam dux magnus in arcem
Traxerat attonitos et festinare coactus.'

—*Juvenal, 'Sat.' iv. 145.*

This palace of Domitian is frequently alluded to in the poets:—

'Hoc tibi, Palladiæ seu collibus uteris Albae,
Caesar, et hinc Triviam prospicis, inde Thetin,
Mittimus.'

—*Martial, 'Ep.' v. 1.*

'Sed quis ab excelsis Trojanae collibus Albae,
Unde suae juxta prospectat moenia Romae
Proximus ille Deus . . .'

—*Statius, 'Silv.' v. 2.*

The Emperor girdled half the lake with a paved road, remains of which sunk in the soft margin can be traced among the reeds.

One of the best subjects for a picture is the view from under the ilex-trees in front of the convent gate facing Albano and the sea. A door in the wall R. of the lane which leads down to Albano, admits one to the remains of the **Amphitheatre**, now used as folds for goats, which crowd the recesses of its caverned masonry, and group themselves picturesquely on its walls.

Turning the rocky corner beyond the Cappuccini we come at once upon one of the loveliest scenes in this land of beauty, and look down upon the great lake, sometimes calm without a ripple ; at others, lashed into miniature breakers. And on rare occasions a pair of ospreys may be observed fishing.

At the other end of the lake stands (on the rim of the crater, to the left), Castel Gandolfo, embossed against the delicate hues of the distant Campagna. Beneath us, buried in verdure, may be visited the famous Emissarium. On the right, across the lake, and beyond the convent of **Palazzuolo** (Portuguese Franciscan), rise Rocca di Papa and the Alban Mount. The lake itself, which occupies the crater of an extinct volcano, is 6 miles in circuit, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles wide. Concerning its origin, a legend was related to one of the translators of Niebuhr's 'History,' by a peasant boy, who guided him to Frascati, as follows :—

“ Where the lake now lies, there once stood a great city. Here, when Jesus Christ came into Italy, He begged alms. None took compassion on Him but an old woman, who gave Him two handfuls of meal. He bade her leave the city : she obeyed : the city instantly sank ; and the lake rose in its place.” To set the truth of the story beyond dispute, the narrator added, *Sta scritto nei libri.*—Niebuhr, ‘Hist. of Rome.’

‘The lakes of Alba and Nemi, like others in the neighbourhood of Rome, are of a peculiar character. In their elevation, lying nestled as it were high up in the bosom of the mountains, they resemble what in Cumberland and Westmoreland are called tarns ; but our tarns, like ordinary lakes, have their visible feeders and outlets, their head which receives the streams from the mountain-sides, and their foot by which they discharge themselves, generally in a larger stream, into the valley below. The lakes of Alba and Nemi lie each at the bottom of a perfect basin, and the unbroken rim of this basin allows them no visible outlet. Again, it sometimes happens that lakes so situated have their outlet under ground, and that the stream which drains them appears again to the day after a certain distance, having made its way through the basin of the lake by a tunnel provided for it by nature. This is the case particularly where the prevailing rock is the mountain or metaliferous limestone of Derbyshire, which is full of caverns and fissures ; and an instance of it may be seen in the small lake or tarn of Malham in Yorkshire, and another on a much larger scale in the lake of Copais in Boeotia. But the volcanic rocks, in which the lake of Alba lies, do not afford such natural tunnels, or at least they are exceedingly small, and unequal to the discharge of any large quantity of water ; so that if any unusual cause swells the lake, it can find no adequate outlet, and rises necessarily to a higher level. The Roman tradition reported that such a rise took place in the year 357 : it was caused probably by some volcanic agency, and increased to such a height that the water at last ran over the basin of the hills at its lowest point, and poured down into the Campagna. Traces of such an outlet are said to be still visible ; and it is asserted that there are marks of artificial cutting through the rock, as if to enlarge and deepen the passage. This would suppose the ordinary level of the lake in remote times to have been

about two hundred feet higher than it is at present ; and if this were so, the actual tunnel was intended not to remedy a new evil, but to alter the old state of the lake for the better, by reducing it for the time to come to a lower level. Possibly the discharge over the edge of the basin became suddenly greater, and so suggested the idea of diverting the water altogether by a different channel. But the whole story of the tunnel, as we have it, is so purely a part of the poetical account of the fall of Veii, that no part of it can be relied on as historical. . . . Admitting that it was wholly worked through the tufa, which is easily wrought, still the labour and expense of such a tunnel must have been considerable ; and in the midst of an important war, how could either money or hands have been spared for such a purpose ? Again, was the work exclusively a Roman one, or performed by the Romans jointly with the Latins, as an object of common concern to the whole confederacy ? The Alban lake can scarcely have been within the domain of Rome ; nor can we conceive that the Romans could have been entitled to divert its waters at their pleasure without the consent of the neighbouring cities. But if it were a common work ; if the Latins entered heartily into the struggle of Rome with Veii, regarding it as a struggle between their race and that of the Etruscans ; if the overflow of the waters of their national lake, the lake which bathed the foot of the Alban mountain, where their national temple stood, and their national solemnities were held, excited an interest in every people of the Latin name, then we may understand how their joint labour and joint contributions may have accomplished the work even in the midst of war ; and the Romans, as they disguised on every occasion the true nature of their connection with the Latins, would not fail to represent it as exclusively their own.'—*Arnold, 'Hist. of Rome,'* vol. i. ch. 23.

Following the beautiful avenue of ilexes, known as the **Galleria di Sopra**, as far as the Convent of S. Francesco, we shall find a little path winding down through thickets of cistus and genista to the water's edge, where we may examine the Nymphaeum and the famous **Emissarium**, constructed B.C. 394 during the war with Veii. The extreme beauty of the spot is worthy of the romantic story of its origin. The lake now belongs to Duca di Gallese.

'For seven years and more the Romans had been besieging Veii. Now the summer was far advanced, and all the springs and rivers were very low ; when on a sudden the waters of the lake of Alba began to rise ; and they rose above its banks, and covered the fields and the houses by the water-side ; and still they rose higher and higher, till they reached the top of the hills which surrounded the lake as with a wall, and they overflowed where the hills were lowest ; and behold the water of the lake poured down in a mighty torrent into the plain beyond. When the Romans found that the sacrifices which they offered to the gods and powers of the place were of no avail, and their prophets knew not what counsel to give them, and the lake still continued to overflow the hills and to pour into the plain below, then they sent over the sea to Delphi, to ask counsel of the oracle of Apollo, which was famous in every land.

'So the messengers were sent to Delphi. And, meanwhile, the report of the overflowing of the lake was much talked of ; so that the people of Veii heard of it. Now, there was an old Veientian, who was skilled in the secrets of the Fates, and it chanced that he was talking from the walls with a Roman centurion whom he had known before in the days of peace ; and the Roman spoke of the ruin that was coming upon Veii, and was sorry for the old man his friend ; but the old man laughed and said : " Ah ! ye think to take Veii ; but ye shall not take it till the waters of the Lake of Alba are all spent, and flow out into the sea no more." When the Roman heard this he was much moved by it, for he knew that the old man was a prophet ; and the next day he came again to talk with the old man, and he enticed him to come out of the city, and to go aside with him to a lonely place, saying that he had a certain matter of his own concerning which he desired to know the secrets of fate :

and while they were talking together, he seized the old man and carried him off to the Roman camp, and brought him before the generals; and the generals sent him to Rome to the Senate. Then the old man declared all that was in the Fates concerning the overflow of the Lake of Alba: and he told the Senate what they were to do with the water, that it might cease to flow into the sea: "If the lake overflow, and its waters run out into the sea, woe unto Rome; but if it be drawn off, and the waters reach the sea no longer, then it is woe unto Veii." But the Senate would not believe the old man's words till the messengers should come back from Delphi.

'After a time the messengers came back, and the answer of the god agreed in all things with the words of the old man at Veii. For it said, "See that the waters be not confined within the basin of the lake: see that they take not their own course and run into the sea. Thou shalt let the water out of the lake, and thou shalt turn it to the watering of thy fields, and thou shalt make courses for it till it be spent and come to nothing." Then the Romans believed the oracle, and they sent workmen, and began to bore through the side of the hills to make a passage for the water. And the water flowed out through this passage underground; and it ceased to flow over the hills; and when it came out from the passage into the plain below, it was received into many courses which had been dug for it, and it watered the fields, and became obedient to the Romans, and was all spent in doing them service, and flowed to the sea no more. And the Romans knew that it was the will of the gods that they should conquer Veii.'—Arnold, *Hist. of Rome*.'

The entrance to the **Emissarium** is enclosed within a Nymphaeum of imperial date, such as is beautifully described in the lines of Virgil:

'Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum;
Intus aquae dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;
Nympharum domus.'

—Aen. i. 167.

A *custode* (who resides at Castel Gandolfo) is required to open the grating (1 lira). Local folk often set fire to little paper boats, which they call 'fates,' and float them down through the darkness, where they may be seen burning for a long distance. Near the Nymphaeum are ruins of other Roman buildings, known to the country people as Bagni di Diana, Grotte delle Ninfe, &c. Lake trout up to seven pounds may be seen in the tanks here. All probably are remains of the summer retreat of Domitian, who made the lake a pool in his imperial grounds.

Clambering up the hill again, we find the height crested by the fine trees overhanging the wall of the **Villa Barberini**. The beautiful grounds of this villa may always be visited by strangers, and present a variety of lovely views, from a foreground, half cultivated and half wild, ending in a grand old avenue of stone-pines. The ruins, which we see here in such abundance, are remains of the Villa of Pompey, or of the 'mad masses of building,' as Cicero calls them, belonging to that of Clodius. As we wander here we cannot but call to mind the invocation of Cicero in his speech in behalf of Milo against the owner of this villa.

'And you, hills and groves of Alba, you, I say, I entreat and implore, and you, the ruined shrines of the Albans, so closely knit with all that is revered by the people of Rome, altars which this fellow in his headlong madness had dared to strip and rob of their holy groves, and bury beneath the insane piles of his own buildings. Then it was your shrines, your rites that were honoured, your influence which prevailed, which he had insulted with crime of every kind, and thou, from thy lofty peak, great Jupiter Latiaris, whose lake and

woods and fields he had often defiled with every abominable wickedness and crime, at last thou openedst thine eyes to punish him: to you, late though you might deem it, his punishment was a just and due atonement.'

Words fail to paint the glories of Italian sunset as seen from the Villa Barberini.

'Various as the Campagna is in outline, it is quite as various in colour, reflecting every aspect of the sky, and answering every touch of the seasons. Day after day it shifts the slide of its wondrous panorama of changeable pictures—now tender in the fresh green and flower-flush of spring—now golden in the matured richness of summer—and now subdued and softened into purple-browns in the autumn and winter. Silent and grand, with shifting opal hues of blue, violet, and rose, the mountains look upon the plain. Light clouds hide and cling to their airy crags, or drag along them their trailing shadows. Looking down from the Alban Hill one sees in the summer noons wild thunder-storms, with sloping spears of rain and flashing blades of lightning, charge over the plain and burst here and there among the ruins, while all around the full sunshine basks upon the Campagna, and trembles over the mountains. Towards twilight the landscape is transfigured in a blaze of colour—the earth seems fused in a fire of sunset—the ruins are of beaten gold—the meadows and hollows are as crucibles where delicate rainbows melt into every tone and gradation of colour—a hazy and misty splendour floats over the shadows, and earth drinks in the glory of the heavens. Then softly a grey veil is drawn over the plain, the shadow creeps up the mountain-side, the purples deepen, the fires of sunset fade away into cold ashes—and sunset is gone almost while we speak. The air grows chill, and in the hollows and along the river steal long white snakes of mist—fires from the stubble begin to show here and there—the sky's deep orange softens slowly into a glowing citron, with tinges of green, then refines into paler yellows, and the great stars begin to look out from the soft deep-blue above. Then the Campagna is swallowed up in dark, and chilled with damp and creeping winds.'—*Story*, '*Roba di Roma*,' i. 324.

Close to the entrance of the villa is the town-gate of **Castel Gandolfo** (Albergo Durante, with good view of the lake), the favourite summer residence of the Popes for more than two hundred and fifty years, and the only portion of their property outside the Vatican walls, left untouched since the unification of Italy. The place was the fortress of the Gandolfi family in the twelfth century, when Otho Gandolfi was Senator of Rome. In 1218 it passed to the Savelli, who held it for four hundred years, triumphantly defying all attempts to wrest it from them. In 1596 it was raised into a duchy for Bernardino Savelli by Sixtus V., but poverty obliged him to sell the property to the government for 150,000 scudi, a great sum in those days. Clement VIII., by a decree of 1604, incorporated it with the temporal domain of the Holy See, and included it expressly in the bull of Pius V. *de non infeudandis bonis Ecclesiae*. It was reserved for Urban VIII. (Barberini) in 1624 to adopt it as a residence, and to build the palace from designs of Carlo Maderno, Bartolommeo Breccioli, and Domenico Castelli. Urban came every year to Castel Gandolfo, and a large number of his Bulls are dated from hence. The pontifical palace was enlarged by Alexander VII. (Chigi), and completed by Clement XIII. The interior is furnished in the simplest manner and is little worth visiting. Pius IX. spent part of each summer here, before the invasion; and every afternoon saw him riding on his white mule in the old avenues or on the

terraced paths above the lake, followed by his cardinals—a most picturesque and mediaeval scene. But the great interest of the site is that it occupies that of **Alba Longa**, long thought to have been situated across the lake at Palazzuolo. Outside its gate toward Rome has been discovered an extensive ancient cemetery buried under six feet of volcanic deposit, from which have been extracted numbers of hut-urns, and early votive pottery; mostly imported.

The **Church of S. Thomas of Villanuova**, close to the palace, was built 1661, by Bernini, for Alexander VII. The altar-piece is by *Pietro da Cortona*.

Alba was destroyed (traditionally) by Tullus Hostilius, who removed its inhabitants to Rome, and established them on the Coelian. It formed the religious metropolis of the towns of Latium before the building of Rome. Its foundation is ascribed by the Latin poets to Ascanius, and its name to the white sow of Aeneas. It is probable, however, that the name Alba is some early tribal word signifying 'water.' A name for the Tiber was Albula (cf. Elbe).

'Ex quo ter denis urbem redeuntibus annis
Ascanius clari condet cognominis Albam.'

—*Aen.* viii. 47.

'Et stetit Alba potens, albae suis omine nata.'

—*Propert.* 'El.' iv. i.

' . . . Tunc gratus Iūlo,
Atque novercali sedes praelata Lavino,
Conspicitur sublimis apex; cui candida nomen
Serofa dedit.'

—*Juv.* 'Sat.' xii. 70.

Lycophron (*Cassandra*, v. 1255) says that the sow was black.

'Livy (lib. i. c. 3) has a passage which is too descriptive of Alba Longa to be omitted: "Ascanius, abundante Lavinii multitudine . . . novam ipse aliam sub Albano monte condidit; quae ab situ *porrectae in dorso urbis*, Longa Alba appellata." Dionysius also (lib. i. 66) informs us that the name Longa was added "on account of the shape (τοῦ σχήματος) of its ground plan;" Varro, that it was called Longa, "propter loci naturam;" and Aurelius Victor, "eamque ex formâ, quod ita in longum porrecta est, Longam cognominavit."—*Sir W. Gell.* (Cf. however, *Journal of Philology*, vol. xxvii.: 'Alba Longa,' by Thomas Ashby, jun.)

It is a beautiful walk or drive back to Albano, through the **Galleria di Sotto**, shaded by huge ilexes which were planted by Urban VIII. (1623–44). These gigantic trees, acquainted with one another for centuries, often lean together against the walls as if in earnest conversation; often, faint from old age, they are propped on stone pillars, supported by which they project in dark noble masses of foliage toward the Campagna. At the end of the avenue we come to the lofty brick remains of the so-called Pompey's Tomb, beneath which used to be seen *capanne* or shepherds' huts of reeds, as described by Virgil. On the opposite side of the Via Appia stands the **Villa**

Altieri, consecrated now to the Italian heart as having been the residence of the self-devoted cardinal of that name, who died a victim during the cholera of 1867.

The disease appeared quite suddenly during the first week in August. At that time Albano was especially crowded with visitors of high and low degree, from the Royal Family of Naples and the principal members of the Roman aristocracy, to the thrifty Jewish salesman from the Ghetto, intent on combining a stroke of business with change of air. On a beautiful Monday afternoon various parties were given in the gardens of the principal villas, and as Albano had always hitherto been exempt from attacks of pestilence, no alarm was felt, though there were already cases of cholera at Rome. Suddenly a cloud, bringing a strange chill, seemed to rise out of the Campagna; cloaks and wraps were brought out for those who were feasting in the gardens, but the chill passed away as quickly as it had come, and was succeeded by great heat. Almost immediately the pestilence began. People were attacked on the garden-seats as they sat. Before morning there were 115 cases and 15 deaths. All who could, fled to Rome and the neighbouring towns. 'The prevailing features of the scene were the processions of priests with the consecrated host, litters conveying the sick to the hospital, and carts conveying the dead to the cemetery. The usual agents in the latter operation, being by no means adequate in number to the amount of doleful work thus devolved upon them, were aided by the soldiers of a company of Zouaves, who had been sent to Albano for change of air after recovery from fever, and who arrived opportunely on the very morning when their aid was so much needed. Telegraphic messages were sent to Rome repeatedly in the course of the day, requesting medical aid, instructions, and vehicles. Cardinal Altieri, being bishop of Albano, came out from the capital to encourage the townspeople by his presence, and take the direction of affairs. In the course of the afternoon many people arrived from Rome in a state of great anxiety about their families or relatives, whom they had left at Albano, and whom they were desirous of conveying elsewhere as soon as possible. Means of transport to the capital by the high road became suddenly scarce, and the drivers of omnibuses down to the station availed themselves of the opportunity of exacting double fare from the panic-stricken fugitives who surrounded the vehicles.' At the entrance of the Olmata of Genzano, a cordon was established, and no one was allowed to pass without undergoing fumigation. On the same day the Royal Family of Naples was attacked, some of the servants died, and one of the princes was taken ill.

On the second morning 'the dead-carts rolled drearily about the town, stopping here and there to take up rude wooden boxes, rather than coffins, for conveyance to the cemetery of the Madonna della Stella. Many of the shops were shut up, their owners having either died or emigrated. Fruit-stalls were abolished.' All who could, endeavoured to reach a purer air if possible, but it was already difficult, as 'the authorities of Ariccia had placed *guardiani* with guns to prevent any one crossing the great viaduct from Albano, and all the neighbouring towns, except Rome, had drawn the same inextricable cordon.' The attacks of the disease were so sudden that if a carriage containing five fugitives took the way towards Rome, three were frequently dead before it reached the walls of the city.

By the third morning 120 deaths from cholera had occurred in the village of Albano. People fled in every direction. 'Along the road were families migrating in all sorts of wagons and vehicles: the country farmhouses were resorted to all round, though it was the fever season, and it seemed as if there would soon be none left to kill in Albano. But unfortunately most of the fugitives took away the germ of the malady with them, and died wherever they might chance to have taken refuge.' On the evening of the 8th, the Queen-Dowager of Naples died, after an illness of only four hours' duration, and on the same day the Princess Colonna, having fled to Genzano to the palace of Duke Cesariui, to whom her eldest daughter was engaged, was seized with cholera at luncheon, and died in a few hours.

Meanwhile Cardinal Altieri was unremitting in his attentions to the sick and dying, giving himself too little rest either by night or day, but on the

Friday he was himself seized with the malady, and died on Sunday the 11th. On the same day Mr. John Macdonald, brother of the well-known sculptor, died soon after effecting his escape to Rome. Frightful mortality began amongst the regiment of Zouaves who had so courageously devoted themselves to the dead, and almost all of them perished—chiefly, it is said, because, owing to the rapid succession of deaths, and the impossibility of finding grave-diggers, the corpses buried on the first day in one large grave had to be packed to give more space!

On the 13th the cholera catastrophe at Albano had reached such a degree that the most necessary relations of social existence might be said to be annihilated. With the exception of the Gonfaloniere, who took flight early, all the local authorities were either ill or dead, and the Pope had sent out Monsignor Apolloni, as special commissary, to assume the government of the town. The last of the bakers who had the courage to remain in Albano and carry on his trade died on the 12th, so that to prevent the surviving inhabitants from starving, bread and other provisions had to be sent out from Rome.

After the 14th the cholera began to abate, having carried off more than one-tenth of the population.—*From Letters of the 'Times Correspondent.'*

The monument of Cardinal Altieri is the only object of interest in the **Duomo**, which stands in a small square behind the principal street. It is inscribed :

Ludovicus de Alteriis, Card. S.E.R. Episc. Albanus,
 Pastor bonus cum in medium gregem dira saeviente lue advolasset,
 praeclarum vitae cursum morte magna anima
 consummavit sanctissime,
 III Id. Aug. MDCCCLXVII. Vixit annos LXII.

Celebrated among the bishops of Albano was Pietro Aldobrandini (S. Pietro Igneo), who walked through fire at Settimo in 1067, to prove a charge of simony against Pietro di Pavia, bishop of Florence.

The festa of **S. Pancrazio**—the patron of Albano—is kept here with great solemnity.

‘From the cathedral issued, at an early hour, a procession whose length almost corresponded to that of the town itself. There were little girls in tinsel finery, with butterfly-wings, intended to represent angels, and chubby little boys who toddled along in the disguise of Carmelite friars, curiously contrasting with the gravity of friars full grown, bearded capuchins, venerable canons, and full-armed soldiers. There was the Gonfaloniere with his two councillors ; the local magistracy, in long robes of black silk and velvet lined with silver tissue, with flat black caps, looking not unlike some of Titian's portraits ; and another conspicuous group, very different, formed by young girls in long white satin dresses, with veils covering not only the head but the lower part of the face, each attended by a buxom matron in the gayest local costume—a bright-coloured bodice, white linen veil folded square over the brow, and ample folds of muslin round the largely-developed bust, their full-blown charms further set off by a profusion of gold ornaments chiselled in a style resembling those in Etruscan museums—precisely such figures as Pinelli and many other artists have delighted to introduce in *genre* pictures illustrative of Italian life and scenery. The younger females were those selected to receive small dowries out of a fund appropriated to charity, such donations being annually conferred at the religious seasons in Albano. Next to the female group came about a hundred members of a lay fraternity in their peculiar costume with hoods, carrying large crucifixes and banners painted on both sides with sacred figures life-size, and finally, the principal

group of clergy, the first in dignity supporting under a crimson canopy a bust of silver-gilt containing the skull of S. Pancrazio.'—*Hemans, 'Catholic Italy.'*

On the right of the main street, on entering the Roman gate, is the **Villa Doria**, whose grounds, abounding in ancient ilex groves, and in fragments of ruin of imperial date, are of extreme beauty.

L. B. Alberti, the great Architect, writing in 1472, gives a charming impression of life in one of these great villas.

'While every other possession causes work and danger, fear and disappointment, the villa brings a great and honourable advantage; the villa is always true and tried; if you dwell in it at the right time and with love it will not only satisfy you, but add reward to reward. In spring the green trees and the song of birds will make you joyful and hopeful; in autumn a moderate exertion will bring forth fruit a hundredfold; all through the year melancholy will be banished from you. The villa is the spot where good and honest men love to congregate. Nothing secret, nothing treacherous is done here; all see all; here is no need of judges and witnesses, for all are kindly and peaceably disposed to one another. Hasten hither, and flee from the pride of the rich and dishonour of the bad, to the blessed life in the villa!'

About two kilometres below the town westward the ruins of the fascinating **Castello Savelli** mantled in ivy and arbutus crown a conical hill overlooking the plain and the sea, and form a pleasant object for a short excursion. It was taken after a siege in 1436 by the Legate Giuliano Ricci for Eugenius IV., and destroyed in 1660, but partly rebuilt by Giulio Savelli. The Savelli continued to be lords of Albano till the middle of the seventeenth century, when tragical circumstances led to their extinction. The young and handsome heir of the house was betrothed to the daughter of the Marchese del Vasto of Naples, who had a dowry of 800,000 crowns. But while waiting for his bride to attain her thirteenth year when the marriage was to be solemnised, he became passionately in love with a beautiful young girl of Albano, of humble but respectable parentage. Her father, fearing the addresses of his young lord, hastened her marriage with one Cristoforo, a vassal of the family. But the young count continuing to persecute her with his attentions, took a house immediately opposite to the married pair, and wrote constantly in the hope of softening the object of his affection. She remained faithful to her husband, to whom she showed all his letters: but Cristoforo none the less mistrusted her, and became full of jealousies. One day he borrowed her flounced petticoat (*guardinfante*) and other attire, and forced her to write a letter to Savelli appointing an assignation, persuading her that he only intended to humiliate him by a disappointment.

Savelli arrived at the nocturnal rendezvous and was received by the disguised Cristoforo, who shot him, cut his throat, and dragged the corpse to the garden in front of the Savelli palace, where he left it. On the discovery of the murder all the inhabitants of Albano were shut up in their houses to prevent flight. Cristoforo, however, had made good his escape, but his innocent wife and all her family were arrested, and put to torture in the hope of extorting the whereabouts of the fugitive, of which they were really ignorant.

After six months' imprisonment, the relatives were set at liberty, but the wife was condemned to death. She was only saved from this by the intervention of the Duchess of Parma, who received her into her service, whence she was transferred to that of the Duchess of Modena.

The bereaved Savelli father never recovered the shock of his son's murder, and died in a lunatic asylum, and the only survivor of the Savelli having no heir, the property of that ancient race passed to the family of Chigi.

CHAPTER III

MONTE CAVO, NEMI, AND CIVITA LAVINIA

(Donkeys may be taken for the excursion from **Albano** to **Monte Cavo** and **Nemi**, except by good walkers—price, four lire each, the donkey-man four, the guide seven, for the day. Civita Lavinia will form a pleasant separate drive for the afternoon from Albano—a carriage ought not to cost more than seven or eight lire.

Those who ascend **Monte Cavo** from Rome, and return thither in the same day, may take the morning train, Central Station, or tram, to **Frascati**. They may then take donkeys at **Frascati**, and ascend **Monte Cavo** by **Rocca di Papa**, or better, walk. After passing some time at the site of the temple, they may descend by the *Madonna del Tufo* to **Palazzuolo**, and, skirting the **Alban Lake**, visit **Albano**, and take the train thence back to Rome. Good walkers may also visit **Nemi** the same day.)

ASCENDING the stony street which leads from **Albano** up to the **Cappuccini**, and reaching the corner whence we overlook the glassy lake, sleeping in its deep hollow, let us then turn R. by the tempting path (*Via della Corona*) which winds through the woods and rocks, between banks which in spring are carpeted with cyclamen, violets, hepatica, and every shade of anemone, while higher up, amid the richly-flowering laurustinus and golden genista, patches of 'honesty' glow in the sunshine. At every turn the flowers become lovelier, and the foregrounds seem as if waiting for an artist to paint them, until, passing round between some jagged masses of rock, which have fallen from the higher cliffs long ago, but have been half-buried for centuries under draperies of fern and moss, we reach, above the southern end of the lake, the Franciscan monastery of **Palazzuolo** (under protection of the King of Portugal).

Overhanging the beautiful garden are seen escarped cliffs of tufo forty feet high (quarries) and some splendid cypresses. The parapet overlooks the lake unrippled far below. Thence can be explored the ancient path of the Triumphal processions up to **Jupiter Latiaris**; where the Consul, who had not won his victories against a non-Latin foe, and had not slain at least 5000, took his 'ovatio.' The republican rock-cut Tomb of **Cornelius Scipio Hispallus** (B.C. 176) will be easily found beside the road. Upon it in relief are carven the fasces, sella curulis, apex, and scipios, the tokens of one who was both Pontifex and Consul. Near it, also above the Convent is the 'Casa Abbandonata,' formerly belonging to a **Colonna Cardinal** (1629). This stands just above the Convent. North of the Consul's tomb a road branches off eastwards.

A path winding upwards through the woods leads from hence to

the sanctuary of the **Madonna del Tufo**, much frequented by the country people, whence a beautiful terrace fringed with ilexes extends to the picturesque village of **Rocca di Papa**, which occupies a rather isolated sugar-loaf rock standing out from the rest of the mountain-side and crowned by the ruins of a castle, which for two centuries was a stronghold of Colonna, afterwards (1487) passing into the hands of Orsini.

'All know that, in those ages, the poor and weak had the choice of being assassinated in two ways, but they were obliged to choose: either assassinated by casual wandering brigands, or by established brigands settled in the fortresses. Generally the preference was given to the second, and thus around the fortresses was formed a trembling settlement of hovels and huts of *contadini*, which were afterwards changed into villages, towns, and cities, a preference which speaks to the praise of those poor calumniated barons of the middle ages.'—*Massimo d'Azeglio*.

'Rocca di Papa est un cône volcanique couvert de maisons superposées jusqu'au faite, qui se termine par un vieux fort ruiné. Les caves d'une zone d'habitations s'appuient sur les greniers de l'autre; les maisons se tombent continuellement sur le dos; le moindre vent fait pleuvoir des tuiles et craquer des supports. Les rues, peu à peu verticales, finissent par des escaliers qui finissent eux-mêmes par des blocs de lave supportant une ruine difficile à aborder, et flanquée d'un vieil arbre qui se penche sur la ville, comme une bannière à la pointe d'un clocher.

'Tout cela est vieux, crevassé, déjeté et noir comme la lave dont est sorti ce réceptacle de misère et de malpropreté. Mais, vous savez, tout cela est superbe pour un peintre. Le soleil et l'ombre se heurtent vivement sur des angles de rochers qui percent de toutes parts à travers les maisons, sur des façades qui se penchent l'une contre l'autre, et tout à coup se tournent le dos pour obéir aux mouvements du sol, âpre et tourmenté, qui les supporte, les presse et les sépare. Comme dans les faubourgs de Gênes, des arceaux rampants relient de temps en temps les deux côtés de la ruelle étroite, et ces ponts servent eux-mêmes de rues aux habitants du quartier supérieur.

'Tout donc est précipice dans cette ville folle, refuge désespéré des temps de guerre, cherché dans le lieu le plus incommode et le plus impossible qui se puisse imaginer. Les confins de la steppe de Rome sont bordés, en plusieurs endroits, de ces petits cratères pointus, qui ont tous leur petit fort démantelé et leur petite ville en pain de sucre, s'écroulant et se relevant sans cesse, grâce à l'acharnement de l'habitude et à l'amour du clocher.

'Cette obstination s'explique par le bon air et la belle vue. Mais cette vue est achetée au prix d'un vertige perpétuel, et cet air est vicié par l'excès de saleté des habitations. Femmes, enfants, vieillards, cochons et poules grouillent pêle-mêle sur le fumier. Cela fait des groupes bien pittoresques, et ces pauvres enfants, nus au vent et au soleil, sont souvent beaux comme des amours. Mais cela serre le cœur quand-même. Je crois d'ailleurs que je ne m'habituerai jamais à les voir courir sur ces abîmes. L'incurie des mères, qui laissent leurs petits, à peine âgés d'un an, marcher et rouler comme ils peuvent sur ces talus effrayants, est quelque chose d'inouï qui m'a semblé horrible. J'ai demandé s'il n'arrivait pas souvent des accidents.

'"Oui," m'a-t-on répondu avec tranquillité, "il se tue beaucoup d'enfants et même de grandes personnes. Que voulez-vous, la ville est dangereuse!"'
—*George Sand, 'La Daniella.'*

Rocca di Papa used to be frequented as a summer resort by English who lived at Rome: but it is not a desirable place of residence, being exposed to the sun, and receiving little shade. The place derives its present name from the residence here of an anti-pope John, in A.D. 1190.

By the steep path which scrambles up the rocks above the house-tops of Rocca di Papa, we reach a wide grassy plain known as the

Campo di Annibale from an absurd tradition that Hannibal encamped there when marching against Rome, but in reality because the mediaeval Annibaldi, a Baronial clan, fortified it. In spring it is covered with snowdrops, *pan di neve* the Italians call them. Hence we enter the forest, and under the green boughs and gnarled stems of the overarching trees, in the hollow way lined with violet and butchers-broom, we may trace to the summit by the lava blocks (selce), still entire with its margins, the ancient Via Triumphalis (2 m. 58 cm. in width).

‘Quaque iter est Latii ad summam fascibus Albam :
Excelsa de rupe procul jam conspicit urbem.’

—*Lucan*, ‘*Phars.*’ iii. 87.

Pope Alexander VII. (1667) was the last person who enjoyed a triumph here in the footsteps of Julius Caesar, and he was drawn up in a carriage. The stones are frequently marked V.N., in bad late characters, which, according to Gell, signify Numinis Via (?).

‘Up this same Alban Mount, to the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, which was for Alba what the Capitol was for Rome, the dictators of Alba and Latium undoubtedly led their legions when they returned in triumph. This solemnity, in which the triumphant generals appeared in royal robes, was unquestionably derived from the period of the monarchy: nor would the Latin commanders deem themselves inferior to the Romans, or bear themselves less proudly, when they were not subject to the imperium of the latter, or show less gratitude to the gods. Indeed, their triumph was preserved in that which the Roman generals solemnised on the Alban Mount: for that the first who assumed this honour (C. Papirius Maso) was renewing an earlier usage is at least far more probable than that he should have ventured to assume a distinction of his own devising. He triumphed here, not properly as a Roman consul, but as commander of the Latin cohorts, belonging partly to the towns of ancient Latium, partly to the colonies which sprang out of that state after it was broken up, and which represented it. At this distance from Rome he was secured from interruption by his imperium: and the honour was bestowed on him by the acclamation of the Latins, seconded by that of the Italian allies, and perhaps expressing itself by the otherwise inexplicable salutation of *imperator*, given to generals after a victory: a salutation which, at least after the Latins and their allies had all received the freedom of the city, was used by the Roman legions, as they may have joined in it previously, when its origin was forgotten. In early times, if fortune was propitious, Latin triumphs might be celebrated for wars conducted by Latin generals under their own auspices, and even, by virtue of their equality in the league, with Latin legions under their command.’—*Niebuhr*, ‘*History of Rome*,’ ii. 36.

The top of the mount is a grassy platform, girdled with a wall of large tufo blocks inclosing a garden and surrounded by trees. In it stands a Passionist Convent, built in 1788 by Cardinal York, Bishop of Frascati, who destroyed the ruins of the renowned temple, for his purpose. The only remains are some massive fragments of wall and the squared blocks of masonry which surround a venerable beech tree in front of the convent. The Latin Feriae had been always celebrated on the Alban Mount; and there Tarquin erected the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, the protecting divinity of the Latin confederation:

‘Et residens celsa Latiaris Jupiter Alba.’

—*Lucan*, ‘*Phars.*’ i. 198.

Piranesi says that the temple was 240 feet long and 120 wide—

having the width half of the length, according to Etruscan style. It was partly surrounded with small shrines and adorned with statues of great men.

Instead of sacrificing bulls, as was done by a Triumphator, upon the Capitol, on the summit of the Alban Mount, it was usual for him to sacrifice a sheep—*ovis*—hence ‘*ovatio*.’

The consular processions on these occasions started from Ariccia. On the Alban Mount, Juno, in the *Aeneid*, stood to contemplate the majestic country :—

‘At Juno, e summo, qui nunc Albanus habetur,
Tum neque nomen erat, nec honos, aut gloria monti,
Prospiciens tumulo, campum adspectabat, et ambas,
Laurentum Troïumque acies, urbemque Latini.’

—*Aen.* xii. 134.

And truly the view is worthy the eyes of a Goddess, although the heights of Monte Pila close it out toward the dreamy south.

‘From the summit of the Alban Mount, by the light of the setting sun, the eye can reach Corsica and Sardinia; and the hill which still bears the name of Circe looks like an island beneath the first rays of her heavenly sire. The line of the long street of Alba, stretching between the mountain and the lake, may still be made out distinctly. Monte Cavo was the Capitoline hill of Alba; its summits required to be fortified, to secure the town from above.’—*Niebuhr, ‘History of Rome,’* i. 199.

Hence, by the green lanes of the *Macchia della Fajola*, once notorious for brigands, and by winding pathlets through woods, and narrow ways between green meadows, passing a farm of the Corsini, we descend upon the second lake of our pilgrimage.

‘Lo, Nemi! navelled in the woody hills
So far, that the uprooting wind which tears
The oak from his foundation, and which spills
The ocean o’er his boundary, and bears
Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;
And, calm as cherish’d hate, its surface wears
A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
All coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.’

—*Byron, ‘Childe Harold.’*

The village of **Nemi** (more worth visiting than Genzano) is beautifully situated on the edge of a steep gray cliff overlooking the lake, and is crowned by an old castle which, after passing through the hands of the Colonna, Borgia, Piccolomini, Cenci, Frangipani, and Braschi, is now the property of a Ruspoli.

‘The water is surrounded in parts by rocks of the hardest basaltic lava, in others by conglomerated cinders and scoriæ, and in some places by banks of tufa. Its circumference is about five miles, and the level of the water higher than that of the Alban lake. The story of the ship discovered at the bottom of this lake, and said by some authors to have belonged to the time of Tiberius, by others to that of Trajan, is well known. Biondi, Leon Battista Alberti, and particularly Francesco Marchi, a celebrated architect and military engineer of the sixteenth century, who went down into the lake himself, have spoken of it. Fresh investigations have been carried on of late (1828), at which I was present, and I assert that the pretended ship was nothing more than the wooden piles and timbers used in the foundations of a building. The beams were of fir and larch, and were joined by metal nails of various sizes. The pavement, or at least the lowest stratum of the remains,

was formed of large tiles placed upon a kind of grating of iron, on which the name 'Caisar' in ancient letters was marked.

'The name 'Caisar' seems to explain the history of the building. For Suetonius, in his 'Life of Julius Caesar,' as an illustration of the Dictator's extravagance, asserts, that after having built a villa on the lake of Nemi at an enormous expense, he had the whole destroyed because it did not quite suit his taste. It is my belief that the pretended ship was nothing else than the piles and wooden framework upon which this villa was supported, and that after the upper part was destroyed the foundation under the water still remained, partly covered by fragments of the demolished building above.'—*Nibby*.

In October 1895 divers were again employed to discover the submerged objects, and although the depth at which they were found to be lying was 118 feet below the surface of the lake, it was possible to recognise that two great house-boats are lying there at right angles to one another, and also something resembling a long pier, which has been adorned with mosaic pavement, fountains, &c. They attached a number of strings with corks to these so as to render their locality and design apparent on the surface above. They also contrived to bring up seventeen very beautiful bronze ornaments, including heads of lions and wolves, having rings in their mouths and portions of lead conduit-pipes bearing the epigraph of Caius Caligula, who is known to have built two similar galleys with ten banks of oars, in which he enjoyed the Campanian coast. A number of the timbers of these floating villas until quite recently lay out along the shore near Casa del Pescatore.

Nothing in the entire environs of Rome can surpass the effect of the first glimpse afforded from above, of the lake of Nemi, between dark ilex and cypress boughs; with lofty Monte Cavo looking down upon it, and splendid shadows of clouds gliding up the purple woodland flanks; and then the lake itself. It takes its name from Nemus, the sacred grove.

'Albanus lacus, et socia Nemorensis ab unda.'

—*Propert.* 'El.' iiii. 22.

'Nemus . . . glaciale Dianae.'

—*Stat.* 'Silv.' iv. 4.

Tauric Diana had her grove, temple, and porticus here, the remains of which, explored in 1885 by the late Lord Savile, lie not far from the northern shore of the lake, facing it from a spacious platform, at a spot called Giardino del Lago. This terrace measures 30 ft. in height and 721 ft. in length, and is held up by triangular buttresses. The temple was probably prostyle-Hexastyle, was entered from the S. side, and measured 80 ft. (length) by 50 ft. (width). The spring, now called 'Tempesta,' into which she is supposed to have changed the nymph Egeria after the death of Numa, gushes out of the cliffs below Nemi.

'Non tamen Egeriae luctus aliena levare
Damna valent; montisque jacens radicibus imis
Liquitur in lacrymas: donec, pietate dolentis
Mota, soror Phoebi gelidum de corpore fontem
Fecit, et aeternas artus tenuavit in undas.'

—*Ovid.* 'Metam.' xv. 547.



NEMI



NEMI AND GENZANO

Genzano, which forms so conspicuous a feature in the view from Nemi, is reached by a circuitous walk along the paths near the water until the Casa del Pescatore is reached, when the ascent begins and passes on direct, encountering here and there the ancient pavement of its original. The slopes beneath the town are occupied by the lovely gardens of Duke Sforza-Cesarini (which 'a silver key' will usually open to visitors). The scenery of this beautiful hill-side is photographed in the description of H. Christian Andersen.

'The lake of Nemi slept calmly in the great round crater, from which at one time fire spouted up to heaven. We went down the amphitheatre-like rocky slope, through the great beech wood and the thick groves of plane trees, where the vines wreathed themselves amongst the tree-branches. On the opposite steep lay the village of Nemi, which mirrored itself in the blue lake. As we went along we bound garlands, entwining the dark green olive and fresh vine-leaves with the wild golden cistus. Now the deep-lying blue lake and the bright heavens above us were hidden by the thick branches and the vine-leaves, now they gleamed forth again as if they were only one united infinite blue. Everything was new and glorious to me; my soul trembled for its great joy. There are even still moments in which the remembrance of these feelings comes forth again like the beautiful mosaic fragments of a buried city.

'The sun burned hotly, and it was not until we were by the water-side, where the plane trees raise aloft their ancient trunks from the lake, and bend down their branches, heavy with entwining vines, to the watery mirror, that we found it cool enough to continue our work. Beautiful water-plants nodded here as if they dreamed under the cool shadow. And they too made part of our garlands. Presently, however, the sunbeams no longer reached the lake, but only played upon the roofs of Nemi and Genzano; and the gloom descended upon where we sat. I went a little distance from the others, yet only a few paces, for my mother was afraid that I should fall into the lake where it was deep and the banks were steep. Not far from the small stone ruins of an old temple of Diana there lay a huge fig-tree which the ivy had already begun to bind fast to the earth; I climbed upon this, and wove a garland whilst I sang from a canzonet,—

" Ah, rossi, rossi fiori !
Un mazzo di viole,
Un gelsomin d' amore."

The **Palazzo Cesarini** contains little of especial interest, but it is associated with one of those dramas of real life which are seldom found out of Italy. A Duchess Cesarini dreamt before her confinement that she should give birth to twins, one of whom would endanger the happiness of the other. Determined to obviate this misfortune, she bribed the midwife to convey one of the children away as soon as it was born, and bring it up as a peasant. This was done, and the young Cesarini served as a shepherd, supposing himself to be a shepherd's son, till after he came of age. Then his adopted shepherd-mother happened to hear that the young Duke Cesarini and his father and mother were dead and that there was no heir to the fortunes and title; and, going to the palace with the midwife, she was able to produce indisputable proofs to the astonished heirs-at-law which established the claims of the shepherd-boy, who was sent to Paris to be educated and became the late Duke Cesarini.

Genzano is now chiefly celebrated for its excellent white wine

and for the festival of the *Infiorata*, which takes place on the eighth day after Corpus Domini, and is wonderfully appropriate to this land of flowers.

'I dreamed till the sun shone in at my window, and awoke me to the beautiful feast of flowers.

'How shall I describe the first glance into the street—that bright picture as I then saw it? The entire, long, gently-ascending street was covered with flowers; the ground colour was blue; it looked as if they had robbed all the gardens, all the fields, to collect flowers enough of the same colour to cover the street; over these lay in long stripes, green, composed of leaves, alternately with rose-colour, and at some distance from this was a similar stripe, as it were a broad border to the whole carpet. The middle of this represented stars and suns, which were formed by a close mass of yellow, round, and star-like flowers; more labour still had been spent upon the formation of names—here flower was laid upon flower, leaf upon leaf. The whole was a living flower-carpet, a mosaic floor, richer in pomp of colouring than anything which Pompeii can show. Not a breath of air stirred—the flowers lay immovable, as if they were heavy, firmly-set precious stones. From all the windows were hung upon the walls large carpets, worked in leaves and flowers, representing holy pictures. Here Joseph led the ass on which sat the Madonna and the Child; roses formed the faces, the feet and the arms, gilly-flowers and anemones their fluttering garments, and crowns were made of white water-lilies, brought from Lake Nemi. Saint Michael fought with the dragon; the holy Rosalia showered down roses upon the dark blue globe; wherever my eye fell flowers related to me Biblical legends; and the people all round about were as joyful as myself. Rich foreigners, from beyond the mountains, clad in festal garments, stood in the balconies, and by the side of the houses moved along a vast crowd of people, all in full holiday costume, each in the fashion of his country. The sun burnt hotly, all the bells rang, and the procession moved along the beautiful flower-carpet; the most charming music and singing announced its approach, choristers swung the censor before the Host, the most beautiful girls in the country followed, with garlands of flowers in their hands, and poor children, with wings to their naked shoulders, sang hymns, as of angels, while awaiting the arrival of the procession at the high altar. Young fellows wore fluttering ribands around their pointed hats, upon which a picture of the Madonna was fastened; silver and gold rings hung to a chain round their necks, and handsome bright-coloured scarfs looked splendidly upon their black velvet jackets. The girls of Albano and Frascati came, with their thin veils elegantly thrown over their black, plaited hair, in which was stuck the silver arrow; those of Velletri, on the contrary, wore garlands around their hair, and the smart handkerchief, fastened so low down in the dress as to leave visible the beautiful shoulder and the round bosom. From Abruzzi, from the Marches, from every other neighbouring district, came all in their peculiar national costume, and produced altogether the most brilliant effect. Cardinals, in their mantles woven with silver, advanced under canopies adorned with flowers, then monks of various orders, all bearing burning tapers. When the procession came out of church, an immense crowd followed.'—*The Improvisatore*.

We were at Genzano on Good Friday, when all the boys of the place were busy, not only 'grinding Judas's bones' in the ordinary fashion, *i.e.* by rattling them together in a box, but were banging large planks of wood and broad strips of bark up and down upon the church steps, with almost frantic fury, to show what good Christians they were.

We took a little carriage in the piazza, in which we trundled merrily down the hill-side for about two miles, along the Appia Nuova to **Civita Lavinia**, occupying the site of the ancient

Lanuvium, remarkable as the birth-place of the Emperors Antoninus Pius and Commodus, of T. Annius Milo the enemy of Clodius, of Roscius the comedian, L. Muraena who was defended by Cicero, and P. Sulpicius Quirinus who was (perhaps) Cyrenius the Governor of Syria, mentioned in St. Luke's Gospel. Lanuvium was celebrated for the worship of Juno Sospita, and when it took part with the other Latin cities against Rome and was defeated, its inhabitants were not only unpunished, but were allowed the rights of Roman citizens, on condition that the temple of their goddess should be common to the Romans also.

‘Quos Castrum, Phrygibusque gravis quondam Ardea misit,
Quos celso devexa jugo Junonia sedes
Lanuvium.’ —*Sil. Ital.* viii. 361.

‘Lanuvio generate, inquit, quem Sospita Juno
Dat nobis, Milo, Gradiivi cape victor honorem.’ —*Id.* xiii. 364.

‘Inspice, quos habeat memorialis Aricia Fastos,
Et populus Laurens, Lanuviumque meum :
Est illic mensis Junonius.’

—*Ovid, ‘Fast.’* vi. 59.

Livy mentions the Juno of Lanuvium more than once. Lib. xxi. 62, he says, “among other prodigies, it was affirmed that the spear of Lanuvian Juno vibrated spontaneously, and that a raven flew into the temple”; and again: “forty pounds of gold were sent to Lanuvium, as an offering to the goddess.” In another place he says (xxiii. 31), “the statues at Lanuvium in the temple of Juno Sospita, shed blood, and a shower of stones fell round the temple”; and in Lib. xxiv. 10: “the crows built nests in the temple of Juno Sospita at Lanuvium.” Cicero also, in *Orat. pro Mur.* ad fin., speaks of the sacrifices made by the consuls to Juno Sospita, in connection with the “municipium honestissimum” of Lanuvium. In Propertius we read,

“Lanuvium annosi vetus est tutela draconis.”

There were great treasures in the temple, which Augustus borrowed, as well as those of the Capitol, of Antium, Nemi, and Tibur.—*Sir W. Gell.*

Civita Lavinia (700 ft.) crowns a long ridge commanding a majestic view across the lonely Pontine Marshes to the Circean mount and the sea. It stands on the edge of a promontory and is surrounded by dark walls of peperino, in some places of great antiquity, measured out by towers. Mediaeval houses, everywhere built along the walls, are highly picturesque, and near the gateway stands a fine machicolated tower. In the little piazza is a grand 3rd-cent. sarcophagus, now used as a fountain. Some remains of the theatre were found in 1831, on the western slope below the town, and the ancient paven road may still be followed in its descent toward the plain. The visitor may reach it from the railway by this road.

Looking over the parapet near this tower, the ground is seen to fall steeply down in gardens flaming with peach and almond blossom, and vineyards, to the great plain and Cisterna; out upon which are discerned, here and there, forlorn, mediaeval towers. To the left is seen Velletri with the winding white road leading thither; while far beyond march the Volscian mountains, purple with mantling woods, and the town of Cori is on their flank.

Portions of the ancient walls can be traced outside the Porta di Nettuno.

Turning up the street to the left of the public lavatoio, or washing tank, within a hundred yards we reach the remains of a long porticus built of opus incertum and reticulatum. Above this the ground rises strewn with the ruins of a nymphaeum. In the Casino Dionigi, where James (self-called) the Third of England lived, are collected many relics of antiquity, but none of great importance. Opposite this house, and across the road, may be noted important remains, and on the rocky terrace above, once stood the temple of Juno Sospita. Lord Savile also undertook very successful excavations here, in 1884-6, and the chief objects found are to be seen in the Villino Serratrice. The group of Cupid and Psyche in the Capitoline Museum came from here; also, the busts of Elius Verus, Annius Verus, and Commodus. Guiseppe Gozzi is a civil, quiet guide. There are no beggars here. From higher points of the ridge the far-off Abruzzi can be descried brilliantly white with their snowy shoulders, looking over the violet valleys.

Standing out from the main line of hills, below Genzano are two projecting spurs. The higher one is *Monte Due Torre*, once crowned by two towers, of which only one is now standing, the other lying in ruins beside it. In ancient days there was a military station here. The lower, covered with vineyards and fruit gardens, and only marked at the summit by a tower and some farm buildings, is now called *Monte Giove*, but is allowed to have been the site of Corioli, the Volscian city, which gave the title of Coriolanus to its captor, C. Marcius, and which once headed a confederation almost too strong for Rome.

'There was a war between the Romans and the Volscians; and the Romans attacked the city of Corioli. The citizens of Corioli opened their gates, and made a sally, and drove the Romans back to their camp. Then Caius ran forwards with a few brave men, and called back the runaways, and he stayed the enemy and turned the tide of battle, so that the Volscians fled back into the city. But Caius followed them, and when he saw the gates still open, for the Volscians were flying into the city, then he called to the Romans, and said, "For us are yonder gates set wide rather than for the Volscians; why are we afraid to rush in?" He himself followed the fugitives into the town, and the enemy fled before him; but when they saw that he was but one man they turned against him; but Caius held his ground, for he was strong of hand, and light of foot, and stout of heart, and he drove the Volscians to the furthest side of the town, and all was clear behind him, so that the Romans came in after him without any trouble and took the city. Then all men said, "Caius and none else has won Corioli," and Cominius the general said, "Let him be called after the name of the city." So they called him Caius Marcius Coriolanus.'—*Arnold, 'Hist. of Rome.'*

The farmhouse of Monte Giove now stands desolate amongst its vineyards, and there are no remains of the ancient city above-ground. It is supposed that the present name of the hill commemorates a temple of Jupiter which may have remained to later times, for the Romans usually spared the temples of the cities they destroyed. Even in imperial days the town had quite disappeared.

CHAPTER IV

FRASCATI, TUSCULUM, AND COLONNA

Grand Albergo Frascati : near the station ; expensive ; and beware of the water. It is usually empty for several months. Lodgings easily to be found. There are several trains daily and a tramway between Rome and Frascati which allow time for a pleasant sight of Frascati, and for a ride or walk to Tusculum (3-4 hours) and the Villa Mondragone, or to Tusculum and Grotta Ferrata. Donkeys cost five lire for the day, including a guide ; but a distinct agreement must be made. A carriage to Albano, Nemi, and Genzano, 20-lire (two horses). To Rocca di Papa, 6-8 lire.

IT is an hour by rail to Frascati (Faggots), and the change is so complete and reviving, that it is strange more sojourners at Rome do not take advantage of it.

Even the railway journey is delightful and characteristic. The train runs close to the aqueducts, the Paoline first, and then the nobler, but ruined, Claudian. As we pass beyond the **Porta Furba** (5 kil.), the artificial sepulchral mound called **Monte del Grano** (in which the Portland Vase was found) is seen on the left, with the Via Tuscolana, and then the vast ruins called *Sette Basse* (Septimius Bassus), belonging to a suburban villa of Hadrianic date, and, as the light streams through their ruined windows, forming a beautiful foreground to the delicate distances of mountain and plain. In the distance, on the left, are seen the beautiful stone-pines at the farm of **Torre Nuova**, on Via Labicana, where some authorities place Pupinia, the villa of Attilius Regulus. We also see fragments in hollow places of the aqueduct of Alexander Severus (A.D. 222-234), called *Alessandrina*.

'Arches after arches in unending lines stretching across the uninhabited wilderness, the blue defined lines of the mountains seen between them ; masses of nameless ruin standing like rocks out of the plain, and the plain itself, with its billowy and unequal surface, announce the neighbourhood of Rome.'—*Shelley, 'Letters.'*

As we approach nearer the Hills, Colonna is seen far away to their left on its knoll, then Monte Porzio and Monte Compatri (ancient Labicum). When the lights and shadows are favourable, the difference between the two chief craters of this volcanic chain of hills now becomes strikingly evident.

'The Alban hills form a totally distinct group, consisting of two principal extinct volcanic craters, somewhat resembling in their relation to each other the great Neapolitan craters of Vesuvius and Somma. One of them lies within the embrace of the other, just as Vesuvius lies half enclosed by Monte Somma. The walls of the outer Alban crater are of peperino, while those of

the inner are basaltic. Both are broken away on the northern side towards Grotta Ferrata and Marino; but on the southern side they are tolerably perfect.

'The outer crescent-shaped crater beginning from Frascati extends to Monte Porzio and Rocco Priora, and then curves round by Monte Algido, Monte Ariano, and Monte Artemisio. The inner crescent includes the height of Monte Cavo, and surrounds the flat meadows known by the name of Campo d'Annibale. Besides the two principal craters, the ages of which are probably as distinct as those of Vesuvius and Somma, there are traces of at least four others to be found in the lakes of Castel Gandolfo, commonly called the Alban lake, and of Nemi, and in the two small cliff-encircled valleys of the Vallis Aricina and Laghetto.'—*Burn*, 'Rome and the Campagna.'

The effect of the Campagna here, as everywhere, is quite different upon different minds. The French almost always find it as depressing as the English do captivating and exhilarating.

Beyond **Ciampino** (station), the railroad ascends at **Galleria**, out of the Campagna into the undulant land of corn and olives. Masses of pink nectarine and almond-trees bloom in spring amid the green, while everywhere the vines are trained to stacked canes (a cannochia), making the vineyards resemble a rifle-camp. On the right, we get glimpses of the great ruined castle of *Borghetto*, which, probably built by the Conti of Tusculum, belonged to the Savelli in the twelfth century. Outside the station of **Frascati** one ascends the flight of steps leading directly to the public garden and the town. The road to the right, up a slope, leads direct to Grotta Ferrata (3 kilos.) and Marino, and Rocca di Papa; that to the left, to Tusculum and Camaldoli. The new tramway to Albano renders everything more easy.

The **cathedral** (S. Pietro) (in Piazza Vitt. Emanuele) only dates from 1700, but we must enter it if we would visit the monument (near the door), which Cardinal York put up to his brother Prince Charles Edward, Duke of Albany, who died Jan. 31, 1788. It is inscribed:—

'Hic sepultus est Carolus Odoardus cui Pater Jacobus III. Rex Angliæ, Scotiæ, Franciæ, Hiberniæ: Primus natorum, paterni juris et regniæ dignitatis successor et hæres, qui domicilio sibi Romæ delecto Comes Albanensis dictus est.

'Vixit Annos LXVII. et mensem; decessit in pace, pridie Kal. Feb. Anno MDCCCLXXXVIII.

There is an older cathedral, **Duomo Vecchio**, now called SS. Sebastiano e Rocco (1309), and near it a fountain erected in 1480 by Cardinal d'Estouteville, the French Ambassador. The streets are dirty and ugly; but the little town is important as being the centre of the villas and vineyards which give Frascati much of her charm. The origin of Frascati as a town can be traced to the VI. cent., when the Benedictine monks came into possession of the place at the hands of the Anicii Tertulli, to which family S. Benedict belonged. Before them the Flavian emperors had possessed the site, surrounded with noble villas, rivalling Tivoli. Most of the modern villas date only from the seventeenth century, and, with the exception of the Villa Mondragone, the buildings are seldom remarkable, but they are situated amid groves of old trees, beside fountains and waterfalls which, though artificial,

have been long since adopted by Nature as her own, while from the terraces the views over the Campagna are of ever varying loveliness. In many of these villas, far too large for any single family, vast airy suites of apartments may be hired for the summer *villeggiatura*, and, though scantily furnished, form delightful retreats during the hot season.

'At Frascati and Albano there are good lodgings to be had. Noble old villas may be hired on the Alban slopes for a small rent, with gardens going to ruin, but beautifully picturesque—old fountains and waterworks printed with moss, and decorated with maidenhair, vines, and flowers—shady groves where nightingales sing all the day—avenues of lopped ilexes that, standing on either side like great chandeliers, weave together their branches overhead into a dense roof—and long paths of tall, polished laurel, where you may walk in shadow at morning and evening. The air here is not, however, "above suspicion"; and one must be careful at nightfall lest the fever prowling round the damp alleys seize you as its prey. The views from these villas are truly exquisite. Before you lies the undulating plain of the Campagna, with every hue and changing tone of colour; far off against the horizon flashes the level line of the Mediterranean; the grand Sabine hills rise all along on the west, with Soracte lifting from the rolling inland sea at their base; and in the distance swells the dome of S. Peter's. The splendours of sunset as they stream over this landscape are indescribable, and in the noon the sunshine seems to mesmerise it into a magic sleep.'—*Story*, '*Roma di Roma*.'

Nothing can describe the charm of the villa-life of Frascati,—the freshness of the never-ceasing fountains, the deep shade of the thick woods, the splendour of the summer fruits, and, above all, the changing glories of the view, which is unlike any other in the world, over the vast historic plain, in which the world's capitol seems almost to be lost in the immensity and luminousness of the soft haze.

Opposite to the station and to R. of the Public Gardens is the *Villa Conti-Torlonia* (formerly Ludovisi)—the Pincio of Frascati—and the great resort of its inhabitants. The villa itself is not worth visiting, but the view from its terrace is most beautiful, and a grand waterfall tumbles down a steep behind the house, through magnificent ilex-groves. Annibale Caro, Poet and translator of the *Æneid*, lived here 1663–6.

Below the Villa Torlonia, the *Villa Pallavicini*, with an ilex-crested terrace, projects over the plain. Above the Public Gardens is the imposing *Villa Aldobrandini*, with far-flashing windows, standing spaciously upon a succession of terraces, designed by Giacomo della Porta, and finished by Giovanni Fontana for Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini, nephew of Clement VIII. The villa is adorned internally with frescoes by *Cav. d'Arpino*. Behind it a succession of waterfalls tumble through a glorious old ilex-grove, into a circle of fantastic statues. The scene may once have been ridiculous, but Nature has now made it most beautiful. Tusculum can be reached by taking the path to left of the upper cascade.

'At the Villa Aldobrandini, or Belvidere, we were introduced to the most multifarious collection of monsters I ever hope to behold. Giants, centaurs, fauns, cyclops, wild beasts, and gods blew, bellowed, and squeaked, without mercy or intermission; and horns, pan's-pipes, organs, and trumpets, set up their combined notes in such a dissonant chorus, that we were fain to fly

before them ; when the strains that suddenly burst forth from Apollo and the Nine Muses, who were in a place apart, compelled us to stop our ears, and face about again in the opposite direction.

‘ When this horrible din was over, we were carried back to admire the now silent Apollo and the Muses—a set of painted wooden dolls, seated on a little mossy Parnassus, in a summer-house—a plaything we should have been almost ashamed to have made even for the amusement of children. All these creatures, in the mean time, were spouting out water. The lions and tigers, however, contrary to their usual habits, did nothing else ; and the “ great globe itself,” which Atlas was bearing on his shoulders, instead of “ the solid earth,” proved a mere aqueous ball and was overwhelmed in a second deluge.’
—*Eaton, ‘Rome.’*

Both Frascati (which perhaps owes its origin to the Villa of Lucullus) and Tusculum became Imperial properties, enjoyed by Vespasian, and perhaps Flavius Clemens. Hence we may be certain that great transformations had taken place there after Cicero’s days ; and we should accept all attributions with caution.

Those who are not good walkers should engage donkeys for the excursion to **Tusculum** (the birth-place of Cato), to which a steep ascent leads from the piazza of the town, between the walls (L.) of the villas Aldobrandini and Falconieri (1550), now a Trappist convent. The latter has a picturesque old gate, with a falcon over it. Just beyond the latter, an inscription marks the retreat of the learned Cardinal Baronius. Within, an oblong basin is lined with veteran cypresses. Voss, the German novelist, lived and wrote here, and his bust was placed here in 1902. A steep path leads ($\frac{1}{2}$ hour) to the Convent of the Cappuccini, but we continue through the shady and delightful walks of the *Villa Rufinella*, which is now the property of Prince Lancellotti, having formerly belonged to the Bonaparte, and before these, to the Sacchetti. The casino was built by Vanvitelli. The chapel contains monuments of the Bonaparte family. During the residence of Lucien Bonaparte here (Nov. 1818), this villa was the scene of one of the boldest acts of brigandage known in the Papal States. A party of robbers, who had their rendezvous at Tusculum, first seized the old priest of the family as he was out walking, and having plundered and stripped him, bound him hand and foot. As they surmised, when the family dinner-hour arrived, and the priest was missing, a servant was sent out in search of him, and left the door open, through which five bandits entered, and attacking the servants they met, forced them to silence by threats of instant death. One maid-servant, however, escaped, and gave warning to the party in the dining-room, who all had time to hide themselves, except the Prince’s secretary, a French painter, who had already left the room to discover the cause of the noise, and who was carried off, together with the butler, and a *facchino*. The priest meanwhile contrived to free himself and hide in some straw.

The next day the *facchino* was sent back to treat with the Prince, and to say that unless he sent a ransom of 4000 crowns the prisoners would be immediately put to death. He sent 2000 and an order on his banker for the remainder. The brigands, greatly irritated, returned the order torn up with a demand for 4000 crowns more,



[Mosconi]

VILLA FALCONIERI. FRASCATI



[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

SACRO-BOSCO
(near Cecilia Metella. Via Appia)

and with this the Prince was forced to comply in order to preserve the lives of his attendants. The brigands escaped scot free! The Prince sold the Villa to the Duchess de Chablais in 1820.

Cicero was accustomed to borrow books and fetch them personally from the library of his friend Lucullus. The scholiast on Horace describes the Villa of Cicero as being 'ad latera superiora' of the hill, and it is locally believed that its site was that now occupied by the Villa Rufinella, and that the Casino stands on the site of his Academica, which had shady walks like those of Plato's Garden—precursors of the walks which we still see.

The Tusculan Disputations of Cicero take their name from this favourite villa of his, concerning which (after its spoliation by the mob) he bitterly complained of the Roman consuls valuing it at only 'quingentis millibus'—between £4000 and £5000. A complete picture of the villa may be derived from the many allusions to it in the works of Cicero. Thus:—

'We learn that it contained two *gymnasia* (*Div.* i. 5), an upper one called the Lyceum, in which, like Aristotle, he was accustomed to walk and debate in the morning (*Tusc. Disp.* ii. 3), and to which a library was attached (*Div.* ii. 3); and a lower one called the Academy (*Tusc. Disp.* ii. 4). Both were adorned with beautiful statues in marble and bronze (*Ep. ad Att.* i. 8, 9, 10). The villa likewise contained a little atrium ("atriolum," *ib.* i. 10; *ad Quint. Fr.* iii. 1), a small portico with exedria (*ad Fam.* vii. 23), a bath (*ib.* xiv. 20), a covered promenade ("tectā ambulatiuncula," *ad Att.* xiii. 29), and a horologium (*ad Fam.* xvi. 18). The villa, like the town and neighbourhood, was supplied by the Aqua Crabra (*De Leg. Agr.* iii. 31)."—Smith, '*Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography.*'

In his Essay on Old Age, Cicero describes the delights of country life as enjoyed in a villa of this kind. He had four other such retreats.

'Where the master of the house is a good and careful manager, his wine-cellar, his oil-stores, his larder, are always well-stocked; there is a fulness throughout the whole establishment; pigs, kids, lambs, poultry, milk, cheese, honey—all are in abundance. The produce of the garden is always equal, as our country-folk say, to a second course. And all these good things acquire a double relish from the voluntary labours of fowling and the chase. What need to dwell upon the charm of the green fields, the well-ordered plantations, the beauty of the vineyards and olive-groves? In short, nothing can be more luxuriant in produce, or more delightful to the eye, than a well-cultivated estate.'—*Trans. by Lucas Collins.*

Leaving the Villa Rufinella by shady avenues of laurel and laurustinus, the path to Tusculum emerges on the hillside, where, between banks perfectly carpeted with blue anemones and violets in spring, the ancient road paved with polygonal blocks of lava has been laid bare. On the left, in a hollow, are remains of the small (70 m. × 58) *Amphitheatre* (opus reticulatum); all the seats of the cavea have perished, and it is only recognisable by its form. Beyond, also on the left, are the ruins of a reticulated villa, called, without authority, *Scuola di Cicerone*. On the left are remains of baths.

The path leads directly up to the most important of the ruins, the *Theatre*, which was excavated in 1839 by Maria Cristina, Queen-dowager of Sardinia. With the exception of the walls of the *scena*,

the lower walls are almost perfect, and the fifteen rows of seats of the lower circle (*cavea*) remain intact, though the upper rows have perished. The spectators, facing the west, had a magnificent view over the plains of Latium, with Rome in the distance. Close below the Theatre are the remains of a very ancient piscina with a pointed roof, and the fountain supplied from it by a leaden pipe.

Behind the theatre ($\frac{1}{4}$ hour) rises the steep hill which was once crowned by the **Arx** of Tusculum—of great strength (artificially helped) in early times (2360 feet). It was besieged by the Aequians in B.C. 457, and only taken when the garrison were starved out. It had two entrances. In B.C. 374 it was successfully defended against the Latins. Dionysius mentions the advantage it received from its lofty position, which enabled its defenders to see a Roman army as it issued from the Porta Latina and approached. The view is indeed most beautiful, over plain and mountains, the foreground formed by the remains of—

‘ the white streets of Tusculum,
The proudest town of all,’¹

scattered sparsely amongst the furze and thorn-bushes, but the ruins which now exist belong chiefly, not to early times, but to the mediaeval fortress of the Counts of Tusculum.

We may, however, see a fine fragment of the ancient North wall restored in opus reticulatum, to the left of the ascent. The western town gate may also be seen behind the theatre, or rather the two rocks which formed the gate-posts.

Including the Arx, the town of Tusculum was about $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile in circuit. The Roman poets ascribe the foundation of the city to Telegonus, the son of Circe and Ulysses.

‘ Inter Aricinos Albanaque tempora constat,
Factaque Telegoni moenia celsa manu.’
—Ovid, ‘Fast.’ iii. 91.

‘ Et jam Telegoni, jam moenia Tiburis udi
Stabant, Argolicae quod posuere manus.’
—Ovid, ‘Fast.’ iv. 71.

‘ At Cato, tum prima sparsus lanugine malas,
Quod peperere decus Circaeo Tuscula dorso
Moenia, Laërtæ quondam regnata nepoti,

Cunctantem impellebat equum.’
—Sil. Ital. vii. 691.

‘ Linquens Telegoni pulsatos ariete muros,
Haud dignam inter tanta moram.’
—Sil. Ital. xii. 535.²

Tusculum was remarkable for the steadiness of its friendship for Rome, which was only interrupted in B.C. 379, when in consequence of a number of Tusculans having been found amongst the prisoners

¹ Macaulay, *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

² See also Horace, *Epod.* i. 29; and Statius, *Silv.* i. 3. 83.

made in the Volscian campaign, war was declared, and Camillus was sent against the city.

'But the Tusculans would not accept this declaration of hostilities, and opposed the Roman arms in a manner that has scarcely been paralleled before or since. When Camillus entered their territory he found the peasants engaged in their usual avocations; provisions of all sorts were offered to his army, the gates of the town were standing open; and as the legions defiled through the streets in all the panoply of war, the citizens within, like the countrymen without, were seen intent upon their daily business, the schools resounded with the hum of pupils, and not the slightest token of hostile preparation could be discerned. Then Camillus invited the Tusculan dictator to Rome. When he appeared before the senate in the Curia Hostilia, not only were the existing treaties with Tusculum confirmed, but the Roman franchise was shortly afterwards bestowed upon it, a privilege at that time rarely conferred.'—*Smith, 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography.'*

'In the times of the Latin League, from the fall of Alba to the battle of the Lake Regillus, Tusculum was the most prominent town in Latium. It suffered, like the other towns in Latium, a complete eclipse during the later Republic and the Imperial times; but in the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, under the Counts of Tusculum, it became again a place of great importance and power, no less than seven popes of the house of Tusculum having sat in the chair of S. Peter. The final destruction of the city is placed by Nibby, following the account given in the records of the Podestà of Reggio, in 1191, on the 1st of April, in which year the city was given up to the Romans by the Emperor Henry VI., and, after the withdrawal of the German garrison, was sacked and razed to the ground. Those of the inhabitants who escaped collected round the Church of S. Sebastian, at the foot of the hill, in the district called Frascati, whence the town of Frascati took its origin and name.'—*Burn, 'Rome and the Campagna.'*

Descending from the Arx, a path to the right leads through woods full of flowers to the Eremo di *Camaldoli* (1611). Formerly nobody could pass the cross at the foot of the hill on which the convent stands, upon pain of excommunication. Here Cardinal Passionei lived in retirement, and occupied himself by collecting eight hundred inscriptions found amongst the ruins of Tusculum.

Eight of the Camaldoli monks were carried off during an audacious outbreak of brigandage, under Gasperoni, in the reign of Pius VII. (1821). That famous King of the Wood hoped to have caught the celebrated Cardinal Pacca at the Convent, but he had left it the previous day. Two monks were sent back to demand 7000 scudi, the other six escaped during a skirmish between the brigands and the Papal troops sent to their rescue. Since then the buildings have been surrounded with defensive walls with loopholes for the discharge of firearms. The aspect of the place is beautifully described by Cardinal Wiseman.

'The English College possesses a country house, deliciously situated in the village of Monte Porzio. Like most villages in the Tusculan territory, this crowns a knoll, which in this instance looks as if it had been kneaded up from the valleys beneath it, so round, so shapely, so richly bosoming does it swell upwards; and so luxuriously clothed is it with the three gifts whereby "men are multiplied" (Ps. iv. 8), that the village and its church seem not to sit upon a rocky summit, but to be half sunk into the lap of the olive, the vine, and the waving corn, that reach the very houses. While the entrance and front of this villa are upon the regular streets of the little town, the garden side stands upon the very verge of the hill-top; and the view, after plunging at once to the depths of the valley, along which runs a shady road, rises up

a gentle acclivity, vine and olive clad, above which is clasped a belt of stately chestnuts, the bread-tree of the Italian peasant, and thence springs a round craggy mound, looking stern and defiant, like what it was—the citadel of Tusculum. Upon its rocky front the English students have planted a huge cross.'

Below Camaldoli we reach the gates of the *Villa Mondragone* (called so on account of a fountain adorned with four dragons), the Queen of Frascati villas. It occupies the site of an ancient villa. It belonged to the family of Borghese; but is now a Jesuit College. The casino, built, from designs of Vasanzio, by Cardinal Altemps in the reign of Gregory XIII., is exceedingly magnificent, but still more so is the view from the vast and stately terrace in front, adorned with a grand fountain (by Girolamo Fontana) and tall columns. The Loggia is by Vignola. The Villa is said to have originally had 365 windows in memory of the reform of the Calendar by Gregory.

'Imaginez-vous un château qui a trois cent soixante quatorze fenêtres, un château compliqué comme ceux d'Anne Radcliffe, un monde d'énigmes à débrouiller, un enchaînement de surprises, un rêve de Piranèse.

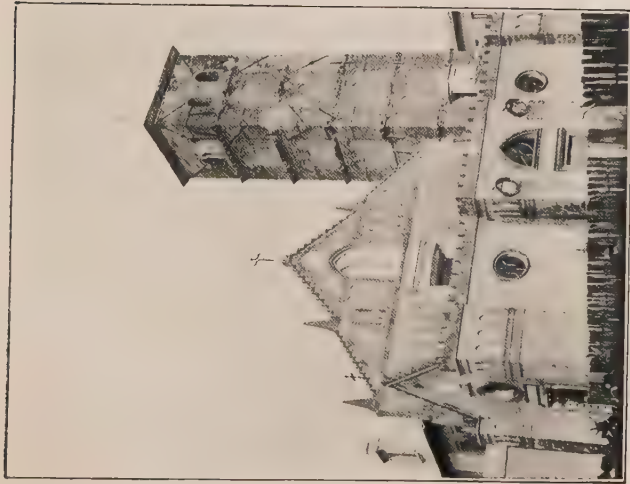
'Ce palais fut bâti au seizième siècle. On y entre par un vaste corps de logis, sorte de caserne destinée à la suite armée. Lorsque, plus tard, le pape Paul V. en fit une simple *villégiature*, il relia un des côtés de ce corps de garde au palais par une longue galerie, de plainpied avec la cour intérieure, dont les arcades élégantes s'ouvraient, au couchant, sur un escarpement assez considérable, et laissent aujourd'hui passer le vent et la pluie. Les voûtes suintent, la fresque est devenue une croûte des stalactites bizarrees; des ronces et des orties poussent dans le pavé disjoint; les deux étages superposés au-dessus de cette galerie s'écroulent tranquillement. Il n'y a plus de toiture; les entablements du dernier étage se penchent et s'affaissent aux risques et périls des passants, quand passants il y a, autour de cette thébaïde.

'Cependant, la villa Mondragone, resté dans la famille Borghèse, à laquelle appartenait Paul V., était encore une demeure splendide, il y a une cinquantaine d'années, et elle revêt aujourd'hui un caractère de désolation riante, tout à fait particulier à ces ruines prématurées. C'est durant nos guerres d'Italie, au commencement du siècle, que les Autrichiens l'ont ravagée, bombardée, et pillée. Il en est résulté ce qui arrive toujours en ce pays-ci après une secousse politique: le dégoût et l'abandon. Pourtant la majeure partie du corps de logis principal, la *parte media*, est assez saine pour qu'en supprimant les dépendances inutiles, on puisse encore trouver de quoi restaurer une délicieuse *villégiature*.'—George Sand, '*La Daniella*.'

Joining the grounds of the Mondragone are those of the *Villa Taverna* built for Cardinal Taverna in the sixteenth century, from designs of Girolamo Rainaldi. It was much used, until the change of Government, as a summer residence by the Borghese. It is now a convent.

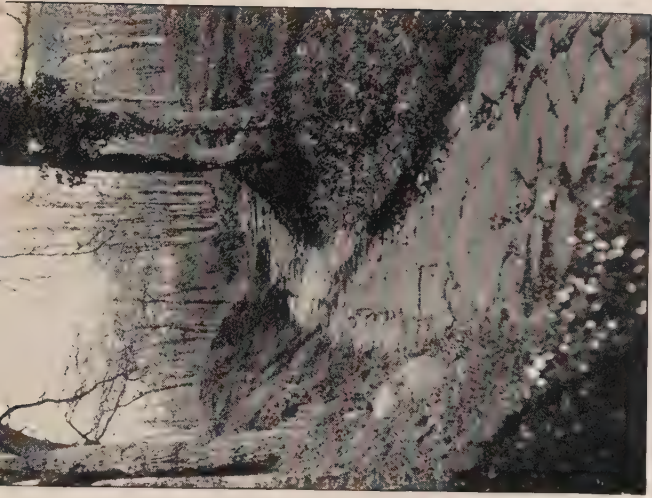
A beautiful road along the ridge of the hillside leads back to Frascati, or we may go on to the right towards Colonna, about four miles distant.

Not far below the Villa Mondragone, in the plain, is the volcanic *Lake of Cornufelle*. There is no longer any water here, but its bed is a crater having a considerable diameter, and is perhaps the place described by Pliny, where there was a grove of beeches (probably hornbeams—*carpini*) dedicated to Diana, one of which was so much



[*F. F. Tuckett, Esq.*

S. NILO'S. GROTTA FERRATA



[*F. F. Tuckett, Esq.*

ANCIENT ROAD TO TUSCULUM FROM VIA LATINA

admired by Passienus Crispus, the orator, consul, and stepfather of Nero, that he used to embrace it, sleep under it, and pour wine upon it. This, with six other sites, claims to be the spot described in Macaulay's *Lays*, as that

‘ where, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum,
Was fought the glorious fight.’

‘The Battle of the Lake Regillus, as described by Livy, is not an engagement between two armies; it is a conflict of heroes, like those in the *Iliad*. All the leaders encounter hand to hand; and by them the victory is thrown now into one scale, now into the other; while the troops fight without any effect. The dictator Postumius wounds King Tarquinius, who at the first onset advances to meet him. T. Aebutius, the master of the horse, wounds the Latin dictator; but he himself too is disabled, and forced to quit the field. Mamilius, only aroused by his hurt, leads the cohort of the Roman emigrants to the charge, and breaks the front lines of the enemy; this glory the Roman lays could not allow to any but fellow-citizens, under whatever banner they might be fighting. M. Valerius, surnamed Maximus, falls as he is checking their progress. Publius and Marcus, the sons of Publicola, meet their death in rescuing the body of their uncle, but the dictator with his cohort avenges them all, repulses the emigrants, and puts them to flight. In vain does Mamilius strive to retrieve the day; he is slain by T. Herminius, the comrade of Cocles. Herminius again is pierced through with a javelin, while stripping the Latin general of his arms. At length the Roman knights, fighting on foot before the standards, decided the victory; then they mounted their horses, and routed the yielding foe. During the battle the dictator had vowed a temple to the Dioscuri. Two gigantic youths on white horses were seen fighting in the van: and from its being said, immediately after the mention of the vow, that the dictator promised rewards to the first two who should scale the wall of the enemy's camp, I surmise that the poem related, nobody challenged these prizes, because the way for the legions had been opened by the Tyndarids. The pursuit was not yet over, when the two deities appeared at Rome, covered with dust and blood. They washed themselves and their arms in the fountain of Juturna beside the temple of Vesta, and announced the events of the day to the people assembled in the Comitium. On the other side of the fountain the promised temple was built. The print of a horse's hoof in the basalt on the field of battle remained to attest the presence of the heavenly combatants.’—*Niebuhr, ‘History of Rome,’* i. 557.

Beyond this, on the right, is **Monte Compatri**, the site probably of **Labicum** (to which the *Via Labicana* originally led), a large village, cresting another hill, and belonging to the Borghese.

According to Virgil, Labicum existed before the foundation of Rome, for he represents its warriors as joining the army of Turnus:—

‘ Auruncæque manus, Rutuli, veteresque Sicani,
Et Sacranæ acies, et picti scuta Labici.’

—*Aen.* vii. 795.

Hannibal approached Rome from hence:—

‘ Jamque adeo est campos ingressus et arva Labici,
Linquens Telegoni pulsatos ariete muros.’

—*Sil. Ital.* xii. 534.

Silius alludes to the fertility of its lands:—

‘ . . . atque habiles ad aratra Labici.’

—viii. 368,

Farther on is **Rocca Priora**, crowned by another Savelli castle, and by some identified with Corbio, the first place attacked by the Latin confederates in behalf of Tarquin, who, when they had expelled the garrison, ravaged all the surrounding country.

The plain which separated Mons Algidus (M. Ariano) from the heights near Tusculum was frequently a battle-field. In B.C. 458 Cincinnatus gained here his great victory over the Aequians under Cloelius Gracchus; and here, in B.C. 428, Postumius Tubertus conquered the combined armies of the Aequians and Volscians.

‘Scilicet hic olim Volscos Aequosque fugatos
Viderat in campis, Algida terra, tuis,’

—Ovid, ‘Fast.’ vi. 721.

Horace mentions the cold climate of Algidus:—

‘Gelido prominet Algidus.’

—Carm. i. 21, 6.

‘Nivali pascitur Algidus.’

—iii. 23.

And its black woods:—

‘Nigrae feraci frondis Algidus.’

—iv. 4.

Silius Italicus, however, speaks of the pleasures of a residence here:—

‘. . . Nec amoena retentant
Algida.’

—xii. 536.

On the left we now reach an isolated hill crowned by the picturesque little mediaeval town of **Colonna**, for seven centuries the stronghold of the great family of that name, but now belonging to Prince Rospigliosi.

Through the Middle Ages, Colonna was the scene of endless sieges, and consequently perhaps suffered more than any other town in the neighbourhood of Rome.

‘The private story of the Colonna and Ursini is an essential part of the annals of modern Rome. The name and arms of Colonna have been the theme of much doubtful etymology; nor have the orators and antiquarians overlooked either Trajan’s Pillar, or the columns of Hercules, or the pillar of Christ’s flagellation, or the luminous column that guided the Israelites in the desert. Their first historical appearance in the year 1104, attests the power and antiquity, while it explains the simple meaning, of the name. By the usurpation of Cavi, the Colonna provoked the arms of Paschal II.; but they lawfully held, in the Campagna of Rome, the hereditary fiefs of Zagarolo and Colonna; and the latter of these towns was probably adorned with some lofty pillar, the relic of a villa or temple. They likewise possessed one moiety of the neighbouring city of Tusculum; a strong presumption of their descent from the counts of Tusculum, who in the tenth century were the tyrants of the apostolic see. According to their own and the public opinion, the primitive and remote source was derived from the banks of the Rhine; and the sovereigns of Germany were not ashamed of a real or fabulous affinity with a noble race, which in the revolutions of seven hundred years has been often illustrated by merit, and always by fortune. About the end of the thirteenth century, the most powerful branch was

composed of an uncle and six brothers, all conspicuous in arms, or in the honours of the Church. Of these, Peter was elected senator of Rome, introduced to the Capitol in a triumphant car, and hailed in some vain acclamations with the title of Caesar; while John and Stephen were declared Marquis of Ancona and Count of Romagna by Nicholas IV., a patron so partial to their family, that he has been delineated, in satirical portraits, imprisoned as it were in a hollow pillar. After his decease, their haughty behaviour provoked the displeasure of the most implacable of mankind. The two cardinals, the uncle and the nephew, denied the election of Boniface VIII.; and the Colonna were oppressed for a moment by his temporal and spiritual arms. He proclaimed a crusade against his personal enemies; their estates were confiscated; their fortresses on either side of the Tiber were besieged by the troops of S. Peter, and those of the rival nobles; and after the ruin of Palestrina or Praeneste, their principal seat, the ground was marked with a ploughshare, the emblem of perpetual desolation. Degraded, banished, proscribed, the six brothers, in disguise and danger, wandered over Europe without renouncing the hope of deliverance and revenge. In this double hope, the French court was their surest asylum; they prompted and directed the enterprise of Philip; and I should praise their magnanimity, had they respected the misfortune and courage of the captive tyrant. His civil acts were annulled by the Roman people, who restored the honours and possessions of the Colonna; and some estimate may be formed of their wealth by their losses, of their losses by the damages of one hundred thousand gold florins, which were granted them against the accomplices and heirs of the deceased pope. All the spiritual censures and disqualifications were abolished by his prudent successors: and the fortune of the house was more firmly established by this transient hurricane. The boldness of Sciarra Colonna was signalised in the captivity of Boniface, and long afterwards in the coronation of Lewis of Bavaria; and by the gratitude of the Emperor the pillar in their arms was encircled with a royal crown. But the first of the family in fame and merit was the elder Stephen, whom Petrarch loved and esteemed as a hero superior to his own times, and not unworthy of ancient Rome. Persecution and exile displayed to the nations his abilities in peace and war; in his distress, he was an object, not of pity, but of reverence; the aspect of danger provoked him to avow his name and country; and when he was asked, "Where is now your fortress?" he laid his hand on his heart, and answered, "Here." He supported with the same virtue the return of prosperity: and, till the ruin of his declining age, the ancestors, the character, and the children of Stephen Colonna, exalted his dignity in the Roman republic and at the court of Avignon.'—*Gibbon, 'Roman Empire,'* ch. lxix.

The **Via Labicana**, now the high road to Naples by Valmontone, runs at the foot of the hill upon which Colonna is situated.

An excellent new road leads from Frascati to Palestrina, passing for the most part through the remains of the fine old chestnut forest, with which these mountain slopes were once covered. The road ascends first to Monte Porzio, which most picturesquely crowns an olive-clad hill with its gaily painted houses. Hence, by a beautiful terrace, with glorious views through the vineyards into the Sabina, we climb up to Monte Compatri, above which stands the *Convent of S. Silvestro*. We are now high above Colonna, and Monte Porzio becomes effective rising against the faint distances of the vast plain in which Rome lies asleep. From Monte Compatri the road descends, and falls into the high road from Rome before reaching the Villa Doria at S. Cesareo. On the left,

Zagarolo is seen, in a striking position at the end of a ravine. We pass some Roman tombs hewn in the rocks of the hollow way ; the Via Prenestina with its ancient paving-blocks appears by the side of the road ; and, passing a great Casino called *Il Parco dei Barberini*, we reach the foot of the hill, up which Palestrina clammers, at the inn of S. Rocco.

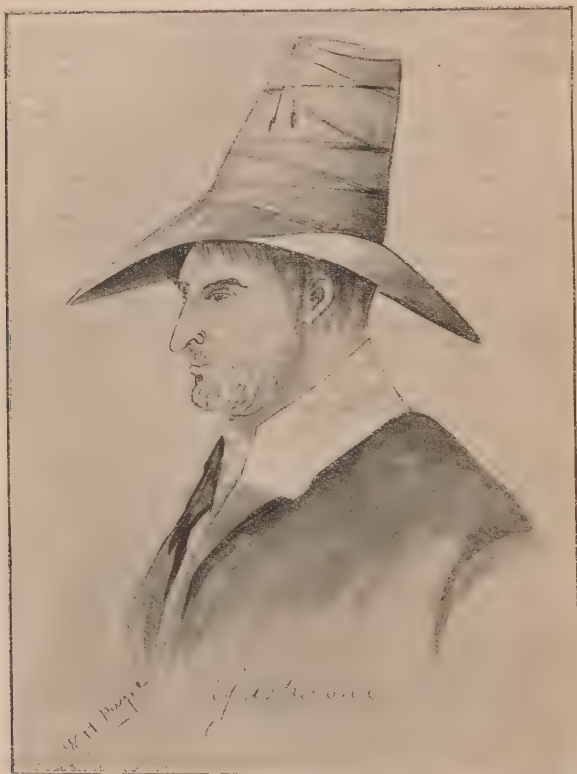
Even in a mild and sunny January the Campagna can be thoroughly enjoyed, and the city, with its noise and turmoil, in spite of its everliving attractions, may be gladly forsaken for the charms of the olive-clad Sabine Hills, or the more balmy vine-slopes of Tusculum or Albano. There may be a 'nipping and an eager air' as we are starting, but we may be nearly sure that our garments will, at midday, seem to be too heavy and solid. And, besides our light mackintoshes, we carry our luncheons in strong reticules, which latter will prove useful for other and more weighty burdens on our return journey. A good vine-stick, with an iron point, will be a useful companion ; for it will, besides helping us up slopes, turn up pieces of marble or, perhaps, inscribed bricks, if we are lucky enough to find any ; and also it will give us the moral support of a weapon of defence, if need arise, though the sheep-dogs of the Campagna are far more effectually driven off by brick-bats. But, before all, it is necessary to have a distinct aim in our excursion, and this is well supplied by our colleague, who desires to reconnoitre and trace, if possible, a certain portion of the courses of two of the earlier aqueducts—the Marcia and Anio Vetus—which have both vanished beyond recall, but which may yet have left some wrack behind to reward the enthusiastic topographer. 'That is all very well,' the reader may say, 'but how can one hope to trace out which was which of these aqueducts, if both travelled through the particular district we are visiting, and have failed to leave an arch or an inscription for us to identify them by ?' Nevertheless, for all that, we can do so ; for the water of the one left a yellowish dusky deposit, while the water of the Marcia writes its name, as it were, in a bright crystalline one : as different in their ways as the tracks of two species of animals, and in the walls of vineyards, or oliveyards, or farmhouses, adjacent to their former courses, we shall be sure to discover lumps of this alabaster-like material, worked in !

But by this time we are speeding away from 'Urbs Eterna' ; and the colossal saints that attitudinise along the roof-line of the Lateran are left looking down at the Custom-house officers and peasants who wrangle at the city-gate below. The mighty Porta Maggiore is passed, with the tomb of Eurysaces, the baker, and we are blinking along by the splendid arches of the Claudian aqueduct—so aptly compared by the late W. W. Story to the vertebræ of some prehistoric saurian. Year by year the scorching fires of August and the winter frosts are fast demolishing what has escaped the

rage of Vitiges, of Ricimer, and Robert Guiscard. Expansion and contraction—these seem to be the Alpha and Omega in the destruction of such monuments, made, as they are, of porous tufo, and no longer protected by marble coatings or by a strong veneer of stucco. And here the great gaps in its line allow us to follow the more distant monuments that point the Appian Way, from the tomb of Cecilia Metella out past the vast palace of the Quintilii (confiscated by Commodus) to the mediaeval Tor di Mezzavia, rising against the pale blue horizon from its more ancient tomb. It must, however, be confessed that our journey is slow. The distance from Rome to Frascati is about fourteen miles, and in spite of a second engine attached to our train at Ciampino, we occupy one hour in getting thither. But at last we have arrived, and, alighting, we are beset by small boys, who are more than anxious to carry our reticules. Language not strictly polite, but necessary, effects our release, and selecting our path, we at once turn downhill and go southward, away from the white town above us. What a lovely scene greets us! Far off, across the lonely classic plain, Rome is discovered spread out, pearl-white, like a necklace, with S. Peter's for the clasp-pearl, and relieved against the Ciminian Hills, far beyond it, which are shadowed into deep violet; and there, too, is Soracte, majestic, like a proud island, in this historic sea. Eastward the Sabine Hills, enthroning Tivoli, rise up grandly into Monte Gennaro (the ancient Lucretilis), upon which a cloud-burst is spreading its wrath.

But we must not stay to muse over such scenes, nor to pick the first violets there, nor the almond-blossom that opens while the chiff-chaff sings; but we must make quickly for yonder hillock, apparently strewn with 'remains,' the ground about which has evidently been again ploughed. Who knows what archæological harvest may there await us? The appetite sharpens with every step that we take. It is true we realise that we must have visited the spot before, some years ago, for we have marked it down on our map; but the ground was not then cultivated and turned up, and we found nothing to speak of. But now we become all 'eyes,' for the last rain-shower has polished up every fragment of marble, and the character of the materials of the once rich villa, or manor house, of some unknown ancient is made plain. Here is a three-cornered tile of purple 'Africano' marble; there a piece of delicate stucco; there, again, a fluted column; and let us hunt along yonder low wall, so evidently built up of these wondrous materials. Ere many moments have elapsed a fragment of an inscription stamped in oblong form upon a broken brick catches the eye, and, lo! the rest of it is lying close by at the foot of the wall. Brought together, we recognise it to read 'T. Sentidii Prisci'—an early stamp from the form of the letters, say, A.D. 90—and another example is speedily found. We have had our first 'kill,' and during a momentary respite we look round and out toward distant Rome, and try to picture to ourselves what manner of splendid villa once crowned this spot, the walls of which must have

been literally 'papered' with these rare foreign marbles and built of these particular bricks. We seem to see the paven courts, the 'impluvium,' the gorgeous colonnades, the gleaming terraces, the sparkling fountains, the fine reservoirs, the slaves at work in the fields, the steward, or *villicus*, fawned upon by the freedmen; the owner himself leading a group of admiring friends to view his 'nymphaeum,' fresh from the architect-sculptor's hands. But suddenly darkness has clouded round and over us, and beating hail drives us to the nearest shelter, and finally postpones the plan of our main research to another occasion.



"The Roman brigand GASPERONE, for many years notorious, has just died in a hospital for the poor at Abbiate Grasso."—*Times*, 18th Oct. 1879.

CHAPTER V

GROTTA FERRATA AND MARINO

(This is a pleasant excursion from Rome, and may be taken between two trains from the Frascati station ; or, both Grotta Ferrata and Marino may be visited in driving from Frascati to Albano.)

THE castellated monastery of **Grotta Ferrata** is about two miles from Frascati on the slopes of the Alban hills, and half a mile from the main road between Marino and Frascati. It is the only Basilian monastery in Central Italy, and its bearded monks perform the service according to the Greek ritual. The story of its foundation is that of S. Nilus.

S. Nilus was a Calabrian Greek, born at Rossano. He did not embrace a religious life till his thirtieth year, when his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, was dead, and then he became a monk of the Order of S. Basil, and soon was elected abbot of the convent of S. Maria del Patir. Driven by the Saracens from Gaeta, he fled with his brotherhood to Monte Cassino, where the abbot received them kindly, and appointed them a residence in the neighbourhood. While he was here, Aloare, widow of Pandolfo, Prince of Capua, who had incited her two sons to the murder of their cousin, came to S. Nilus to beseech absolution for her crime. He refused, unless she would yield up one of her sons to the family of the murdered man, but she could not make up her mind to the sacrifice, upon which S. Nilus denounced her sin as unforgiven and foretold her punishment. Shortly after, one of the princes was assassinated in a church by his brother, who was himself put to death by order of Hugh Capet, King of France (987-95).

S. Nilus next took up his abode at Rome in the convent of S. Alexis (Aventine), where he wrought many miracles, among others the cure of an epileptic boy. Rome was at this time distracted with internal dissensions, and had been besieged by the Emperor Otho III., who had persuaded Crescentius, Consul of Rome, by his false promises, to deliver up the Castle of S. Angelo, and had there murdered him ; and, putting out the eyes of Pope John XVII., had set up his cousin Gregory V. in his place. S. Nilus alone ventured to oppose the Teutonic marauders, rebuking them as the enemies of God, and writing to the Emperor, ' Because ye have broken faith, and because ye have had no mercy for the vanquished, nor compassion for those who had no longer the power to injure or

resist, know that God will avenge the cause of the oppressed, and ye shall both seek for mercy and shall not find it.' He then fled to Gaeta, and afterwards to a cave at the spot now called Grotta Ferrata.

Two years after, Gregory V. died miserably, and Otho, on his knees at Grotta Ferrata, implored the intercession of Nilus, promising a rich endowment for his convent. But his offers were sternly refused by the saint, who said with solemnity, that he asked nothing from him but that he would repent of his sins and save his own soul. In a few weeks, Otho was obliged to flee from the people, and was poisoned by the widow of Crescentius. Nilus had betaken himself in 1004 to the solitudes of Grotta Ferrata because of the certainty of canonisation if he remained at Gaeta. Here, asleep in a grotto, he had a dream of the Virgin, who commanded him to build a church on that spot, placing a golden apple in the foundations, as a pledge of her protection. Nilus built the church, but first placed in the grotto, where he had received the mandate, a picture of the Virgin which he had brought with him from Gaeta, and guarded it with an iron railing, which gave it the name of Grotta Ferrata. S. Nilus died in the same year with Otho, commanding that his burial-place should be concealed, in order that no undue honours might be paid to his remains; but over the cavern where he had lived, his friend and successor Bartolommeo began to raise the church and castellated convent of Grotta Ferrata, in which, in memory of the Greek Nilus, the rule of S. Basil should always be followed, and mass celebrated in the Greek language. The Count of Tusculum protected the work, which rose rapidly, and the church was consecrated by John XIX., only twenty years after the death of its founder. Several of the popes resided here, especially the boy Pope Benedict IX. (nephew of the Count of Tusculum), who had resigned the honours of the Papacy, of which he was most unworthy, in 1033, at the entreaty of the first Abbot, S. Bartholomew. Pope Julius II. (Della Rovere) had been Abbot here, and began the buildings on which the Rovere oak may still be seen. He, the warlike Pope who commanded at the siege of Mirandola, built, as Abbot, the picturesque fortifications of the monastery. Benedict XIV. ordained that the Abbot, Prior, and Fathers of Grotta Ferrata should always celebrate in the Greek rite. The last Abbot Commendator was Cardinal Consalvi, who renounced the baronial jurisdiction which had hitherto belonged to the abbot in 1816.

Grotta Ferrata, at a distance, looks more like a castle than a monastery. It is surrounded by walls with heavy machicolations and low bastion towers after the manner of San Gallo's work at Ostia. They were built by Julius II. when Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere, for whom his uncle, Sixtus IV., gave the place. Within, the greater part of the two courts have been modernised, but the church retains its campanile of the tenth century. In the atrium is a black cross supposed to mark the exact height of Christ, and a model of the golden apple given by the Virgin to S. Nilus

and buried in the foundations of the belfry. Over the western 11th-century door (now enclosed) is the inscription:—

οἶκον Θεοῦ μέλλοντες εἰσβαίνειν πύλην,
ἔξω γένοισθε τῆς μέθης τῶν φροντῖδων,
ἵν' εὐμενῶς εὗροιτε τὸν κριτὴν ἔσω.

[Ye who would enter here the house of God
Cast out the intoxication of pride and worldly thought
That kindly ye may find the Judge within.]

Above, is an interesting mosaic of 1005, representing the Saviour between the Virgin and S. J. Baptist, with a small standing figure supposed to represent the Abbot S. Bartholomew, one of the companions of S. Nilus. The doors are beautifully carved. At the end of the right aisle is a piece of perforated carving found in the Campagna, and believed to have belonged to a screen between the nave and choir through which the voices of the monks could reach the congregation: it is inscribed with the names of the thirteen first abbots. At the end of the left aisle is an imperial eagle in mosaic, and above it two angels with torches in their hands, said to have belonged to the tomb of Pope Benedict IX. In the middle of the floor is an enormous disc of porphyry, which was broken by the French in their attempts to remove it. Over the entrance of the choir is a second mosaic, of the Twelve Apostles, with the Saviour, typified by the Lamb, represented *below*, not *on* the throne. The high altar, decorated with two angels of the Bernini school, sustains a reliquary of bronze with agate pillars, which was intended for S. Peter's, but, being found too small, was given to Grotta Ferrata by Cardinal Barberini.

From the **L. aisle** we enter the chapel of the first Abbot, S. Bartholomew. It is a parallelogram with a small dome over the east end. The wall on the left is occupied by the frescoes of S. Nilus praying before the crucifix; the visit of Otho III. to S. Nilus; and, in the choir, the healing of the demoniac by S. Nilus. The frescoes on the right represent Nilus and Bartholomew, who by their prayers avert a thunderstorm from the crops which husbandmen are gathering in; the building of the Monastery; and, in the choir, the vision of the Madonna who gives the golden apple. At the sides of the altar are: S. Eustace, because he was the protector of the Farnese family, and S. Edward, because of the name of the Cardinal who built the chapel. In the dome, beneath the figure of the Almighty are the Roman saints, Agnese, Cecilia, and Francesca Romana. All the frescoes are by *Domenichino* (1610). The altar-piece, representing Nilus and Bartholomew with the Virgin, is by *Ann. Caracci*. At the west end of the chapel is a curious urn used as a baptismal font.

' About the year 1610, when Cardinal Odoardo Farnese was Abbot of Grotta Ferrata, he undertook to rebuild a defaced and ruined chapel, which had in very ancient times been dedicated to the interesting Greek saints S. Adrian and his wife S. Natalia. The chapel was accordingly restored with great magnificence, rededicated to S. Nilus and his companion, S. Bartolommeo, who are regarded as the two first Abbots; and Domenichino, then in his twenty-eighth year, was employed to represent on the wall some of the most striking incidents connected with the foundation of the monastery.

'The walls, in accordance with the architecture, are divided into compartments, varying in form and size. In the first large compartment, he has represented the visit of Otho III. to S. Nilus; a most dramatic composition, consisting of a vast number of figures. The Emperor has just alighted from his charger, and advances in a humble attitude to claim the benediction of the saint. The accessories in this grand picture are wonderful for splendour and variety, and painted with consummate skill. The whole strikes us like a well-got-up scene. The action of a spirited horse, and the two trumpeters behind, are among the most admired parts of the picture. It has always been asserted that these two trumpeters express, in the muscles of the face and throat, the quality of the sounds they give forth. This, when I read the description, appeared to me a piece of fanciful exaggeration; but it is literally true. If painting cannot imitate the power of sound, it has here suggested both its power and kind, so that we *seem* to hear. Among the figures is that of a young page, who holds the Emperor's horse, and wears over his light flowing hair a blue cap with a plume of white feathers; according to tradition, this is a portrait of a beautiful girl, with whom Domenichino fell violently in love while he was employed on the frescoes. Bellori tells us that, not only was the young painter rejected by the parents of the damsel, but that when the picture was uncovered and exhibited, and the face recognised as that of the young girl he had loved, he was obliged to fly from the vengeance of her relatives.

'The great composition on the opposite wall represents the building of the monastery after the death of S. Nilus, by his disciple and coadjutor S. Bartolommeo. The master builder, or architect, presents the plan, which S. Bartolommeo examines through his spectacles. A number of masons and workmen are busied in various operations, and an antique sarcophagus, which was discovered in the foundation, and is now built into the wall of the church, is seen in one corner; in the background is represented one of the legends of the locality. It is related that when the masons were raising a column, the ropes gave way, and the column would have fallen on the heads of the assistants, had not one of the monks, full of faith, sustained the column with his single strength.

'One of the lesser compartments represents another legend. The Madonna appears in a glorious vision to S. Nilus and S. Bartolommeo in this very Grotta Ferrata, and presents to them a golden apple, in testimony of her desire that a chapel should rise on this spot. The golden apple was reverently buried in the foundation of the belfry, as we now bury coins and medals when laying the foundation of a public edifice.

'Opposite is the fresco which ranks as one of the finest and most expressive of all Domenichino's compositions. A poor epileptic boy is brought to S. Nilus to be healed; the saint, after beseeching the Divine favour, dips his finger into the oil of a lamp burning before the altar, and with it anoints the mouth of the boy, who is instantly relieved from his malady. The incident is simply and admirably told, and the action of the boy, so painfully true, yet without distortion or exaggeration, has been, and I think with reason, preferred to the epileptic boy in Raffaele's Transfiguration.

'In a high, narrow compartment, Domenichino has represented S. Nilus before a crucifix; the figure of our Saviour extends his arm in benediction over the kneeling saint, who seems to feel, rather than perceive, the miracle. This also is beautiful.

'S. Nilus having been a Greek monk, and the convent connected with the Greek order, we have the Greek fathers in their proper habits—venerable figures portrayed in niches round the cornice. The Greek saints, S. Adrian and S. Natalia; and the Roman saints, S. Agnes, S. Cecilia, and S. Francesca, are painted in medallions.

'A glance back at the history of S. Nilus and the origin of the chapel will show how significant, how appropriate, and how harmonious is this scheme of decoration in all its parts. I know not if the credit of the selection belongs to Domenichino; but, in point of vivacity of conception and brilliant execution, he never exceeded these frescoes in any of his subsequent works; and every visitor to Rome should make this famous chapel a part of his pilgrimage.'—*Jameson, 'Monastic Orders,'* p. 39.

Grotta Ferrata formerly possessed the finest Greek library in Italy, but its treasures were removed, partly to the Vatican by Sixtus V., and partly to the Barberini collection by Urban VIII. Its precious MS. *Æsop* was taken by Napoleon I. A Museum of local Antiquities has now become established, and is well worth a visit.

In the Palace of the Abbots, in Jan. 1824, died Cardinal Consalvi, the famous minister and friend of Pius VII., having survived his master only five months. His body, being opened after death, in consequence of unfounded suspicions, proved that he died from natural causes. The Fair, held on March 25 and September 8, is renowned for its display of costume.

About $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Grotta Ferrata, on the way to Albano, is the picturesque mediaeval town of **Marino** (Albergo d'Italia), which has been identified, from inscriptions which have been found there, as occupying the site of *Castrimoenum*, a town fortified by Sulla, and which continued to be a 'municipium' until the time of Antoninus Pius. Pliny declares that there was a Latin colony here. It is not heard of after the second, until the tenth century. As, in the Middle Ages, Colonna was a principal fortress of the family of that name, so Marino was the stronghold of the rival family of the Orsini, from whom, however, it was wrested in the fourteenth century by the Colonna, who built the walls which still remain. Hither retired to collect his forces, Giordano Orsini, whom Rienzi (1347) outlawed, and caused to be portrayed head-downward on the tower of the Capitol. Rienzi presently came up against him into the glen; but was compelled to beat a very unsatisfactory retreat. The beautiful Vittoria Colonna was born here in 1490, being the daughter of Fabrizio, Grand Constable of the kingdom of Naples, and of Agnese de Montefeltro, daughter of Federigo, Duke of Urbino.

Beyond the town is the beautiful wild rocky glen called **Parco Colonna**, once '*Lucus Ferentinae*,' which was the meeting-place of the Latin League after the destruction of Alba. A pleasant walk (usually closed) leads up the valley, through the wood fresh with rushing streams and carpeted with flowers, to a pool formed by several springs, with an old statue and remains of seventeenth-century grottos. One of the small springs on the right is pointed out as the '*Caput Aquae Ferentinae*,' where Turnus Herdonius of Aricia, (who had inveighed against the pride of Tarquinius Superbus, and warned his countrymen against placing trust in him), having been accused of plotting the death of the King and condemned for it by the great council of the Latins, was drowned in the shallow water, being held down by a hurdle, upon which stones were piled. Here was held the Confederate Council, which decided to try and replace the Tarquins on the throne. The beautiful '*Sacro-bosco*,' abounding in wild-flowers, still adorns the locality; and Marino folk declare that if it were cut down, Health would leave Marino. The people bear the character of being exceptionally rough and quarrelsome. The road through the wood leads to Castel Gandolfo and the Lake of Albano.

CHAPTER VI

VEII

(An excursion should be made to Veii (12 miles from Rome) before the weather becomes too hot for enjoyment in walking about its steep ravines. A sunny day late in February is the best time to choose.)

IT is a drive of about two hours from Rome to **Veii**, the site of which was once occupied by the most powerful of the cities of Etruria. At first we really follow the *Via Clodia*, and then at the sixth mile the *Cassia*, one of the three roads which led to Cisalpine Gaul, and which passed through the centre of Etruria: Cicero says—‘*Etruriam discriminat Cassia.*’ It is now (except in a *Tramontano* wind) one of the pleasantest drives near the city, with its high upland views over the green plains of the *Campagna* to the towns which sparkle in the sun under the rifted purple crags of *Sabina*, or down bosky glades studded with old cork-trees, whose rich dark green forms a charming contrast to the burnt grass and silvery thistles. Three miles from Rome, on a bank above the left of the road, is the fine sarcophagus adorned with griffins in low relief, which is popularly known as *Nero’s tomb*, though really that of *Publius Vibius Marianus* and his wife *Reginia Maxima*. An ancient road direct to Veii left the *Clodia* near this. Beyond this, on the right, is the castellated farm-house of *Buon-Ricovero*, picturesquely situated with pine trees upon a grassy knoll.

About ten miles from Rome we reach the dismal posthouse of **La Storta**, where, in *vetturino* days, horses were changed for the last time before reaching the city. *Madame de Genlis* and the *Duchesse de Chartres* were upset here as they were leaving Rome, and took refuge in the inn. Before reaching *La Storta* the *Via Clodia* leaves the road, on the left; or more properly the *Via Cassia* turns off, starting to the right. Just beyond this the by-road to Veii turns off on the right. As we wind along the hill-sides, we see below us the picturesque little mediaeval village of *Isola Farnese*.

‘From *La Storta* it is a mile and a half to *Isola* by the carriage road; but the visitor, on horse or foot, may save half a mile by taking a pathway across the downs. When *Isola Farnese* comes into sight, let him halt awhile to admire the scene. A wide sweep of *Campagna* lies before him, in this part broken into ravines or narrow glens, which, by varying the lines of the landscape, redeem it from the monotony of a plain, and by patches of wood relieve it of its usual nakedness and sterility. On a steep cliff, about a mile distant, stands the village of *Isola*—a village in fact, but in appearance a large *château*, with a few outhouses around it. Behind it rises the long, swelling ground, which once bore the walls, temples, and palaces of Veii, but

is now a bare down, partly fringed with wood, and without a single habitation on its surface. At a few miles' distance rises the conical tufted hill of Musino, the supposed scene of ancient rites, the Eleusis, the Delphi, it may be, of Etruria. The eye is then caught by a tree-crowned mound or tumulus, standing in the plain beyond the site of the city; then it stretches away to the triple paps of the Monticelli, and to Tivoli, gleaming from the dark slopes behind; and then it rises and scans the majestic chain of Apennines, bounding the horizon with their dark-grey masses, and rests with delight on La Leonessa and other well-known giants of the Sabine range, all capt with snow. Oh, the beauty of that range! From whatever part of the Campagna you view it, it presents those long, sweeping outlines, those grand, towering crests—not of Alpine abruptness, but consistently with the character of the land, preserving, even when soaring highest, the true Italian dignity and repose—the *otium cum dignitate* of Nature.—Dennis, '*Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria.*'

The fortress, which clings more than half-dismantled to the crumbling tufo rock, was built by the barons of the Middle Ages, was constantly taken and retaken in the Orsini and Colonna feuds, and was eventually ruined by Caesar Borgia when he took it after a twelve days' siege. The Emperor Henry VII. (1312) encamped here before reaching Rome for his stormy coronation.

Here we must leave our carriage and find the custode who opens the painted tomb. A deep lane between banks of tufo overhung by bay and ilex, leads into the ravine, where a brook called Fosso de' due Fossi (from the two little torrents, Storta and Pino, of which it is formed) tumbles over a steep rock into the chasm near an old mill, and rushes away down the glen to join the Cremera. The craggy hill-side is covered with luxuriant foliage, and snow-drifted with laurustinus-bloom in spring; the ground is carpeted with blue and white anemones. Beyond the mill, where we cross the brook upon stepping-stones, a small mediaeval gateway, opening upon a green lawn overhanging the chasm, with the castle of Isola crowning the opposite cliff, forms a subject dear to artists, and many are the picnics which meet on the turf slope under the old cork-trees.

From hence we may begin our exploration of the ancient city. The ruins are widely scattered, and the labyrinthine ravines formed by the windings of the Cremera and the Fosso de' due Fossi, which almost surround the city and meet beneath it, are so bewildering that a guide is necessary. At first it seems quite impossible that these woody valleys, which only echo now to the songs of nightingales, can really have been Veii, the city which Dionysius under-rates when he describes it as being as large as Athens,¹ which Eutropius (i. 20) writes of as '*civitas antiquissima Italiae atque ditissima*,' which was a flourishing State at the time of the foundation of Rome, and which once possessed so many attractions that it became a question whether Rome itself should not be abandoned for its sake.

'The city of Veii was not inferior to Rome itself in buildings, and possessed a large and fruitful territory, partly mountainous, and partly in the plain. The air was pure and healthy, the country being free from the vicinity of

¹ The circuit of Veii was 43 stadia, that of Athens only 35.

marshes, which produce a heavy atmosphere, and without any river which might render the morning air too rigid. Nevertheless there was abundance of water, not artificially conducted, but rising from natural springs, and good to drink.'—*Dion. xii. frag. 21.*

Gradually, as we push through the brushwood, traces of the old walls may be discovered here and there, and of the nine gates of Roman Veii, to which from local circumstances topographers have assigned the imaginary names of *Porta de' Sette Pagi*, *Porta dell' Arce*, *Porta Campana*, *Porta Fidenate*, *Porta di Pietra Pertusa*, *Porta dell' Are Muzie*, *Porta Capenate*, *Porta del Columbario*, and *Porta Sutrina*.

A long walk through the woods leads to the **Porta Capenate**, which might easily pass unobserved, so slight are its remains. But beneath it is the most interesting spot in the whole circuit of the city, the **Ponte Sodo**, where the *Cremera* or *Fosso di Formello*, as it is called here, forces its way for 240 yards through a tunnel overgrown with luxuriant bay and ilex. It is necessary to climb down to the level of the stream to enjoy the view through the dark recesses to the light beyond.

'It would be easy to pass the *Ponte Sodo* without observing it. It is called a bridge; but is a mere mass of rock bored for the passage of the stream. Whether wholly or but partly artificial may admit of dispute. It is, however, in all probability, an Etruscan excavation—a tunnel in the rock, two hundred and forty feet long, twelve or fifteen wide, and nearly twenty high. From above it is scarcely visible. You must view it from the banks of the stream. You at first suspect it to be of natural formation, yet there is a squareness and regularity about it which prove it artificial. The steep cliffs of tufo, yellow, grey, or white, overhung by ilex, ivy, and brushwood—the deep, dark-mouthed tunnel with a ray of sunshine, it may be, gleaming beyond—the masses of lichen-clad rock, which choke the stream, give it a charm apart from its antiquity.'—*Dennis, 'Cities of Etruria.'*

Near the *Ponte Sodo* are remains of an aqueduct of imperial times, confirming the opinion that Veii had a temporary revival during the reign of Tiberius, whose statue, together with several inscriptions of his date, has been found here.

About a mile up the stream from this, passing the Roman bridge called *Ponte Formello*, we reach the *Ponte dell' Isola*, which crosses the river with an arch twenty-two feet wide. About the same distance in the opposite direction, descending the river, the remains of a ruined *Columbarium* are seen in the grey rock on the opposite bank, and a little further, on the hill-side called *Poggio Reale*, is the *Painted Tomb*.

Before the entrance of the tomb, which is sometimes known as the **Grotta Campana**, are the almost shapeless remains of the stone lions which once guarded it, as similar ones did the tomb of Romulus in the Forum. The custode opens a door in the rock and admits one with lights to the interior of two low vaulted chambers hewn out of the tufo, and they are well worth seeing. On either side of the outer room are stone benches, on which when the tomb was first opened, skeletons were found lying. With one of these, who had been a warrior, lay his breastplate, helmet and spear's head, which still remain, and all around were the votive jars and vases which yet

stand here. The walls are covered with fantastic paintings of figures, with horses, dogs, leopards, and other animals, all of rude execution, but still fresh in form and colour. The inner chamber is surrounded by a shelf laden with vases and cinerary urns, and in its centre stood the brazier in which perfumes were burnt.

These are the sights usually seen at Veii ; but if possible another two hours should be devoted to ascending the hill of the **Arx**, called by the natives **Piazza d' Armi**, which may be reached by a little path winding through the brushwood above the Columbarium. Of late years this has been decided to be the citadel of Veii, formerly supposed to have occupied the rock of Isola Farnese, which was separated from the rest of the city by a deep glen, so that, had it been the citadel, Camillus by its capture would not, as Livy tells us, have obtained immediate possession of the town.

These heights, now cultivated with crops, amongst which fragments of votive terra-cotta offerings may still be found in abundance, formed the citadel whose fourteen wars are matters of history, and which, having been successfully able to resist the whole forces of Rome during an eight years' siege, was at last only taken (B.C. 393) by a stratagem.

' It was a time of truce round the walls of Veii ; and many who from living so near had known each other before the war, would often fall into discourse. In this manner the inhabitants heard of the prodigy of the (Alban) lake : and a soothsayer was impelled by destiny to scoff at the efforts of the Romans, the futility of which was foretold in the prophetic books. Some days after, a Roman centurion invited the soothsayer to come into the plain between the walls and the Roman trenches, to hear an account of a portent that had fallen out at his house, and to teach him in what way to appease the gods : the aruspex was seduced by the reward promised him, and incautiously let himself be led near the Roman lines. On a sudden the stout centurion seized the old man, and dragged him, an easy prey, into the camp. From hence he was carried to Rome before the senate ; where he was forced by threats to speak the truth, and, loudly bewailing the destiny that had infatuated him to betray the secret of his nation, confessed that the Veientine books of fate announced that, so long as the lake kept on overflowing, Veii could not be taken, and that if the waters were to reach the sea, Rome would perish. Not long afterwards the ambassadors returned from Delphi, and brought an answer to a like effect : whereupon the tunnel was begun, in order that the lake might cease to overflow, and that the water drawn from it might be spread through the fields in ditches. This work was carried on unremittingly ; and the Veientes learnt that the fatal consummation, on which their ruin hung, was at hand. They sent an embassy to implore forbearance ; but they found no compassion. The chief of the envoys, before they quitted the senate-house with the unrelenting answer, warned the Romans once more of the penalty that would inevitably await them : for, as certainly as Veii was now doomed to fall, so surely did the same oracles foretell that, soon after the fall of Veii, Rome would be taken by the Gauls. Nobody listened to him.

' Camillus was already commanding as dictator before the city, and was unsuspectedly executing the work which opened the way for its destruction. The Romans seemed to be standing quietly at their posts, as if they were waiting the slow issue of a blockade which could not be forced. But the army was divided into six bands ; and these, relieving one another every six hours, were labouring incessantly in digging a mine, which was to lead into the citadel of Veii, and there to open into the temple of Juno.

' Before the assault was made, the dictator inquired of the senate, what was to be done with the spoil. Appius Claudius, the grandson of the decemvir, advised selling it for the benefit of the treasury, that it might supply pay for the army without need of a property tax. This was opposed by P.

Licinius, the most eminent among the plebeian military tribunes : he even declared it would be unfair if none but the soldiers then on the spot were to have a share in the booty, for which every citizen had made some sacrifice or other. Notice, he said, ought to be given, for all who wished to partake in it to proceed to the camp. This was decreed ; and old and young flocked toward the devoted city. Hereupon, as soon as the water was dispersed over the fields, and the passage into the citadel finished, Camillus made a vow to Matuta, a goddess highly revered on the adjacent Tyrrhenian coast, and addressed prayers to Juno, whose temple covered the way destined to lead the Romans into the city, with promises that she should receive higher honours than ever. Nor were his adjurations fruitless. To the Pythian Apollo, whose oracle, when it encouraged the Romans to put faith in the words of the aruspex, demanding an offering for Delphi, he vowed a tenth of the spoil. Then at the appointed hour, the passage was filled with cohorts : Camillus himself led the way. Meanwhile the horns blew the signal for the assault ; and the countless host brought scaling ladders, as if they meant to mount the walls from every side. Here the citizens stood expecting the enemy, while their king was sacrificing in the temple of Juno. The aruspex, when he saw the victim, declared that whoever brought the goddess her share of the slaughtered animal would conquer. This was heard by the Romans underground. They burst forth and seized the flesh ; and Camillus offered it up. From the citadel they rushed irresistibly through the city, and opened the nearest gates to the assailants.

‘The incredible amount of the spoil even surpassed the expectations of the conquerors. The whole was given to the army, except the captives who had been spared in the massacre, before the unarmed had their lives granted to them, and who were sold on account of the state. All objects of human property had already been removed from the empty walls ; the ornaments and statues of the gods alone were yet untouched. Juno had accepted the vow of a temple on the Aventine. But every one trembled to touch her image ; for, according to the Etruscan religion, none but a priest of a certain house might do so without fear of death. A body of chosen knights, who took courage to venture upon removing it from its place, proceeded to the temple in white robes, and asked the goddess whether she consented to go to Rome. They heard her voice pronounce her assent : and the statue of its own accord followed those who were leading it forth.

‘While Camillus was looking down from this temple on the magnificence of the captured city, the immense wealth of which the spoilers were amassing, he called to mind the threats of the Veientes, and that the gods were wont to regard excessive prosperity with displeasure : and he prayed to the mighty queen of heaven to let the calamity that was to expiate it be such as the republic and he himself could support. When after ending his prayer he turned round to the right, with his head veiled according to custom, his foot stumbled, and he fell. It seemed as if the goddess had graciously appeared destiny with this mishap : and Camillus, forgetting the foreboding which had warned him, provoked the angry powers by the unexampled pomp and pride of his triumph. Jupiter and Sol saw him drive up with their own team of white horses to the Capitol. For this arrogance he atoned by a sentence of condemnation, Rome by her destruction.’—*Niebuhr*, ‘*History of Rome*,’ ii. 476.

From this time, with the exception of a brief revival under the Empire, the site of Veii has been desolate. In A.D. 117 Florus (in allusion to the Etruscan city) wrote, ‘Who knows the site of Veii ? It is hard to credit our annals.’

‘ . . . Tarpeia sede perusta
Gallorum facibus, Veiosque habitante Camillo,
Illic Roma fuit.’

—*Lucan*, v. 27.

‘ . . . Tunc omne Latinum
Fabula nomen erit ; Gabios, Veiosque, Coramque
Pulvere vix tectae poterunt monstrare ruinae.’

—*Id.* vii. 392.

The fact being that Roman Veii did not precisely coincide with Etruscan Veii and never flourished.

Within the citadel of Veii (the Piazza d' Armi of the present day), there was a temple held in great veneration dedicated to Juno. Excavations in 1667 made by Cardinal Chigi, according to Pietro Sante Bartoli, brought to light an Ionic temple with enriched frieze and pediments. The columns and marbles were purchased by Cardinal Falconieri in order to adorn a chapel in the Church of San Giovanni dei Fiorentini. Hard by was found a thick layer of votive offerings, so abundant that Rome is full of terra-cotta fragments of heads, hands, feet, &c. In 1889, the late Empress of Brazil caused further excavations to be made here, resulting in an unparalleled find of these objects, and a great enrichment of the list. The Palazzo delle Colonne in Piazza Colonna, is decorated with Ionic columns brought from Veii.

There are many other points which may be visited in or near the circle of the ancient city. Such is the *Scaletta*, a staircase of uncemented blocks of masonry near the Porta Fidenate, which attracted much attention thirty years ago, but is now greatly mutilated; and most especially the *Arco di Pino*, a very picturesque arch in the tufo, on the east of the city, near the large tumulus called *La Vacchereccia*.¹ None of the dangers now await travellers which are described by Mrs. Hamilton Gray.

'Isola is a sweet quiet-looking hamlet, but about three weeks after our visit forty of the inhabitants were taken up as leagued banditti, and brought to Rome. The master of the inn was one of their leaders, and said at times to have given his guests human flesh to eat—detected by a young surgeon, who found a finger in his plate.'—*Sepulchres of Etruria*.

The tufo rock of Isola itself is perforated with tombs, and formed the necropolis of the town.

'Such, then, is Veii—once the most powerful, the most wealthy city of Etruria, renowned for its beauty, its arts, and refinement, which in size equalled Athens and Rome, in military force was not inferior to the latter, and which for its site, strong by nature and almost impregnable by art, and for the magnificence of its buildings and the superior extent and fertility of its territory, was preferred by the Romans to the Eternal City itself, even before the destruction of the latter by the Gauls,—now void and desolate, without one house or inhabitant, its temples and palaces level with the dust, and nothing beyond a few fragments of walls, and some empty sepulchres, remaining to tell the traveller that here Veii was. The plough passes over its bosom, and the shepherd pastures his flock on the waste within it. Such must it have been in the earlier years of Augustus, for Propertius pictures a similar scene of decay and desolation.

"Et Veii veteres, et vos tum regna fuistis;
Et vestro posita est aurea sella foro;
Nunc intra muros pastoris buccina lenti
Cantat, et in vestris ossibus arva metunt."

"Veii, thou hadst a royal crown of old,
And in thy forum stood a throne of gold!—
Thy walls now echo but the shepherd's horn,
And o'er thine ashes waves the summer corn."

¹ Those who ride may visit this on the way to or from Rome.

How are we to account for this neglect? The city was certainly not destroyed by Camillus, for the superior magnificence of its public and private buildings were temptations to the Romans to desert the Seven Hills. But after the destruction of Rome by the Gauls Veii was abandoned, in consequence of the decree of the senate threatening with the severest punishment the Roman citizens who should remain within its walls; and Niebuhr's conjecture is not perhaps incorrect, that it was demolished to supply materials for the rebuilding of Rome, though the distance would preclude the transport of more than the architectural ornaments. Its desolation must have been owing either to the policy of Rome which proscribed its habitation, or to *malaria*; otherwise a city which presented so many advantages as almost to have tempted the Romans to desert the hearths and the sepulchres of their fathers would scarcely have been suffered to fall into utter decay, and remain so for nearly four centuries.'—*Dennis*.

A leading feature in all the views from Veii is the conical hill called *Monte Musino* (1134 ft.) six miles distant. This curious place may be reached by following the Via Cassia as far as the posthouse of *Baccano*, the ancient 'Ad Baccanas,' twenty miles from Rome. It is situated in the crater of a volcano, *M. dell' Impiccato*, afterwards a lake, which gave origin to the *Cremera*, and was $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in diameter. Two miles farther north lies *Campagnano* (*Albergo di Sante Narcisi*), a village on a hill to itself with some mediaeval remains. Hence a path runs eastward for five miles to *Scrofano*,¹ which has many Etruscan tombs and lies at the foot of *Monte Musino*, easily ascended from thence. The hill is conical, and is cut into three terraces whose origin is attributed to the presence here of the Altar of the Etruscan Venus, *Ara Mutiae*, and her temple, some remains of which can be traced. The crest of *Monte Musino* is much used by the Survey Department as a convenient point, like *M. Gennaro*, for triangulations. Near the summit is a cave. The whole is crested by an oak-grove which has been preserved intact owing to the superstition of the inhabitants of *Scrofano*, who believe that the felling of the trees would be followed by the death of the head of each family. This belief is current also at *Marino* near *Frascati* as to the *Sacro-bosco*. On the top of the hill a treasure is supposed to be buried, and protected by demons, who would arouse a tempest were any attempt made to discover it. The view is striking.

Between *Baccano* and the Lake of *Bracciano* lies the *Lago di Martignano*, spoken of by *Frontinus* as the *Lacus Alsietinus*, whence the aqueduct called *Aqua Alsietina*, twenty-two miles in length, carried water to supply the *Naumachia* of *Augustus* in the gardens of *Caesar*. The channel of the aqueduct is still well preserved. The crater containing this lake was $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in diameter.

Twenty-four miles from Rome on the Via Cassia beyond *Ponte del Pavone*, is the large inn of *Le Sette Vene*,² near which there is a small Etruscan bridge in good preservation. From near this the ancient Via *Annia* leaves the Via Cassia, which went to *Nepi* and passed on by *Falerii*. The Cassia travels on to *Monterosi* (*Albergo dell' Angelo*).

¹ *Sacrofano*.

² Springs of the *Treia*.

From Veii there is a carriage-road connecting with the Via Flaminia near the ninth mile from Rome, whence may be visited the extraordinary Pietra Pertusa, or tunnelled rock. The passage extends some eighty feet, and is twelve feet wide and twelve feet in height. Old oak roots are now splitting the rock in various directions. The crevices are loaded with adiantum and anemones. It probably dates back to the time of the Flavian Emperors. Thence, visiting the tower of **Malborghetto**, we pass by **Prima Porta** to Rome. The little bridge of two arches over the Cremera, on the road, is ancient.

CHAPTER VII

GALERA AND BRACCIANO

(Bracciano is within an easy day's excursion by rail, or cycle, from Rome. Alberghi Sabazio and della Posta : 3100 inhabitants.)

STORMS were sweeping over the Janiculum, and occasionally shrouding S. Peter's in a white mist, while the Campagna beyond the Aventine towards Ostia seemed blotted with ink ; but as we had settled to go to **Bracciano** (Fundus Braccianus), we determined to be firm with the weather, and, as usual in such cases, things turned out better than we anticipated.

It was the Via Cassia which had led us to Veii ; but beyond La Storta, the Via Clodia turns to the left to Bracciano, over a dreary thistle-grown part of the Campagna, with here and there deep cuttings in the tufo. A bridle road, turning off on the right, one mile from La Storta, leads to the picturesque and lonely convent of *La Madonna del Sorbo* (about eight miles from Rome), founded in 1400 by the Orsini.

On the main road there is little interest, till the tiny rivulet Arrone, an outlet of the lake of Bracciano, crosses the road, and tumbles in a waterfall over a cliff into one of those rather gloomy glens which suggest the sites of so many Etruscan towns, and which here encircles that of the forgotten Etruscan fortress of Galeria, afterwards occupied by the mediaeval town of **Galera**. Those who pass along the high road catch glimpses of its tall tower and ivy-grown walls, but they must cross the fields, and descend into its ravine (leaving the carriage at the farm-house called Santa Maria di Galera) to realise that the whole place is absolutely deserted except by bats and serpents, and that it is one of the most striking of 'the lost cities of the Campagna.'

The situation is wonderfully picturesque ; the town being entered by a double gate, and the walls rising from the edge of a precipice, round which the beautiful Arrone circles sparkling through the trees, and unites itself to another stream, the Fosso, below the citadel. In the eleventh century Galeria belonged to the Counts Tosco, troublesome barons of the Campagna, against whom in 1058 Pope Benedict X. called in the Normans, who were happy enough to ravage and plunder the town. In the thirteenth century the place became a stronghold of the Orsini, who held it by tenure of an annual payment of three pounds of wax to the Pope. Their

arms are over the gateway, and they built the tall handsome tower of the church, which was dedicated to S. Nicholas; but they were unable to hold the town against the Colonna, who took and utterly sacked it in July 1485. Charles VIII. of France lodged here for ten days in December 1494, making the place the headquarters of the army. The last historical association of the place is that Charles V. slept there, the day he left Rome, April 18, 1536.

A short time ago Galera had ninety inhabitants. Now it has none. There is no one to live in the houses, no one to pray in the church. Malaria reigns triumphant here, and keeps human creatures at bay. Even the shepherd who comes down in the day to watch the goats scrambling about the broken walls, might pay with his health for passing the night here. It is a bewitched solitude, with the ghosts of the past in full possession. The town walls, some of which date from the eleventh century, are sliding into the thickets of brambles. Above them rise remains of the old Orsini castle, from which there is an unspeakably desolate view, the effect of the scene being enhanced by the knowledge that the strength of Galera has fallen beneath no human foe, but that a more powerful and invincible enemy has been found in the 'scourge of the Campagna.' The only bright point about the ruins is the old washing-place of the town in the glen, where the waters of the Arrone, ever bright and sparkling, are drawn off into stone basins overhung with fern and creepers.

Beyond Galera, leaving the Convent of Santa Maria in Celsano to the east, the road to Bracciano enters a more fertile district. On the left is passed a marsh, once a lake, called *Lago Morto*. Green corn covers the hill-sides in spring, and here and there is an olive-garden. Soon, on the right, the **Lake of Bracciano** (540 ft.), twenty miles in circumference, and six miles across in its widest part, is seen sleeping in its still basin surrounded by green wooded hills. Then the huge Castle (945 ft.) of the Odescalchi (1696) (now an interesting museum) built of lava, and guarded by machicolated towers, rises before us, crowning the yellow lichen-gilded roofs of the town. We rattle into the ill-paven street, and, between the white-washed yellow-lichened houses, we see huge towers frowning upon us. At last the carriage can go no farther, and stops in a piazzetta. The steep ascent to the fortress is surmounted on foot, and is cut out of the solid rock. On and in this rock the castle was built by the Orsini in the fifteenth century, just after their normal enemies, the Colonna, had destroyed a former fortress of theirs, and their predecessors the De Vico, hereditary prefects of Rome. They were invested in its possession by Martin V. (Colonna), and rendered for it yearly one vulture. They were determined to make it strong enough. As we enter the gateway surmounted by the arms of Orsini, we see that the rock still forms the pavement, and reaches half-way up the walls. The rest of these grim walls is of lava, plundered from the paving-blocks of the Via Clodia. Gloomy passages, also cut out of the rock, lead into profundities suggestive of romantic adventures and escapes. One does not wonder that Sir

Walter Scott was more anxious to see Bracciano than anything else in Italy, and set off thither almost immediately after his arrival in Rome.

The inner court of the castle is more cheerful. It has a gothic loggia and a curious outside staircase, at once descending and ascending, and adorned with frescoes. As we were sitting here to draw, the old housekeeper came out to welcome us. She had been the German nurse of the young Prince Odescalchi, to whom the castle now belongs; we brought her a letter from the Princess-mother, and she was delighted to have the break in the monotony of her life. She had 'told the Princess she wished for repose—she wished to have time to think in her old age—and here she found it, but sometimes the repose was almost too much. The wind whistled through the long galleries louder than was pleasant, when there was no voice to enliven it; and last week in the earthquake—when the castle went crick-crack, and the plaster fell from the walls, and the tiles rattled upon the roof—oh, then it was *roba da spaventare*.'

Of the mediaeval castles in Italy which are still inhabited Bracciano is one of the largest. The Odescalchi family occasionally come here in summer, when the vast chambers must be delightfully cool, and the views over lake and town and mountains most enjoyable. On the upper floor is the Hall of Justice, where the Orsini, who had the right of appointing magistrates, and being judges in their own persons, used for several centuries to sit in judgment upon their dependants. The Great Hall on the ground floor has some rapidly-vanishing frescoes by Zuccaro, and looks like a place where ten thousand ghosts might hold carnival, only perhaps their revels would be hindered by the tiny chapel which opens out of it. In the living apartments are some fine old chairs and carved modern furniture, splendid beds and wardrobes, and infinitesimal washing apparatus. One room has family portraits from old times down to the present possessors. These are very proud of their home, though they are not often here. In 1803, poverty obliged them to sell their castle, but they did so with aching hearts, to Giovanni Torlonia; a reservation was made, that if the wheel of their fortunes should revolve within a limited space of years, they should be allowed to buy it back again at the same price which he had given. Torlonia felt secure, spent much time and money at Bracciano, and was devoted to his new purchase. As the time was drawing to a conclusion, all doubt as to the future vanished from his mind, but, just in time, the fortune of the Princess-mother Odescalchi enabled the family to redeem their pledge, and the former possessors returned, to their own triumph and the delight of the inhabitants. The Princess Sofia Odescalchi, whose fortune redeemed Bracciano, for 778,618 scudi, became almost an historical character in Rome. She was one of the strongest supporters of Pius IX., which is not unnatural, for in a great illness the physicians had given up her case as hopeless, and declared that nothing short of a miracle could save

her. At this juncture, when all her family were assembled to see her die, the Pope, from the Vatican, sent her his absolution and blessing, and with it a very tiny loaf of bread—'panetella'¹ which he desired her to swallow—he had prayed over it and blessed it, and perhaps it would save her life. She *did* swallow it, recovered, and the next day went in person to the Vatican to return thanks to the Holy Father!

When the Odescalchi purchased Bracciano from the Orsini, the latter were then beginning to fall into decadence, after an historical career of more than six hundred years. Pope Celestine III. (1191-98) was an Orsini, and Pope Nicholas III. (1277-81), whom Dante sees in hell, among the Simonists.

'Sappi ch' io fui vestito del gran manto ;
E veramente fui figliuol dell' Orsa,
Cupido sì per avanzar gli Orsatti,
Che su l' avere, e qui me misi in borsa.'

—*Inferno*, xix. 69.

But having bestowed two popes upon the Church is the least of the glories of the Orsini, and it is their ceaseless contests with the Colonnese, in which they were alternately victors and vanquished, which gives them historical consequence.

'Orsi, lupi, leoni, aquile e serpi
Ad una gran marmorea Colonna
Fanno noja sovente e a se danno.'

—*Petrarca*, 'Canz.' vi.

'The Ursini migrated from Spoleto: the sons of Ursus, as they are styled in the twelfth century, from some eminent person, who is only known as the father of their race. But they were soon distinguished among the nobles of Rome, by the number and bravery of their kinsmen, the strength of their towers, the honours of the senate and sacred college, and the elevation of two popes, Celestin III. and Nicholas III., of their name and lineage. Their riches may be accused as an early abuse of nepotism; the estates of S. Peter were alienated in their favour by the liberal Celestin; and Nicholas was ambitious for their sakes to solicit the alliance of monarchs; to found new kingdoms in Lombardy and Tuscany; and to invest them with the perpetual office of senators of Rome. All that has been observed of the greatness of the Colonna, will likewise redound to the glory of the Ursini, their constant and equal antagonists in the long hereditary feud, which distracted above two hundred and fifty years the ecclesiastical state. The jealousy of pre-eminence and power was the true ground of their quarrel; but as a specious badge of distinction, the Colonna embraced the name of Ghibellines and the party of the Empire; the Ursini espoused the title of Guelfs and the cause of the Church. The eagle and the keys were displayed on their adverse banners; and the two factions of Italy most furiously raged when the origin and nature of the dispute were long since forgotten. After the retreat of the popes to Avignon, they disputed in arms the vacant republic; and the mischiefs of discord were perpetuated by the wretched compromise of electing each year two rival senators. By their private hostilities, the city and country were desolated, and the fluctuating balance inclined with their alternate success. But none of either family had fallen by the sword, till the most renowned champion of the Ursini was surprised and slain by the younger Stephen Colonna. His triumph is stained with the reproach of

¹ 'Panetelle di San Nicolo' are still eaten by the lower classes in and near Rome on the festival of that popular saint—the Bishop of Myra—'per divozione,' in remembrance of the little loaves of this kind which he used to distribute to the poor.

violating the truce; their defeat was basely avenged by the assassination, before the church door, of an innocent boy and his two servants. Yet the victorious Colonna, with an annual colleague, was declared senator of Rome during the term of five years. And the muse of Petrarch inspired a wish, a hope, a prediction, that the generous youth, the son of his venerable hero, would restore Rome and Italy to their pristine glory; that his justice would extirpate the wolves and lions, the serpents and bears, who laboured to subvert the eternal basis of the marble *Column*.—Gibbon, '*Roman Empire*,' ch. lxix.

The broad terrace immediately under the castle looks down the steep slope of vine and olive upon the blue *Lake of Bracciano*, which anciently was called *Lacus Sabatinus*, and is mentioned by Festus. Near the site of Bracciano, says tradition, stood the city of Sabate, which was overwhelmed by the lake long ago, though its houses, temples, and statues, may still be seen, on a clear day, standing intact beneath the glassy waters. The silvery expanse is backed by distant snow mountains, and here and there a little feudal town crowns the hill-side, or stands on the shore and is reflected in the lake. **Oriolo** has a villa of the Altieri, and its church-porch bears an inscription which shows that it occupies the site of a villa called *Pausilypon*, built by Metia, wife of Titus Metius Herdonius. **Vicarello** (from *Vicus Aureliae*) has the ruins of another Roman villa (*Forum Clodii*), and is still celebrated for baths useful in cutaneous disorders, which were known in old times as *Aquae Aureliae*. Many Roman coins and vases have been found there. Beyond Vicarello, on a little cape, is **Trevignano**, another Orsini stronghold, crowned by an old castle. Lastly we must notice silver-white **Anguillara**, with a fine machicolated castle, bearing the celebrated 'crossed eels' of the Counts of Anguillara, of whom were Pandolfo d'Anguillara who built the church of S. Francesco a Ripa at Rome, Everso d'Anguillara, a robber chief of the fifteenth century, and Orso d'Anguillara, the senator who crowned Petrarch, as laureate, upon the Capitol (1343), and lived in the old palace which still remains in the Trastevere (now a museum). Their country castle, which successfully withstood a siege from the Duke of Calabria in 1486, overhangs the quiet lake, which indeed at one time bore its name, and the town, which is twenty miles from Rome, is worth visiting, by a road which turns off (R.) not far from Galera.

As we stood on the terrace, looking down upon all these historical scenes, the violet sky suddenly opened, a rainbow arched across the expanse of waters, and rays of light streaming along the green encircling slopes, lit up one old fortress after another, with a golden glory, which lasted for an instant, and faded again into the purple mist. It was a beautiful effort of Nature, cheering the monotony of a cloudy, misty day.

CHAPTER VIII

GABII (CASTIGLIONE) AND ZAGAROLO

Gabii, 11 miles from Rome, is a pleasant short day's excursion in motor or carriage (which, with two horses, ought not to cost more than 15 lire). On horseback or cycle, Gabii, Collatia, and Lunghezza, may be visited in the same day.

THE road which leads to Gabii is the **Via Prenestina**, sometimes called *Via Gabina*, which emerges from the Porta Maggiore, and turns to the left (the central road of three). On the left, about half a mile from the walls, we pass a tomb said, without good ground by Canina, to be that of T. Quintus Atta A.U.C. 678. Then, crossing a small streamlet, the Marranella, in a hollow, believed to be the *Aqua Bollicante*, which marked the limits of ancient Rome, where the Arvales sang their hymn, we reach the ruins of the **Torre degli Schiavi**, the villa and temple of the Gordian Emperors, which, in their richness of colour and noble situation, backed by the mountains of the Sabina, present one of the most beautiful scenes in the entire Campagna. The Porticus is related to have had two hundred columns of marble.

At the foot of the little hill upon which the ruins stand, the road to Lunghezza (Collatia) turns off on the left. The Campagna now becomes wild and open. Here and there a tomb or a tower breaks the wide expanse. Far on the left is the castle of Cervaretto, and beyond it Cervara and Rustica; further still is seen the Tor dei Pazzi. To the left the valley opens toward the hills, between the historic sites of Palestrina and Colonna. All is beautiful, yet unutterably desolate :—

‘The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers.’

Now, on the left, rises, on a broad basement, the (xiii. c.) tower called **Tor Tre Teste**, from three stone heads (from a tomb) built into its walls. Beyond, also on the left, is the **Tor Sapienza**, with a square embattled base.

The eighth mile from Rome is interesting as the spot where Roman self-deceptive legend, as narrated by Livy,¹ tells that Camillus overtook the army of the Gauls laden with the spoils of Rome, and defeated them so totally, that he left not a single man alive to carry the news home to their countrymen.

‘Among the fictions attached to Roman history, this was one of the first to be rejected.’—*Niebuhr*.

¹ Livy, v. 49.

'Such a falsification, scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of any other people, justifies the strongest suspicion of all those accounts of victories and triumphs which appear to rest in any degree on the authority of the family memorials of the Roman aristocracy.'—*Arnold*.

At the ninth mile the road passes over the lofty and magnificent viaduct called **Ponte di Nona**, consisting of seven arches, built of the gloomy stone called 'lapis gabinus' (sperone). The pavement of the bridge, and even part of the parapet, exist, suggesting what it must have been when entire. Moreover, beneath one arch may be noticed a part of an earlier (Syllan) Viaduct.

More and more desolate becomes the country, until at the Osteria del Osa, 11 miles from Rome, we turn aside and make for the high mediaeval tower (on ancient foundations) of **Castiglione** (which is mentioned in a deed of 1225) occupying the highest point of a ridge. Beyond this are remains of the walls of **Gabii** on a natural ridge of volcanic rock—exceedingly striking and picturesque. In other days visitors used to look across the grey-green water of the lake; but this has been drained by Prince Torlonia, to whom it belongs, to the destruction of its beauty, but to the great improvement of his property. In the fields beyond (accessible by a rough carriage road which leaves the Via Prenestina at the Osteria del Osa) is a low massive ruin, which might easily pass overlooked, but which is a fine fragment—the *cella*—of the **Ionic Temple of Juno**, celebrated by Virgil:—

'. . . quique arva Gabinae
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis
Hernica saxa, colunt,'

—*Aen.* vii. 682.

and by Silius Italicus:—

'. . . nec amoena retentant
Algida, nec juxta Junonis tecta Gabinae.'

—'*Punic*,' xii. 536.

'The temple (the cell of which remains almost entire, but rent in certain parts apparently by lightning) is built of rectangular blocks of peperino. It has the same aspect as that of Diana at Aricia; that is, the wall of the posticum is prolonged beyond the cella, to the width of the portico on each side; "Columnis adjectis dextrâ et sinistrâ ad humeros pronâi."¹ The number of columns could scarcely be less than six in front; those of the flanks have not been decided. The columns were fluted, and of peperino, like the rest of the building; but it might perhaps be hazardous to assign them to a very remote period. The pavement is a mosaic of large white tesserae.'—*Sir W. Gell*.

'The form of this temple was almost identical with that at Aricia. The interior of the cella was twenty-seven feet wide, and forty-five feet long. It had columns of the Doric order in front and at the sides, but none at the back. The surrounding area was about fifty-four feet at the sides, but in front a space of only eight feet was left open, in consequence of the position of the theatre, which abutted closely upon the temple. On the eastern side of the cella are traces of the rooms in which the priest in charge of the temple lived.'—*Burn*, '*Rome and the Campagna*.'

From hence we look across the crater, once occupied by the lake,

¹ Vitruvius.

to **Castiglione**. There occurs no mention of the Lake of Gabii until the fifth century, when S. Primitivo was beheaded and thrown into it, and S. Exuperantius dragged out his body and buried it in a catacomb. Near the temple remains of semi-circular seats, perhaps indicating a *Theatre*, have been discovered, and nearer the high road it has become possible to trace the plan of the *Forum*, a work of imperial times, surrounded on three sides by porticoes, and adorned with statues.

These fragments, ill-defined and scattered at long intervals in the corn or rank weeds with which the Campagna is overgrown, are all that remains of Gabii. Above these stand out the remains of the Church of **S. Primitivo** with a separate Campanile. The church is built on earlier foundations. In the Apse is seen very late opus reticulatum, and within it traces of fresco.

Virgil and Dionysius say that Gabii was a Latin colony of Alba. Solinus asserts that it was founded by two Sicilian brothers, Galatios and Bios, from whose united names that of the city was formed. Dionysius says that it was one of the largest and most populous of Latin cities. It seems to have been a sort of university of Latium, and Plutarch and Strabo narrate that Romulus and Remus were sent there to learn Greek and the use of arms. In the Papa Giulio Museum at Rome is to be seen a coffin made of the base of an oak-tree precisely similar to some found in 1903 in the Forum Sepulcretum, which was discovered at Gabii in 1888. In the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, Gabii gave refuge to exiles from Rome and other cities of Latium, and so aroused the hostility of the King.

‘Ultima Tarquinius Romanæ gentis habebat
Regna ; vir injustus, fortis ad arma tamen.
Ceperat hic alias, alias everterat urbes ;
Et Gabios turpi fecerat arte suos.’

—Ovid, ‘Fast.’ ii. 687.

‘The primeval greatness of Gabii is still apparent in the walls of the cell of the temple of Juno. Dionysius saw it yet more conspicuous in the ruins of the extensive walls, by which the city, standing in the plain, had been surrounded, and which had been demolished by a destroying conqueror, as well as in those of several buildings. It was one of the thirty Latin cities : but it scorned the determination of the confederacy—in which cities far from equal in power were equal in votes—to degrade themselves. Hence it began an obstinate war with Rome. The contending cities were only twelve miles apart ; and the country betwixt them endured all the evils of military ravages for years, no end of which was to be foreseen : for within their walls they were invincible.

‘But Sextus, the son of Tarquinius Superbus, pretended to rebel. The king, whose anger appeared to have been provoked by his wanton insolence, condemned him to a disgraceful punishment, as if he had been the meanest of his subjects. He came to the Gabines under the mask of a fugitive. The bloody marks of his stripes, and still more the infatuation which comes over men doomed to perish, gained him belief and goodwill. At first he led a body of volunteers : then troops were trusted to his charge. Every enterprise succeeded ; for booty and soldiers were thrown in his way at certain appointed places ; and the deluded citizens raised the man, under whose command they promised themselves the pleasures of a successful war, to the dictatorship. The last step of his treachery was yet to come. None of the troops being hirelings, it was a hazardous venture to open a gate. Sextus sent to ask his father in what way he should deliver Gabii into his hands.

Tarquinius was in his garden when he received the messenger: he walked along in silence, striking off the heads of the tallest poppies with his stick, and dismissed the man without an answer. On this hint, Sextus put to death, or by means of false charges banished, such of the Gabines as were able to oppose him. By distributing their fortunes he purchased partisans among the lowest class; and, acquiring the uncontested rule, brought the city to submit to his father.'—*Niebuhr*, '*History of Rome*,' i. 491.

The treaty concluded at this time between Rome and Gabii was preserved on a wooden shield covered with ox-hide, in the temple of Jupiter Fidius at Rome. It is evidently one of those alluded to by Horace as the—

'foedera regum
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,'

and which Dionysius tells us he had read in archaic language.

After the expulsion of the kings, Sextus Tarquinius took refuge at Gabii, where, according to Livy, he was murdered. But Gabii was one of the cities which combined in behalf of the Tarquins at the Lake Regillus. After that battle it became subject to Rome, and almost disappears from history for several centuries. It was so ruined and reduced after the Syllan wars that—

'. . . Gabios, Velosque, Coramque
Pulvere vix tectae poterunt monstrare ruinae.'
—*Lucan*, vii. 392.

'Scis Lebedus quid sit; Gabiis desertior atque
Fidenis vicus.'
—*Hor.* '*Ep.*' i. 11, 7.

'Quippe suburbanæ parva minus urbe Bovillæ;
Et, qui nunc nulli, maxima turba Gabi.'
—*Propert.* '*El.*' iv. 1.

'Hujus qui trahitur prætextam sumere mavis;
An Fidenarum Gabiorumque esse potestas?'
—*Juvenal.* '*Sat.*' x. 99.

'Quis timet, aut timuit gelida Præneste ruinam;
Aut positis nemorosa inter juga Volsiniis, aut
Simplicibus Gabiis.'
—*Juvenal.* '*Sat.*' iii. 190.

'. . . cum jam celebres notique poetæ
Balneolum Gabiis, Romæ conducere furnos
Temptarent.'
—*Juvenal.* '*Sat.*' vii. 3.

Cicero in the Oration, Pro. Plancio IX., mentions Gabii with Labicum and Bovillæ as being so depopulated as scarcely to be able to send any deputy to the Latin Festivals.

The Gabini had a peculiar mode of girding the toga, which gave more freedom to the limbs, and which was found useful when hurrying to battle from a sacrifice. Virgil alludes to it:—

'Ipse, Quirinali trabeâ cinctuque Gabino
Insignis, reserat stridentia limina consul.'
—*Aen.* vii. 612.

Under Tiberius the town knew a slight revival, which was increased under Hadrian, who adorned it with handsome public

buildings, colleges, and an aqueduct. In the first ages of Christianity it became the seat of a bishopric (a list of its bishops from A.D. 465 to 879 is given in Ughelli's *Italia Sacra*), but it was finally ruined when Astolphus ravaged the Campagna, at the head of 6000 Lombards. In A.D. 741 Cencio Camerarius mentions it as 'fundani Gabiis cum lacu' as church property. Gregory VII. gave it to the Monastery of S. Paolo fuori le Mura. It is only a mile's walk or ride from the Osteria del Osa (turning left) to the Castello del Osa or Collatia. Ponte Lucano can also easily be reached. The Lapis Gabinus, or local volcanic stone, was always prized as building material. It is a grey peperino composed of ashes and bits of lava, mica, and lime. It resists the action of fire.

Continuing along the Via Prenestina, long tracts of the ancient pavement become visible. This is most perfect at *Cavamonte* (seven miles beyond Gabii), where the road passes through a deep cutting in the rocks which guard the valley of Gallicano. The cliffs on either side of the road reach a height of 70 feet, and are picturesquely overhung with shrubs and ivy. After passing through Cavamonte, the Via Prenestina ascends toward Palestrina by the Convent of Buon Pastore.

On the left of the road (six kilomètres from Zagarolo) is the village of **Gallicano** (Locanda Angelo Minelli), supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Pedum, whose name is familiar to readers of Horace from the epistle to Albius Tibullus, the Poet, who possessed a good property there.

'Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide iudex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?'
—*Ep. i. iv.*

Here may be traced remains of an amphitheatre.

The present name is derived from Òvinus Gallicanus, Prefect of Rome in the time of Constantine, who was afterwards canonised for his charities, and in whose honour the Hospital in the Trastevere was dedicated. The place was formerly a fief of the Colonna, and now gives a title to the Rospigliosi.

'The towns of Scaptia, Ortona, and Querquetula lay somewhere in this neighbourhood. Scaptia was one of the cities which conspired to restore the Tarquins to the Roman throne. It gave a name to one of the tribes at Rome, but in Pliny's time had fallen entirely into ruins. The site of Passerano has been fixed upon as the representative of Scaptia by most modern topographers. But this opinion rests upon a false reading in Festus, and must be rejected. Ortona lay on the frontier, between the Latins and Aquinians, but belonged to the Latins. It seems to have been near Corbio, and on the further side of Mount Algidus. The site of Querquetula is entirely unknown. Gell and Nibby place it at Corcolle, arguing from the similarity of the name. Corcolle is four miles from Gallicano, and six from Zagarolo, at a point where there is an artificial dyke separating a small hill from the neighbouring plateau. There are traces of ancient roads converging to this spot from Praeneste, Castellaccio, and Gallicano.'—*Burn, 'Rome and the Campagna.'*

Three kilomètres NE. toward S. Vittorino, crossing a deep Fossa, into which we descend opposite S. Gregorio, is found **Ponte Lupo**, a magnificent construction of Claudius, which carried the Claudia,

and Anio Novus, and Vetus, and Aqua Marcia. The streamlet called Aqua Rossa flows under it. The two arches are of opus quadratum: and the height of the Ponte is 75 feet with an extreme width of 400. There is a group of reed-huts along the summit which can be reached by a path on the side of the cliff. The entire scene so shut away in the silence and sunshine of the Campagna is very impressive.

San Vittorino, a mile farther, and across another Fossa, occupies a ridge between two valleys, and displays picturesquely two mediaeval towers overlooking its steep olive slopes. The Barberini Bees are seen above its gate. We may pass through it and descend into the farther valley or fossa on our way to Ponte Lucano to catch the afternoon tramway back to Rome. The path is accompanied by silver-green prickly-pear and wild fig trees, and clouds of old man's beard over the olives and brambles. Sharp staccato notes of the small finches and tits are heard from the olive-yards. We presently pass by a tunnel and an ancient cutting, and so reach a road falling steeply to the plain. Later we notice some rock-chambers half-quarried away. At Casetta Bianca the rain begins to fall, and in the distance we see the Corniculani hills are being rapidly obscured by a storm. Moreover, the far off Albans on the other side, on our left, are sending forth lightnings. We pity the buffaloes harnessed to a cart which passes us. But as they are rather amphibious, they will appreciate the rain that will overtake them.

Zagarolo, 21 miles from Rome, will scarcely be made the object of an especial excursion, but may be visited by those who drive to Palestrina. It is a mediaeval town chiefly built by the Colonnese, in whose wars it was twice sacked, first by Boniface VIII. (1298), and afterwards by Cardinal Vitelleschi in the reign of Eugenius IV. (1436). It now gives a ducal title to the Rospigliosi. Many Roman antiquities found in the neighbourhood are built up into the walls and houses, and over the Roman gate is a seated statue of Jupiter. The commission for the revision of the Vulgate under Gregory XIV. met in the palace of Zagarolo.

CHAPTER IX

CERVERA, LUNGHEZZA, AND COLLATIA

(If not done by means of the railway it is a short and pleasant afternoon's drive to Cervara, but a day must be given to Lunghezza and Collatia, though, if visited on horseback or cycle, these may be combined with the ruins of Gabii.)

AFTER passing the Torre degli Schiavi, the road (Via Collatina) to Lunghezza turns off to the left. On our right at some distance stands Tor Sapienza, and behind it Tor di Tre Teste (7 kilos.); on the left we pass close to a fountain of the Acqua Vergine, which rises at Salone, not far off. We cross the railway to Tivoli. On the left is now seen the great castellated farm of the Borghese called *Cervelletta*, rising above the low marshy ground. The field-road which passes in front of the farther side of this castle, leads on a mile farther to another Campagna castle, **Cervara** (13th cent.), a picturesque red-brick tower with some farm buildings attached to it.

Close to this are the **Grotte di Cervara**, or caverns formed by quarrying tufo in ancient times. It is a strange place. Unconscious of any break in the grassy Campagna, you find yourself on the edge of a precipice, with narrow, miniature ravines yawning beneath in all directions till they emerge on meadow-land near the winding Anio. When you descend into these ravines, openings in the rocks lead on again into vast chambers, their roofs supported by pillars of natural red tufo, rising from a floor deep in sand, while long tresses of ivy, and laurustinus, wave in upon the gloom, whenever light streams in. One point is especially charming, where the Anio and the hills beyond it are seen through an arch of the natural rock.

On April 21, the birthday of Rome, these solitudes were enlivened until 1894 by the costume and revels of the *Festa degli Artisti*, which was worth seeing. Some historical scene, such as the triumph of Vitellius (as in 1870), was usually taken as the groundwork of a costumed procession—tournaments were held in a meadow near the Anio, wonderful cavalcades of Arabs in rich dresses ride waving their long spears through the Petra-like ravines, while a bellowing Dragon vomiting forth fire and smoke emerged from the caves, and was presently despatched by an imaginary S. George in the rock-girt hollow.

The aqueduct of Acqua Vergine accompanies us, being sometimes coincident with the Via Collatina.

About the fifth mile from Rome, the tall tower of **Rustica** beyond the railway (L.) looks over the swellings of the Campagna. According to Nibby this was the Ager Lucullanus. It was later the property of Aelius, father of the Emperor Lucius Verus, who was adopted by Hadrian as his successor. Rustica is most easily seen from the opposite side of the river, reached by the road to Tivoli, turning off to the right beyond Ponte Mammolo. Returning to the Via Collatina, between the sixth and seventh mile, a tolerable road leads us over the Campagna passing the Fossa di Ponte di Nona, until between the eighth and ninth mile, we take the left branch of the bifurcation and finally cross the rails again close to the Anio, which is here bordered with willows. The great castle or rather fortified farm of **Lunghezza** is seen on the opposite slope, backed by the purple peaks of Sabina. It is occupied as a village to-day. This was an ancient possession of the Strozzi family, but has lately been sold to the Duca di Grazioli. Here the Osa unites with the Anio.

‘C’est le bon plaisir des souverains pontifes qui a fait entrer quelques riches parvenus dans l’aristocratie romaine.

‘Un boulanger du nom de Grazioli fait une grande fortune, et le pape ordonne qu’il soit inscrit sur la liste du patriciat romain. Il achète une baronnie et le pape le fait baron. Il achète un duché et le voilà duc Grazioli. Son fils épouse une Lante de la Rovere.’—*About.*

Hither in their plight, under Boniface VIII., fled the Colonna cardinals and held council among themselves.

There is little remarkable about Lunghezza, except its picturesque situation, but some hours may be pleasantly spent in sketching on the river-bank lower down the valley.

A pleasant walk of about two miles up the stream of the Osa (turning to the left in descending from the Castle) leads along fields and through a wood, filled in spring with snowdrops, to the ruined **Castello dell’ Osa**, which occupies a declivity on the left of the stream.

It used to be disputed whether Castel dell’ Osa or **Lunghezza** is the site of the celebrated Collatia. Beneath the ruined castle near the Osa some fragments of ancient wall, in regular blocks, may be observed, and this was the only fact advanced in favour of its being the site of Lucretia’s home; but Sir W. Gell, rightly in favour of Lunghezza, drew attention to the existence of the Via Collatina, leading direct to Lunghezza, which would have been unnecessary had Collatia occupied a site such as Castel dell’ Osa, which is but two miles from Gabii, inasmuch as a slight turning from the Via Gabina would have led to it. Lunghezza also accords better than Castel dell’ Osa with the description of Virgil:—

‘Collatinas imponent montibus arces.’

—*Aen.* vi. 774

Virgil and Dionysius notice Collatia as a colony of Alba Longa. It was reduced into subjection to Rome in the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, who established a garrison there, and appointed his nephew



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CASTELLO. LUNGHEZZA



[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

PONTE ACQUORIA. TIVOLI

Egerius its governor, who forthwith took, and transmitted to his descendants, the name of Collatinus. His daughter-in-law, Lucretia, was residing here during the siege of Ardea, and thus Collatia became the scene of the events which led to the overthrow of the Roman monarchy.

'As the king's sons and their cousin L. Tarquinius were sitting over their cups at Ardea, a dispute arose about the virtue of their wives. This cousin, surnamed Collatinus, from Collatia, where he dwelt as a dependent prince, was the grandson of Aruns, the elder brother of the first Tarquinius, after whose death Lucumo removed to Rome. Nothing was doing in the field: so they straightway mounted their horses to visit their homes by surprise. At Rome, the princesses were revelling at a banquet, surrounded by flowers and wine. From thence the youths hastened to Collatia, where at that late hour of the night Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus, was spinning amid the circle of her handmaids.

'... The next day Sextus, the eldest of the king's sons, returned to Collatia, and, according to the rights of gentle hospitality, was lodged in his kinsman's house. At the dead of night he entered sword-in-hand into the matron's chamber, and by threatening that he would lay a slave with his throat cut beside her body, would pretend to have avenged her husband's honour, and would make her memory for ever loathsome to the object of her love, wrung from her what the fear of death could not obtain.

'Who, after Livy, can tell of Lucretia's despair? She besought her father and her husband to come to her, for that horrible things had taken place. Lucretius came, accompanied by P. Valerius, who afterwards gained the name of Publicola; Collatinus with the outcast Brutus. They found the disconsolate wife in a garb of mourning, sitting in a trance of sorrow. They heard the tale of the crime, and swore to avenge her. (Saying, "I am not guilty, yet must I too share the punishment, lest any should think that they may be false to their husbands and live," Lucretia drew a knife from her bosom, and stabbed herself to the heart.) Over the body of Lucretia, as over a victim, the vows of vengeance were renewed. Her avengers carried the corpse into the market-place of Collatia. The citizens renounced Tarquinius, and promised obedience to the deliverers. Their young men attended the funeral procession to Rome. With one voice the decree of the citizens deposed the last king from his throne, and pronounced sentence of banishment against him and his family.'—Niebuhr, *History of Rome*.'

Silius Italicus notices Collatia as the birthplace of the elder Brutus:—

'... altrix casti Collatia Bruti.'

—*Punic*, viii. 363.

In the time of Strabo¹ Collatia was little more than a village. It is only two miles from the ruins to Gabii, up the valley of the Osa.

Mr. Thomas Ashby writes:—

'The site is one peculiarly adapted for an ancient Latin town, and the position of the Arx is characteristic. The city walls, if such ever existed, may have been destroyed by time or by the hand of man, or the scarping of the cliffs may have been considered sufficient. As to Collatia, classical writers give us little information, and the identification is made with the help of the passages of Frontinus, which enable us to identify the road which leads direct to this place with the Via Collatina. Pliny enumerates it among the lost cities of Latium. There are no traces of any Roman villa, such as are often found upon the sites of ancient Latin towns: but these may have been obliterated by the construction of the castle.'—*Classical Topography of the Roman Campagna*, pp. 146-7.

¹ Lib. v. 3.

CHAPTER X

ANTEMNAE AND FIDENAE

(This is a short pleasant afternoon's drive. Pedestrians may vary the way by going first to the Acqua Acetosa (see *Walks in Rome*), and turning to the right across the hill of Antemnae to Ponte Salario.)

LEAVING the Porta Salaria, by which Alaric entered Rome (August 24, 410), the Via Salaria runs between the uninteresting walls of villas until, passing the catacombs of S. Priscilla, it reaches the brow of the hill overlooking the Tiber. Here, on the left, about two miles from the city, stands the green rock table, which was once the site of the 'Turrigerae Antemnae'¹ of Virgil, one of the many ancient towns of Latium.

'Antemnaque prisco
Crustumio prior.'

—*Silius Ital.*, 'Punic,' viii. 367.

'Not a tree—not a shrub on its turf-grown surface—not a house—not a ruin—not one stone upon another, to tell you the site had been inhabited. Yet here once stood Antemnae, the city of many towers. Not a trace remains above ground. Even the broken pottery, that infallible indicator of bygone civilisation, which marks the site and determines the limits of habitation on many a now desolate spot of classic ground, is here so overgrown with herbage that the eye of an antiquary would alone detect it. It is a site strong by nature, and well adapted for a city, as cities then were; for it is scarcely larger than the Palatine Hill, which, though at first it embraced the whole of Rome, was afterwards too small for a single palace. It has a peculiar interest as the site of one of the three cities of Sabina, whose daughters, ravished by the followers of Romulus, became the mothers of the Roman race.'²—*Dennis*.

'It would seem that the highest point nearest the road was the citadel; and the descent of two roads, now scarcely perceptible, one toward Fidenae and the bridge, and the other toward Rome, marks the site of a gate. On the other side of the knoll of the citadel is a cave, with signs of artificial cutting in the rock, being a sepulchre under the walls. There was evidently a gate also in the hollow which runs from the platform of the city to the junction of the Aniene and the Tiber, where there is now a little islet. Probably there was another gate toward the meadows, on the side of the Acqua Acetosa, and another opposite; and from these two gates, which the nature of the soil points out, one road must have run up a valley, tending in the direction of the original Palatium of Rome; and the other must have passed by a ferry toward Veii, up the valley near the present Torre di Quinto. It is not uninteresting to observe how a city, destroyed at a period previous to what is now called that of authentic history, should, without even one stone remaining, preserve indications of its former existence. From the height

¹ *Aen.* vii. 630.

² The other cities were Caecina and Crustumerium.

of Antemnae is a fine view of the field of battle between the Romans and the Fidenates, whence Tullus Hostilius despatched M. Horatius to destroy the city of Alba Longa. The isthmus, where the two roads from Palatium and Veii met, unites with the city a higher eminence, which may have been another citadel. The beauty of the situation is such, that it is impossible it should not have been selected as the site of a villa in the flourishing times of Rome.

'The spot is frequently adverted to in the early periods of history. Servius, Varro, and Festus agree that Antemnae was so called, "*quasi ante amnem posita*."'—*Gell.*

Just below the site of Antemnae the Via Salaria crossed the Anio by a fine bridge built by Narses in the sixth century upon the site of the **Ponte Salario**, where Manlius fought with the Gaul. This bridge was blown up during the panic caused by the approach of Garibaldi and the insurgents in 1867, and the ruins, which were of great interest, were destroyed in 1874. Beyond the ugly modern bridge is a mediaeval tower, *Torre Salaria*, built as usual upon a Roman tomb, which is itself used as an Osteria.

The Via Salaria now runs direct to Castel Giubbileo, passing Torre Serpentara and the site of Fidenae, above the road, with remains of rock-tombs. The scene of the battle which led to the destruction of Alba, was probably Prato Fiscale, beside the Anio.

'When the combat between the Horatii and Curiatii was agreed upon, the compact had been, that the nation whose champions should be victorious, was to command the obedience and service of the other: and the Albans fulfilled it. When Fidenae, however, having driven out or overpowered the Roman colonists, was defending itself with the help of the Veientes against Tullus and the Romans, in the battle that ensued, the Romans stood against the Veientes: on the right, over against the Fidenates, were the Albans under their dictator Mettius Fuffetius. Faithless, and yet irresolute, he drew them off from the conflict to the hills. The Etruscans, seeing that he did not keep his engagement, and suspecting that he meant to attack their flank, gave way, and fled along his line; when the twofold traitor fell upon them in their disorder, in the hope of cloaking his treachery. The Roman King feigned himself deceived. On the following day the two armies were summoned to receive their praises and rewards. The Albans came without their arms, were surrounded by the Roman troops, and heard the sentence of the inexorable King; that, as their dictator had broken his faith both to Rome and to the Etruscans, he should in like manner be torn in pieces by horses driven in opposite directions, while, as for themselves and their city, they should be removed to Rome, and Alba should be destroyed.'—*Niebuhr*, i. 349.

'On the same field was fought many a bloody fight between the Romans and Etruscans. Here, in the year of Rome 317, the Fidenates, with their allies of Veii and Falerii, were again defeated, and Lars Tolumnius, chief of the Veientes, was slain. And a few years later, Mamilius Aemilius and Cornelius Cossus, the heroes of the former fight, routed the same foes in the same plain, and captured the city of Fidenae. Here, too, Annibal seems to have pitched his camp when he marched from Capua to surprise the city.'—*Dennis*.

A low range of hills now skirts the road on the right. A mile away from the road to the right at about the third mile from Rome, a few crumbling bits of wall near some old bay-trees are pointed out as fragments of the **Villa of Phaon**, the freedman of Nero, where that emperor died. This is easily reached from Ponte Nomentano on the Via Nomentana.

'The Hundred Days of Nero were drawing rapidly to a close. He was no longer safe in the city. . . He would have thrown himself into the Tiber, but his courage failed him. He must have time, he said, and repose to collect his spirits for suicide, and his freedman Phaon at last offered him his villa in the suburbs, four miles from the city. In undress and barefooted, throwing a rough cloak over his shoulders, and a kerchief across his face, he glided through the doors, mounted a horse, and, attended by Sporus and three others, passed the city gates with the dawn of the summer morning. The Nomentane road led him beneath the wall of the praetorians, whom he might hear uttering curses against him, and pledging vows to Galba; and the early travellers from the country asked him as they met, *What news of Nero?* or remarked to one another, *These men are pursuing the tyrant.* Thunder and lightning, and a shock of earthquake, added horror to the moment. Nero's horse started at a dead body on the road-side, the kerchief fell from his face, and a praetorian passing by recognised and saluted him. At the fourth milestone the party quitted the highway, alighted from their horses, and scrambled on foot through a corn-brake, laying their own cloaks to tread on, to the rear of the promised villa. Phaon now desired Nero to crouch in a sand-pit hard by, while he contrived to open the drain from the bath-room, and so admit him unperceived; but he vowed he would not go *alive*, as he said, *under-ground*, and remained trembling beneath the wall. Taking water in his hand from a puddle, *This*, he said, *is the famous drink of Nero.* At last a hole was made, through which he crept on all fours into a narrow chamber of the house, and there threw himself on a pallet. The coarse bread that was offered him he could not eat, but swallowed a little tepid water. Still he lingered, his companions urging him to seek refuge, without delay, from the insults about to be heaped on him. He ordered them to dig a grave, and himself lay down to give the measure; he desired them to collect bits of marble to decorate his sepulchre, and prepare water to cleanse and wood to burn his corpse, sighing meanwhile, and muttering, *What an artist to perish!* Presently a slave of Phaon's brought papers from Rome, which Nero snatched from him, and read that the senate had proclaimed him an enemy, and decreed his death, *in the ancient fashion.* He asked what that was? and was informed that the culprit was stripped, his head placed in a fork, and his body smitten with a stick till death. Terrified at this announcement, he took two daggers from his bosom, tried their edge one after the other, and again laid them down, alleging that *the moment was not yet arrived.* Then he called on Sporus to commence his funeral lamentations; then he implored some of the party to set him the example; once and again he reproached himself with his own timidity. *Fie! Nero, fie!* he muttered in Greek, *Courage, man! come, rouse thee!* Suddenly was heard the trampling of horsemen, sent to seize the culprit alive. Then at last, with a verse of Homer hastily ejaculated, *Sound of swift-footed steeds strikes on my ears*, he placed a weapon to his breast, and the slave Epaphroditus drove it home. The blow was scarcely struck, when the centurion rushed in, and thrusting his cloak against the wound, pretended he was come to help him. The dying wretch could only murmur, *Too late*, and, *Is this your fidelity?* and expired with a horrid stare on his countenance. He had adjured his attendants to burn his body, and not let the foe bear off his head; and this was now allowed him: the corpse was consumed with haste and imperfectly, but at least without mutilation.'—**Merivale**, '*History of the Romans under the Empire*,' vii. 45.

Renan says :

Néron vit que tout était perdu. Son esprit faux ne lui suggérait que des idées grotesques : se revêtir d'habits de deuil, aller haranguer le peuple en cet accoutrement, employer toute sa puissance scénique pour exciter la compassion, et obtenir ainsi le pardon du passé, ou, faute de mieux, la préfecture de l'Égypte. Il écrivit son discours ; on lui fit remarquer qu'avant d'arriver au forum, il serait mis en pièces. Il se coucha : se réveillant au milieu de la nuit, il se trouva sans gardes ; on pillait déjà sa chambre. Il sort, frappe à diverses portes, personne ne répond. Il rentre, veut mourir, demande le mirmillon Spiculus, brillant tueur, une des célébrités de l'amphithéâtre.

Tout le monde s'écarte. Il sort de nouveau, erre seul dans les rues, va pour se jeter dans le Tibre, revient sur ses pas. Le monde semblait faire le vide autour de lui. Phaon, son affranchi, lui offrit alors pour asile sa villa située entre la voie Salaria et la voie Nomentane, vers la quatrième borne milliaire. Le malheureux, à peine vêtu, couvert d'un méchant manteau, monté sur un cheval misérable, le visage enveloppé pour n'être pas reconnu, partit accompagné de trois ou quatre de ses affranchis, parmi lesquels étaient Phaon, Sporus, Epaphrodite, son secrétaire. Il ne faisait pas encore jour ; en sortant par la porte Colline, il entendit au camp des prétoriens, près duquel il passait, les cris des soldats qui le maudissaient et proclamaient Galba. Un écart de son cheval, amené par la puanteur d'un cadavre jeté sur le chemin, le fit reconnaître. Il put cependant atteindre la villa de Phaon, en se glissant à plat ventre sous les broussailles et en se cachant derrière les roseaux.

« Son esprit drolatique, son argot de gamin ne l'abandonnèrent pas. On voulut le blottir dans un trou à Pouzzolane comme on en voit beaucoup en ces parages. Ce fut pour lui l'occasion d'un mot à effet ! "Quelle destinée," dit-il ; "aller vivant sous terre !" Ses réflexions étaient comme un feu roulant de citations classiques, entremêlées de lourdes plaisanteries d'un bobèche aux abois. Il avait sur chaque circonstance une réminiscence littéraire, une froide antithèse : "Celui qui autrefois était fier de sa suite nombreuse n'a plus maintenant que trois affranchis." Par moments, le souvenir de ses victimes lui revenait, mais n'aboutissait qu'à des figures de rhétorique, jamais à un acte moral de repentir. Le comédien survivait à tout. Sa situation n'était pour lui qu'un drame de plus, un drame qu'il avait répété. Se rappelant les rôles où il avait figuré des parricides, des princes réduits à l'état de mendiants, il remarquait que maintenant il jouait tout cela pour son compte, et chantonnait ce vers qu'un tragique avait mit dans la bouche d'Œdipe :

"Ma femme, ma mère, mon père,
Prononcent mon arrêt de mort."

Incapable d'une pensée sérieuse, il voulut qu'on creusât sa fosse à la taille de son corps, fit apporter des morceaux de marbre, de l'eau, du bois pour ses funérailles ; tout cela, pleurant et disant : "Quel artiste va mourir !"

« Le courrier de Phaon, cependant, apporte une dépêche ; Néron la lui arrache. Il lit que le sénat l'a déclaré ennemi public et l'a condamné à être puni "selon la vieille coutume."—"Quelle est cette coutume ?" demande-t-il. On lui répond que la tête du patient tout nu est engagée dans une fourche, qu'alors on le frappe de verges jusqu'à ce que la mort s'ensuive, puis que le corps est traîné par un croc et jeté dans le Tibre. Il frémit, prend deux poignards qu'il avait sur lui, en essuie la pointe, les resserre, disant que "l'heure fatale n'était pas encore venue." Il engageait Sporus à commencer sa nénie funèbre, essayait de nouveau de se tuer, ne pouvait. Sa gaucherie, cette espèce de talent qu'il avait pour faire vibrer faux toutes les fibres de l'âme, ce rire à la fois bête et infernal, cette balourdise prétentieuse qui fait ressembler sa vie entière aux miaulements d'un sabbat grotesque, atteignaient au sublime de la fadeur. Il ne pouvait réussir à se tuer. "N'y aura-t-il donc personne ici," demanda-t-il, "pour me donner l'exemple ?" Il redoublait de citations, se parlait en grec, saisait des bouts de vers. Tout-à-coup on entend le bruit du détachement de cavalerie qui vient pour le saisir vivant.

"Les pas des lourds chevaux me frappe les oreilles,"

dit-il. Epaphrodite alors pesa sur le poignard et le lui fit entrer dans la gorge. Le centurion arrive presque au même moment, veut arrêter le sang, cherche à faire croire qu'il vient le sauver. "Trop tard !" dit le mourant, dont les yeux sortaient de la tête et glaçaient d'horreur. "Voilà où en est la fidélité !" ajouta-t-il en expirant. Ce fut son meilleur trait comique. Néron laissant tomber une plainte mélancolique sur la méchanceté de son siècle, sur la disparition de la bonne foi et de la vertu ! . . . Applaudissons. Le drame est complet. Une seule fois, nature aux mille visages, tu as su trouver un acteur digne d'un pareil rôle."—*L'Antéchrist.*

The Villa Spada, at the fifth mile above the road (R.), is believed to have been the Arx of ancient **Fidenæ** of Etruscan origin.

Toward the river it is steep, but it is united by a kind of isthmus to the high table-land, where the rest of the city is supposed to have stood. Remains above ground are non-existent. Many inscribed pedestals were found near the railway line in 1889-90.

'Dionysius, who is generally an excellent antiquary, says that **Fidenæ** was an Alban colony, founded at the same time with Nomentum and Crustumium, the eldest of three emigrant brothers building Fidenæ. But it is evident that the great mass of the original inhabitants were Etruscans, for it appears, from Livy (lib. i. 27), that only a portion of the inhabitants "(ut qui coloni additi Romanis essent) Latine sciebant." The same author elsewhere relates, that when the Romans wanted a spy upon the Fidenates, they were obliged to employ a person who had been educated at Caere, and had learned the language and writing of Etruria: and in another place (lib. i. 15) he expressly says, "Fidenates quoque Etrusci fuerunt." The Fidenates were the constant allies of the Veientes, with whom they were probably connected by race.

"The city," says Dionysius, "was in its glory in the time of Romulus, by whom it was taken and colonised; the Fidenates having seized certain boats laden with corn by the Crustumini for the use of the Romans, as they passed down the Tiber under the walls of Fidenæ." Livy (lib. iv. 22) calls Fidenæ "*urbs alta et munita*;" and says, "*neque scalis capi poterat, neque in obsidione vis ulla erat.*"—*Gell.*

'Making the circuit of Castel Giubbileo, you are led round till you meet the road, where it issues from the hollow at the northern angle of the city. Besides the tombs which are found on both sides of the southern promontory of the city, there is a cave, running far into the rock, and branching off into several chambers and passages. Fidenæ, like Veii, is said to have been taken by a mine; and this cave might be supposed to indicate the spot, being subsequently enlarged into its present form, had not Livy stated that the *cuniculus* was on the opposite side of Fidenæ, where the cliffs were loftiest, and that it was carried into the Arx.

'The ruin of Fidenæ is as complete as that of Antemnæ. The hills on which it stood are now bare and desolate: the shepherd tends his flock on its slopes, or the plough furrows its bosom. Its walls have utterly disappeared; not one stone remains on another, and the broken pottery and the tombs around are the sole evidences of its existence. Yet, as Nibby observes, "few ancient cities, of which few or no vestiges remain, have had the good fortune to have their sites so well determined as Fidenæ." Its distance of forty stadia, or five miles, from Rome, mentioned by Dionysius, and its position relative to Veii, to the Tiber, and to the confluence of the Anio with that stream, as set forth by Livy, leave not a doubt of its true site.'—*Dennis.*

'When we climb the promontory of Castel Giubbileo, and look around, standing in the shelter of the old house, what a strange prospect opens before us! Once how full of life and conflict!—now, how entirely a prey to decay and solitude! At our feet the lordly Tiber winds, with many a sweeping curve, away to Rome, which bristles in the horizon with its domes and towers. It is hardly possible to imagine that two hundred thousand human beings are living and moving two leagues off. As we turn the eye northwards not a creature is seen, not a single habitation of man. Still, how memory peoples the waste! That stream, which, marking its devious valley with a line of bare wintry trees, enters the Tiber opposite to the marshy meadow under our feet, is the Cremera—name of fatal omen, and yet eloquent of heroic daring. On that stream the race of the Fabii, who had undertaken on their own account the war with the people of Veii, perished, all, to the number of 306, being cut off by an ambush of the enemy.

'Further to the right, another stream, more faintly marked, comes into the Tiber on the other side. That is (?) the Allia, a name of even more fatal sound; for on its banks took place that great defeat by the Gauls which issued in the taking of Rome.

'This scene surveyed, we descend again into the valley, and climb the

lower opposite hill, which was evidently the site of Fidenæ. Here, as in several other places in the Campagna, we find mysterious ranges of rock-caverns communicating with one another, and opening into vast halls, now the stalls of cattle. It would seem that this was Fidenæ. Yet, how should these holes represent a city? Whence issued the legions that met the legions of Rome? Where are the walls—where the materials of the houses? One ruin only appears containing anything like masonry, and that apparently of the Middle Ages. Were these caves, hewn in the tufa, the ancient city? Then were the inhabitants little more than savages: then were the narratives of the historians impossible and self-contradicting. The whole matter is wrapped in impenetrable darkness.’—*Dean Alford*.

Horace speaks of Fidenæ as if it was almost deserted in his time :—

‘Seis, Lebedus quid sit ; Gabiis desertior atque
Fidenis vicus . . .’

—*Epist.* I. 11, 7.

but in the reign of Tiberius it appears to have been a municipal town :—

‘Hujus qui trahitur praetextam sumere mavis ;
An Fidenarum, Gabiorumque esse potestas.’

—*Juvenal*, ‘*Sat.*’ x. 99.

and that its population was considerable is attested by the greatness of a public calamity (A.D. 27), due to jerry-building, which took place there.

‘The retirement of Tiberius was followed by a succession of public calamities. . . . A private speculator had undertaken, as a matter of profit, one of the magnificent public works, which in better times it was the privilege of the chief magistrates or candidates for the highest offices to construct for the sake of glory or influence. In erecting a vast wooden amphitheatre in the suburban city of Fidenæ, he had omitted the necessary precaution of securing a solid foundation ; and when the populace of Rome, unaccustomed, from the parsimony of Tiberius, to their favourite spectacles at home, were invited to the diversions of the opening day, which they attended in immense numbers, the mighty mass gave way under the pressure, and covered them in its ruins. Fifty thousand persons, or, according to a lower computation, not less than twenty thousand, men and women of all ranks, were killed or injured by this catastrophe.’—*Merivale*, ‘*History of the Romans*,’ ch. xiv.

At the sixth mile, rises an almost isolated hill, overlooking the valley of the Tiber, called **Castel Giubbileo**, from the farm-buildings crowning it, which were erected by Boniface VIII. with money raised in the year of the first Jubilee (1300).

Here the Tiber, making a bold bend, leaves the road and the railway for a while, On the R. Sette Bagni is passed, and a bridge across a Fossa brings us to **Malpasso**, near which have been found remains of early villas. This leads on to Casale Marcigliana, and the hilly, bare country in the neighbourhood of **Mentana** and Monte Rotondo.

CHAPTER XI

MENTANA AND MONTE ROTONDO

(This is a delightful day's excursion from Rome, and comprises much of interest. Train to Monte Rotondo. A carriage meets passengers and deposits them at the town (Locande, Umberto I., and dell' Olmo); whence may be examined Grotta Marozza with a mediæval tower, whence a descent on to the Via Nomentana will commence a fine walk in splendid scenery, 16 miles to **Bagni** station, on the Tivoli line.)

THE ancient road which led from Rome to **Nomentum** was called *Via Nomentana*. It issued from the city by the Servian wall gate, Porta Collina, and proceeded almost in a direct line to its destination. The modern road from Porta Pia nearly follows the Roman Way. It was on this side that the Italian troops approached Rome, on the day which so many patriotic spirits rightly regarded as the dawn of freedom for Rome.

'The blind, and the people in prison,
Souls without hope, without home,
How glad were they all that heard !
When the winged white flame of the word
Passed over men's dust, and stirred
Death ; for Italia was risen,
And risen her light upon Rome.

'The light of her sword in the gateway
Shone, an unquenchable flame,
Bloodless, a sword to release,
A light from the eyes of peace,
To bid grief utterly cease,
And the wrong of the old world straightway
Pass from the face of her fame :

'Hers, whom we turn to and cry on,
Italy, mother of men :
From the sight of the face of her glory,
At the sound of the storm of her story,
That the sanguine shadows and hoary
Should flee from the foot of the lion,
Lion-like, forth of his den.'

—*Swinburne, 'The Halt before Rome.'*

Below the basilica of S. Agnese we cross the Anio by **Ponte Nomentano**, occupying the site of the ancient bridge, but in itself mediæval (viii. and xv. cents.), with forked battlements. The green slopes beyond the bridge are regarded by some as those of **Mons Sacer**, where took place the famous secession of the Plebs, in B.C. 494, which extorted from the Patricians the concession to them of Tribunes who should represent the interests of the people. Others make claim for Mons Aventinus.

'The spot on which this great deliverance had been achieved became to the Romans what Ruunymede is to Englishmen: the top of the hill was left for ever unenclosed and consecrated, and an altar was built on it, and sacrifices offered to Jupiter, who strikes men with terror and again delivers them from their fear; because the commons had fled thither in fear, and were now returning in safety. So the hill was known for ever by the name of the Sacred Hill.'—*Arnold, 'History of Rome,'* i. 149.

Tombs are seen right and left. On the left the Strada delle Vigne Nuove leads direct to the Villa of Phaon and Vigna Chiari, the scene of Nero's suicide.

Passing **Coazzo** (with remains) and the tomb (Torraccio), known as Torre Nomentana, we reach, on the right (10 kil.), the disinterred Basilica of S. Alessandro, constructed with a catacomb of late third century. A little beyond this, at Capobianco, before passing the farm and Macchia Cesarina, the road divides. The sharp turn to the right passes on to a road (14 kil.) that leads to **Palombara**, a clean and picturesque town of the Sabina (4000 inhab.) once a fortress of the Savelli, but since 1637 belonging to the Borghese (now Torlonia), most beautifully situated between the Nomentana and Tiburtina at the foot of Monte Gennaro (3900 ft.).

Following, however (to left) the Via Nomentana, where the ancient pavement becomes very perfect, we reach (13 kil.) Case Nuove, and, about 15 kil. from Rome (on the left) is seen the fine mediaeval tower called *Torre Lupara*, built of alternate courses of brick and stone. The neighbouring hill is called **Monte Gentile** (425 ft.). It had a thirteenth-century Orsini stronghold on it once, and is one of the disputed sites of the Latin city of **Ficulea** or **Ficulnea**, which is frequently mentioned both by Livy and Dionysius in the early history of Rome. Gell speaks of the ground near Torre Lupara as 'strewn with tiles and pottery—one of the surest indications of an ancient settlement,' but these probably belonged to a villa of later times. It has been supposed by Nibby, from an inscription and bas-relief found near the farm Cesarina referring to a charitable institution of M. Aurelius and Faustina for 'Pueri et Puellae Alimentarii Ficolensium,' and from the expression '*Ficulea vetus*' used by Livy, and '*Ficelias veteres*' by Martial, that there may have been a second town called Ficulea, built in later times nearer the capital. But careful search of the locality has not yet discovered the site; which is claimed for two other spots. Ficulea was the seat of an early bishopric. It is said to have derived its name from the wild fig trees. In the acts of Pope Caius and S. Lawrence the Martyr it is called '*Civitas Figlina extra Portam Salariam.*' The Via Nomentana is sometimes spoken of as Via Ficulea (*Livius*, c. 52, Lib. iii.).

Beyond Monte Gentile, the road passes by Torre Mancini through oak woods, a contrast to the barer Campagna, until, when it first mounts up in sight of **Mentana**, it reaches the height which was the site of the battle, in which, Oct. 1867, the Papal troops, assisted by the French, defeated the Italians under Garibaldi. The headquarters of the latter were in the Vigna Santucci.

Some blocks of marble in the main street are the only remains of the ancient Latin town **Nomentum**, which is spoken of by Virgil and Dionysius as a colony from Alba. It was one of the thirty cities of the Latin League, and continued to flourish in the times of the Empire, when Seneca had a country house there, as well as Martial, who frequently refers to it in his poems, and contrasts its peaceful retirement with the vanities of Baiae and the more fashionable summer *villeggiature*.

‘Me Nomentani confirmant otia ruris,
Et casa jugeribus non onerosa suis,
Hoc mihi Baiani soles, mollisque Lucinus;
Hoc vestrae mihi sunt, Castrice, divitiae.
Quondam laudatas quocunque libebat ad undas
Currere, nec longas pertinuisse vias:
Nunc urbi vicina juvant, facilesque recessus,
Et satis est, pigro si licet esse mihi.’
—*Mart. ‘Ep.’ vi. 43, 3.*

‘Ergo Numae colles, et Nomentana relinquis
Otia nec retinent rusque focusque senem?’
—*x. 44.*

‘Cur saepe sicci parva rura Nomenti,
Laremque villae sordidum petam, quaeris?
Nec cogitandi, Sparse, nec quiescendi
In urbe locus est pauperi.’
—*xii. 57, 1.*

Martial likewise praises its wine, which is also extolled by Seneca and Pliny.

‘In Nomentanis, Ovidi, quod nascitur agris,
Acceptit quotiens tempora longa, merum,
Exiit annosa mores nomenque senecta,
Et, quidquid voluit, testa vocatur anus.’
—*i. 105.*

In the Middle Ages the place was once more called *Civitas Nomentana*, and was the seat of a bishopric (A.D. 450). Here, in A.D. 800, Leo III., accompanied by his clergy, the Senate, and all the Guilds of Rome, met Charlemagne, when he came to be crowned, and gave him a banquet. It was the birthplace of the great Consul Crescentius. Mentana was granted by Nicholas III. (1277–81), to his own family, the Orsini, by whom it was sold to the Peretti, whose arms still remain upon the walls of its fifteenth-century castle. The place now belongs to the Borghese.

The Via Nomentana proceeds toward Monte Libretti, passing—three miles beyond Mentana—*Grotta Marozza*, with a mediaeval castle on an eminence, believed by some to occupy the site of **Eretum**, which from its position on the frontier between the Latins and Sabines, was constantly the scene of warfare between the two peoples. It was never a place of much importance. Valerius Maximus speaks of it as ‘*Vicus Sabinae regionis*.’ A mile from Monte Rotondo the landscape widens and drops away to the plain, leaving to the view distant Soracte to the north, with a

beautiful silvery caravan of clouds; while in front rises grandly Monte Gennaro, streaked with gold and pale violet. The bells of Monte Rotondo resound faintly behind us, and far ahead the sheep-dogs are baying; while above in the caerulean, the sky-larks are singing.

It is two miles from Mentana to **Monte Rotondo**, also the site of a battle between the Papal troops and the Garibaldians. Here is a fine old castle built by the Barberini, on the site of a fortress of the Orsini, and now the property of the Buoncompagni. There is a wide and beautiful view from its summit. A road of two miles leads to the railway station in the valley, whence we may return to Rome by the *Via Salaria*.

One mile and a half from hence, near Fonte di Papa, the road crosses an insignificant brook, which has been held to coincide more than any other with the description which Livy gives of the fatal **Allia**.

‘*Aegre ad undecimum lapidem occursum est, qua flumen Allia Crustumini montibus praealto defluens alveo, haud multum infra viam Tiberino amni miscetur.*’

But opinion to-day is more in favour of a locality a mile above **C. Marcigliana**.

Here, then, or in the upland hollows, which are watered by the Bettina, the Romans experienced their great defeat by the Gauls under Brennus (B.C. 390), which led to the capture of the city, on July 18 (A.D. XV. Kal. Sextiles) called thenceforth *Dies Alliensis*, and regarded as so ill-omened that no business was transacted upon its anniversary.

‘*Haec est, in Fastis cui dat gravis Allia nomen.*’

—*Ovid*, ‘*Ibis*,’ 221.

‘*Quosque secans infaustum interluit Allia nomen.*’

—*Aen.* vii. 717.

‘*Damnata diu Romanis Allia fastis.*’

—*Lucan*, vii. 408.

At about 8½ miles from the city, we pass (**L.**) beneath extensive farm-buildings called **Marcigliana Vecchia**, which are believed to occupy the site of the town of **Crustumium**, though some archaeologists place it at Tor S. Giovanni, two miles to the left, where the two streams forming the Malpasso meet: thus considerably nearer the railway. In Pliny’s day there was no trace of it left. In any case, Livy says that the Tiber bank was the point of great slaughter of the left wing of the Romans.

Dionysius speaks of Crustumium also as an Alban colony sent out long before the building of Rome. The city was taken by Romulus again by Tarquinius Priscus, and once more during the Roman Republic, B.C. 499, after which it remained subject to Rome. In B.C. 477, occurred the ‘Crustumina Secessio,’ when the army which was being led by the Decemvirs against the Sabines deserted, and retreated to Crustumium. Virgil mentions the Crustumian pears, and Servius says that they were red only on one side.

CHAPTER XII

TIVOLI

(Reached by train from the **Central Station** ; or by steam-tramway at **Porta S. Lorenzo**, reached from the **Dogana** by tram.)

Tivoli, 18 miles distant, is the most attractive of all the places in the neighbourhood of Rome, and the one excursion which none should omit, even if they are only at Rome for a week. The excursion is made by the tram-railway from the **Porta S. Lorenzo**, by which there are four trains each way daily occupying an hour and three-quarters. The line follows the high road, or *Via Tiburtina*, so that everything is as well seen as from a carriage, but there is no great beauty on the way to Tivoli. Those who wish to visit Adrian's Villa may be set down by one tram at the station called **Villa Hadriana**, and go on to Tivoli, or return to Rome, by the next. The terminus is close to the gate of Tivoli and the Villa d'Este. Guides are quite unnecessary, except to save time. It is best to proceed direct through the town to the easily-seen Temple of the **Sibyl**, and then see the **cascades** (fee, 1 lira), the exquisite view of the Cascatelle, and finally the **Villa d'Este**. Those who are not strong enough for the whole round should see the Cascatelle and the Villa d'Este. The round which Tivoli guides and doukey-men take strangers, through the woods and underneath the waterfalls, is long, wasteful of time, and fatiguing. It is far best not to do Tivoli and the Villa Hadriana in the same day. There are two hotels at Tivoli, **La Regina** (in the town), which is comfortable, clean, and well furnished, but where it is necessary to come to a very strict agreement as to prices on arriving, and **La Sibylla**, far humbler, but not uncomfortable, and in the most attractive situation. In the former, guests are received *en pension* at 8 lire, at the latter at 6 lire a day. Those who stay long will find endless points of interest both in the place itself and the many excursions which may be made from it. In order to learn the topography of Tivoli easily, after leaving the station (railway) walk to the entrance to the Falls, and pass it and the bridge ; then turn to the right into *Via Sibylla* for the hotel of that name.

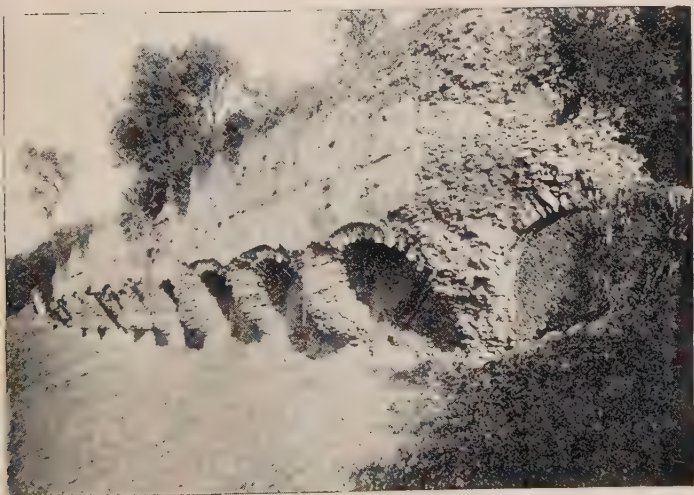
THE road from Rome to Tivoli follows the ancient *Via Tiburtina* for the greater part of its course, and leads through one of the least interesting parts of the Campagna. Issuing from the **Porta S. Lorenzo**, we pass the great basilica of the same name, and the **Campo Verano**, with its graves and cypresses, and descending into the valley of the Anio, we cross the river by a modern bridge, near the ancient **Ponte Mammolo**, which possibly took its name (*Pons Mammaeus*) from *Mammaea*, mother of Alexander Severus.

The little Teverone, or Anio, in which *Silvia*, the reputed mother of Romulus and Remus, exchanged her earthly life for that of a goddess, adds greatly to the charm of the Campagna. It rises near *Treba* (**Trevi**) in the Simbrivian hills, and flows through the gorges of Subiaco and the country of the Aequi until it forms the falls of



[Moscion &

VILLA D'ESTE. TIVOLI



[T. Ashby, Esq.

VILLA CASSIORUM
(near Tivoli)

Tivoli. After this stormy beginning it assumes a most peaceful character, gliding gently between deep banks, and usually marked along the brown reaches of the Campagna by its fringe of tender green willows. Silius calls it 'sulphureus,' from the sulphuretted hydrogen which is poured into it at one point by the springs of Albula (Bagni).

'Sulphureis gelidus qua serpit leniter undis
Ad genitorem Anio labens sine murmure Tybrim.'

—*Sil. Ital.* xii. 539.

On its way through the plain several historical brooks pour their waters into the Anio. Of these, the most remarkable are the Marrana, and the Osa, which flowed beneath the walls of Collatia (*Lunghezza*). Nibby says that 'anciently the Anio was navigable from the Ponte Lucano to its mouth.' Strabo mentions 'that the blocks of travertine from the quarries near Tibur (Cave di Barco), and of *lapis gabinus* from Gabii, were brought to Rome by means of it.' But in the dark ages the channel was neglected, and the navigation interrupted and abandoned. The course of the Acqua Marcia conduit can be traced by white points.

When we reach the dismal farm-buildings, which encircle the Osteria del Fornaccio, the caves of Cervara and the thirteenth-century towers of Rustica and Cervara are visible at no great distance, rising above the Campagna on the opposite bank of the Anio. There is nothing more of interest except, here and there, the pavement of the ancient road, till we pass, on the left, the ruins of the mediaeval Castel l' Arcione. Across the Campagna, on the left, near the Sabine mountains, the picturesque hills called Monti Corniculani may be seen, their three summits occupied by the villages of S. Angelo, Colle Cesi, and Monticelli; on the right we overlook the sites of Collatia (*Lunghezza*) and far off Gabii (Castiglione), and of other cities of the plain, whose exact positions are not yet identified. After traversing the site, not precisely ascertained, where Hannibal encamped, and leaving to the left the now drained Lago de' Tartari, a smell of sulphur announces the neighbourhood, about a mile distant on the left, of the lakes of the *Soifatara*, the *Aquae Albulae*, from which a canal, cut in 1549 by Cardinal d'Este, carries their rushing milk-white waters over the travertine bed toward the Anio.

'But now there spreads around us a region covered with a thick jungle of dwarf ilex and lentisk bushes, among which long-horned, semi-wild cattle wander, cropping the coarse twigs at will. This is that great bed of "Travertine" which has been here deposited during uncounted ages by the Anio itself, and over which, again, in parts is being deposited the overflow of the little sulphur lakes called *Aquae Albulae*, or *Bagni*; the narrow blue stream of which, confined to an artificial trench, can be now descried flowing in a long, narrow streak away from us westward toward the lower lands. In fact, the too powerful odour advertises us that we have reached that fourteenth mile on the ancient *Via Tiburtina*, of which Martial writes, "*Canaque sulphureis Albula fumat aquis*," though we have not, as apparently have some of our fellow-travellers from Rome, come either to drink or to bathe in these waters; albeit Strabo, and the Roman doctors of to-day with him, declare both these treatments to be most effectual. We are quite ready

to believe them. We have come to visit the great Quarries whence the Theatre of Marcellus, that of Balbus, and that of Pompey (probably) before them, and the everlasting Coliseum after them, derived their stone; and one must to these add the Bernini Colonnade of S. Peter's, in more recent days. For that was not fashioned from plundered antiquities.

'And for this purpose we now strike off to the right of the railway, and presently remark a low modern wall largely built up with fine polygonal lava paving-stones. Are we then in the vicinity of the ancient road along which Horace and Vopiscus, and hosts of important or illustrious people have travelled to or from the glorious villas at Tibur? Indeed, such is the case. The line of it, if we look carefully, is seen to be a little raised above the ground we are treading, and within a few feet of the said wall: and there, to be sure, is one of the classic milestones belonging to it, lying broken and prone beside it!

'The evidences only increase as we proceed. The concrete humps of masonry we meet with here and there are all that remains of marble-faced tombs. The grey crows that fly croaking over us, to a mediæval mind, might have been regarded as evil creatures, probably intimately connected with the tenants of these tombs. These are the only birds we encounter, save a flight of goldfinches that spring up from feeding, like a spray of jewels flying before us. But what are these rough, yet neat, little arches running along beside us? An aqueduct! Such it is. The now vanished conduit, or specus, once bore drinking water to supply the army of thirsty slaves that lived and hewed, and went blind and died, in the Quarries. For yonder where the land dips deeply one can now desery long artificial slicings of the stratum, forming terraces above terraces; and hark at the sound of the chipping! A rail runs down into the Quarries so as to bring away the blocks after they are dressed. And yet there are perhaps but two hundred men at work there, instead of thousands. Here the moderns prefer to cut; there, out beyond, are the ancient lines. And just beyond those rise three or four grass-covered hillocks, the biggest of which is some sixty feet in height. This is believed, owing to its being composed entirely of chips, to represent the quarrying for Vespasian's Amphitheatre, and it may well be the fact. The deep, sudden precipices made by these aforetime operations become doubly impressive when one considers the generation of human hard labour in servitude it must represent. Unwritten tragedy salutes us everywhere over this lovely land! And how easy it thus becomes to understand why during the Empire the great art of literary drama could not flourish! For who would go to see a tragedy on the stage when they could see the real thing going on day by day in the Coliseum, or in the Circuses? Every stone we brush by in a ruin, every marble we pick up in our walks, is consecrated by the fact that it has been worked out and brought from often remote overseas quarries, at infinite expense and by tragic labour of unregarded lives.

'When we leave the travertine quarries and their hillocks of ancient chippings, now so freshly embroidered with reviving herbs and grasses—a veil of tender poetry over that bitter servitude—we continue along the Via Tiburtina Antica, its ancient paving stones still occurring here and there, darkly spotting the low walls of neighbouring enclosures, against which occasionally struggles a Briarian prickly-pear, and from within which, securely and serenely, peeps an almond tree in full bloom, queen of the demesne. Beyond us but a few hundred yards, in all the glory of its orange and silver tints of time, rises the well-known circular turret-tomb of Plautius Lucanus; while, away to the right, and at a mile's distance, stand the dark cypress groups that flank the limits of **Hadrian's Villa**—all these being boldly relieved against the olive-sandalled hills which rise immediately behind them. But for a casual mounted "Buttero," or overseer, clad in goat-skins, cloak, and sombrero, and his gun across the saddle (much resembling a gaucho of the Pampas), we meet with no human being. But besides the whisper of the stone-pines now beside us, we catch the soft thunder of the distant falls at Tivoli.'

There are now three lakelets near Bagni. On the largest, the **Lago Isole delle Natanti**, are some floating islands formed by matted

weeds. The ruins near it, called Bagni della Regina, are supposed to have been the baths of beautiful Queen Zenobia of Palmyra during her semi-captivity at Tibur, A.D. 273. The two smaller lakes have the names of *Lago di S. Giovanni* and *Lago delle Colonnelle*.

Two miles beyond the canal is the **Ponte Lucano**, well known from engravings and by the beautiful picture by G. Poussin in the Doria Palace. Close beyond the bridge rises, embattled into a thirteenth-century tower, the massive circular tomb of the Plautii, built by M. Plautius Silvanus in B.C. 1, and long used by his descendants.

‘And this finds us at the Ponte Lucano, with its four arches spanning the swirling green Anio, and the sixteenth mile from Rome.

‘Apart from the fine inscriptions in front of the tomb, relating to various distinguished members of the Plautian Gens of the first century A.D., the swallow-tail battlements crowning it tell as clearly as is the case with its renowned rival on the Via Appia, that it was held in the thirteenth century as a fortress, defending the confines of Tivoli and the important bridge below it, against the Papal forces of Rome. For the people of Tibur revived their ancient hostility to Rome in mediæval days, and welcomed the Hohenstaufen Emperors within their gates. Barbarossa, Manfred, Conradin, and Dante’s ill-fated ideal Emperor, Henry VII., have all crossed this bridge, surrounded by bands of German knights and prelates, heavily-armed against all foes except deadly malaria, which then played a very commanding rôle in the politics of the Eternal City.

‘But we pass on toward the olive-shadowed mountain, on whose flank Tivoli is throned whitely above us: and soon the road takes a bold sweep round to our left, leading us past a miserable wayside den, on which is boldly painted, “*Osteria, con ottima cucina.*” Behind it flourish olive orchards; and flights of goldfinches are sporting there among the olives. “*Ottima cucina*” perhaps indirectly refers to such little birds and game-pics. Why cannot they read, and avoid? But a second glance at the tenement soon reassures one. The roof has fallen in, and the Apician delicacies of that spot, whatever they may have been, are no more.’

About a mile beyond the bridge a lane to the R. leads (1 mile) to the gates of the **Villa Adriana**. It is believed to have been ruined during the siege of Tibur by Totila. The chief interest of the ruins arose from their vast extent, the masterpieces found there, and from the lovely carpet of shrubs and flowers with which Nature surrounded them. In spring nothing can exceed the beauty of the violets and anemones here. Successive generations of antiquaries have occupied themselves with the nomenclature of the different masses of ruin, and they seldom agree: most travellers will consider such discussions of little consequence, and will rest satisfied in the knowledge that the so-called villa was once a stupendous eclectic conglomeration of beautiful buildings—a fancy-city.

‘The Villa at Tivoli stands out above everything that Hadrian created, and unlike anything else in the world, forms his most splendid monument. It cast into the shade Nero’s Golden House. He began to build his villa early in his reign, and went on with it until his death. It may be doubted whether the site he selected was happily chosen. . . . But he required a large even space. It stood on a gentle elevation well below Tibur, where the view on the one side was limited by high mountains, but on the other side extended to Rome and its majestic Campagna, as far as the sea. From the Ponte Lucano, near which it is conjectured was the main entrance to the villa, were to be seen for miles the wonderful pleasure-grounds stretching over hill and dale. The villa was as large as a city, and contained everything that makes a city beautiful and gay: the ordinary and the commonplace were

not to be found there. Gardens, fountains, groves, colonnades, shady corridors and cool domes, baths and lakes, basilicas, libraries, theatres, circuses, and temples of the Gods, shining with precious marble and filled with works of Art, were all gathered together round this Imperial Palace.

The large household, the stewards with their bands of slaves, the body-guard, the swarms of artists, singers and players, the ladies, and distinguished courtesans, the various priests, the men of science and poets, the friends and guests of Hadrian: these all composed the population of the villa; and this crowd of courtiers, idlers, and slaves had no other object but to cheer one single man who was weary of the world, to dispel his ennui by feasts of Dionysus, and to delude him into thinking that each day was an Olympian Festival. Hadrian here beguiled the time in the recollections of his Odysseus-like wanderings, for this villa was built according to his own design, was the copy and the reflection of the most beautiful things which he had admired in the world. The names of the buildings in Athens were given to special parts of the villa. The Lyceum, the Academy, the Prytaneum, the Poecile, even the vale of Tempe with the Peneus flowing through it, and indeed Elysium and Tartarus were all there. At a sign from the Emperor these groves, valleys, and halls, would become alive with the mythology of Olympus, swarms of Bicchantes might wander through the vale of Tempe, choruses of Euripides might be heard in the Greek Theatre, and in the sham fight the fleets would repeat the battle of Salamis. Hadrian might have written over the great gate of his villa "Magna Domus, parva quies." We do not know how often he stayed here: it was his favourite resort in his later years, and it was there that he dictated his memoirs to Phlegon. He possessed other beautiful houses at Preneste and Antium. He died at Baie, not in his villa at Tivoli. After his time the villa was more and more rarely inhabited by the Emperors, until it suffered the fate of all country-seats. Constantine was doubtless the first to plunder it in order to carry off its marbles and works of art to Byzantium. At the time of the Gothic wars it existed only as a desolate world of wonders: the warriors of Belisarius were the first to encamp in it, and then those of Totila. Its ruins in the middle ages were called Ancient Tivoli. . . . Antiquities were first looked for in the villa in the time of Alexander VI. (Borgia), when statues of the Muses were found. In the sixteenth century Pirro Ligorio made a plan of it. In 1871 the Italian Government took possession of it.—*Gregorovius*, 'Life of Hadrian' (M. Robinson), pp. 367-71.

'I went down to Adrian's Villa with exalted ideas of its extent, variety, and magnificence. On approaching it, I saw ruins overgrown with trees and bushes; I saw mixt-reticular walls stretching along the side of the hill, in all the confusion of a demolished town; but I saw no grandeur of elevation, no correspondence in the parts. I went on. The extent and its variety opened before me—baths, academies, porticos, a library, a *palestra*, a *hippodrome*, a menagerie, a *naumachia*, an aqueduct, theatres both Greek and Latin, temples for different rites, and every appurtenance suitable to an imperial seat. But its magnificence is gone: it is removed to the Vatican, it is scattered over Italy, it may be traced in France. Anywhere but at Tivoli you may look for the statues and *caryatides*, the columnus, the oriental marbles, and the mosaics, with which the villa was once adorned, or supported, or wainscoted, or floored.'—*Forsyth*.

The Villa, which has furnished columns for all the churches in Tivoli, and statues for all the museums of Rome, formed part of a large estate purchased by Pius VI., who planted the pine-trees. It became the property of his representative, Duke Braschi; and now belongs to the Italian Government.

Hadrian's villa (admission, 1 lira) should be visited on a bright day so as to obtain the values of all the beautiful contrasts it can offer, when the light-brown tufa walls show off their golden lichens, and through their embrasures gloom the dark gnarled trunks of

illex, while the sunshine sweeps down over these into the green hollows and glades, upon beds of anemone quivering in the breeze. Among the olive-avenues wild thickets occur over-canopied with bramble and honeysuckle, and below crimson with cyclamen; while golden-crested wrens will be singing in the trees above, or leaping from cypress to cypress. The 'passer solitarius,' or blue starling, haunts the ruins, and nests there. Above the rounded hills, perhaps, will linger elongated domes of silvery cloud: while, out beyond, Monte Gennaro shows his calm grey slopes that scarcely look solid through the diaphanous haze. Below him occurs a hollow break, and then the eye is gratified with the Monticelli crowned with their picturesque grey villages.

At Colle Faustini, which rises behind the Villa Adriana, to the south of Tivoli, some authorities place the site of the town of Aesula. The mountain of Tivoli divides into three portions: Ripoli, towards the town; Spaccato, in the centre; and Monte Affliano, at the southern extremity. Porphyry (says Gell) has accurately described the position of Aesula as on this southern extremity of the mountain of Tibur.

'Udum Tibur propter aquarum copiam. . . . Aesula, nomen urbis alterius in latere montis constitutae.'

'Aesulae
Declive contempleris arvum.'
—Horace, 'Od.' iii. 29, 6.

Monte Affliano was pierced by Domitian's engineer, Lucius Pomedius Festus, in connection with a reconstruction of the Claudian aqueduct. In gratitude for his success Festus rebuilt the temple of the Bona Dea on the summit of the hill. This became a church and monastery dedicated to S. Mary and S. Michael in 1130, remains of which lie in the thickets up there.

A winding road, constructed by the Braschi, leads up the hill from the Villa to Tivoli, through magnificent olive-groves, the silvery trunks of the old trees being caverned, loopholed, and twisted in every possible contortion.

'It is well to have seen and felt the olive-tree; to have loved it for Christ's sake, partly also for the helmed Wisdom's sake which was to the heathen in some sort as that nobler Wisdom which stood at God's right hand, when He founded the earth and established the heavens: to have loved it, even to the hoary dimness of its delicate foliage, subdued and faint of hue, as if the ashes of the Gethsemane agony had been cast upon it for ever; and to have traced, line by line, the gnarled writhing of its intricate branches, and the pointed petals of its light and narrow leaves, inlaid on the blue field of the sky, and the small rosy-white stars of its spring blossoming, and the beads of sable fruit scattered by autumn along its topmost boughs—the right, in Israel, of the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow,—and, more than all, the softness of the mantle, silver grey, and tender like the down on a bird's breast, with which, far away, it veils the undulation of the mountains.'—*Ruskin, 'Stones of Venice,'* iii. 176.

As we drive slowly up the ascent it may be pleasant to consider the history of Tibur, which claims to go back to remoter antiquity than that of Rome. Dionysius says that it was a city of the Siculi, and called Siculetum or Sicilio, and others that the original in-

habitants were expelled by Tiburtus, Coras, and Catillus, the three grandsons of Amphiaras, the king and prophet of Thebes, who flourished a century before the Trojan war. Tibur was named after the eldest of the brothers.

‘Tum gemini fratres Tiburtia moenia linquunt,
Fratris Tiburti dictam cognomine gentem,
Catillusque, acerque Coras, Argiva juvenus.’
—*Aen.* vii. 670.

Ovid thought it founded by the Greeks, long before Rome.

‘Jam moenia Tiburis udi
Stabant, Argolicae quod posuere manus.’
—*Ovid*, ‘*Fast.*’ iv. 71.

Horace tells his friend Varus to plant the vine.

‘Nullam, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem
Circa mite solum Tiburis, et moenia Catili.’
—*Horace*, ‘*Od.*’ I. xviii. 1.

‘Hic tua Tiburtes Faunos chelys et juvat ipsum
Alciden dictumque lyra majore Catillum.’
—*Statius*, *Silv.* i. 3, 99.

The inhabitants of Tibur frequently incurred the anger of Rome by assistance they gave to the Gauls during their inroads into Latium, and they were completely subdued by Camillus in B.C. 352. Ovid narrates how when they were requested to send back the Roman pipers, ‘tibicines,’ who had seceded to Tibur, having taken offence at an edict of the censors, they made them drunk, and sent them thus in carts to the Forum.

‘Exsilio mutant urbem, Tiburque recedunt !
—Exsilium quodam tempore Tibur erat !—
Quaeritur in scena cava tibia, quaeritur aris,
Ducit supremos naenia nulla choros.

‘Alliciunt somnos tempus motusque merumque,
Potaque se Tibur turba redire putat.
Jamque per Esquilias Romanam intraverat urbem ;
Et mane in medio planstra fuere foro.’

—*Fasti*, vi. 665.

The second line of this passage expresses the fact that Tibur was an asylum for Roman fugitives, a result of its never having been admitted to the Roman franchise.

In his Pontic Epistles, also, Ovid says :—

‘Quid referam veteres Romanae gentis, apud quos
Exsilibus tellus ultima Tibur erat ?’
—*Ex. Pont. Ep.* i. 3.

Brutus and Cassius are said to have fled thither after the murder of Caesar. Under the earlier emperors, Tibur was the favourite retreat of wealthy Romans—the Richmond of Rome—and, as such, it was celebrated by the poets. It was also the scene of the nominal imprisonment of Zenobia, the brave and handsome Queen of Palmyra, who lived here, after having appeared with golden manacles in the city-triumph of Aurelian. She was presented with

a beautiful villa by the gallant Emperor. 'Here the Syrian queen insensibly sunk into a Roman matron, her daughters married into noble families, and her race was not yet extinct in the fifth century.'¹ In an earlier age, Syphax, king of Numidia, died here 201 B.C., having been brought from Africa to adorn the triumph of Scipio. The town was surrendered by the Isaurian garrisons, which Belisarius had placed there, to the Goths under Totila, who both burnt and rebuilt it (A.D. 547). In the eighth century the name was changed to Tivoli. In the wars of the Guelfs and Ghibellines it bore a prominent part and was generally on the imperial side.

The sound of the falling waters was esteemed a cure for insomnia: from which both Maccenas and Augustus are known to have suffered, and the latter certainly visited Tibur. But modern poetry does not flatter the climate:—

'Tivoli di mal conforto,
O piove, o tira vento, o suona a morte.'

As we ascend the hill, its wonderful beauty becomes more striking at every turn.

Close to the Sta. Croce gate of the town (tramway station) on the right, is the picturesque five-towered **Castle**, built by Pius II. (1458–64) (Piccolomini), on the site of the amphitheatre. Not far, on our left, will be found the Villa D'Este and S. Maria Maggiore. If we enter Tivoli here, we must walk a quarter mile across the town by a street which leads to *the Hotel Regina* (Piazza del Plebiscito) and on to *the Sibylla*, in the narrow street called after it, which all artists will prefer, and which, we trust, never merited the description of George Sand:—

'L'affreuse auberge de la Sibylle, un vrai coupe-gorge de l'Opéra-Comique.'

It stands on the edge of a precipice, though no longer on—

'The green steep whence Anio leaps
In floods of snow-white foam.'
—*Macaulay*.

This is an almost isolated quarter of the town, occupying a distinct point of rock, called **Castro Vetere**, which is supposed to have been the *arx* or citadel of ancient Tibur—probably the Sicelion of Dionysius. Here, on the verge of the abyss, with coloured cloths hanging out over its parapet wall, as we have so often seen it in pictures, stands the beautiful little building which has been known for ages as the *Temple of the Sibyl*, but really that of Vesta. It was once encircled by eighteen Corinthian columns of travertine, and of these ten still remain. The ruined cella is of 'Opus Incertum.' It displays a niche for a statue, one of its windows, and a doorway. It was formerly used as a church. In its delicate form and rich orange colour, standing out against the opposite heights of Monte Sterparo, it is impossible to conceive anything more picturesque.

¹ Gibbon, ch. xi.

Close behind the circular temple (only ten feet distant from it) is a little oblong temple of travertine, with engaged Ionic columns, until lately (1885) the Church of S. Giorgio. Those who contend that the circular temple was dedicated to Vesta, call this the Temple of the Sibyl (Albunea); others say it is the Temple of Tiburtus, the founder of the city. We know from Lactantius that the tenth and last of the Sibyls, whose name was Albunea, was worshipped at Tivoli, and her temple seems to be coupled by the poets with a shrine of Tiburtus above the Anio.

Close to the temples an iron gate will admit visitors ($\frac{1}{2}$ lira) into the beautiful descending walks (**Falls**) begun by General Miollis, and finished under the Papal Government. Those who are not equal to a long round, should not enter upon these, and in taking a local guide (*tariff 2 lire, to include Grotte and Villa d'Este. Carriages for Villa Hadriana must be bargained for*) it should be recollected that there is scarcely the slightest ground for anything they say, and that the names they give to villas and temples are generally convenient inventions.

The walks, however, are charming, and lead by gradual descent to the caves called the *Grottoes of Neptune and the Sirens*, into the chasm beneath which the Anio fell magnificently until 1826,¹ when an inundation occurred which carried away a church and twenty-six houses. This led the Papal Government, in 1834, to divert the course of the river, and to open a new artificial cascade, 320 feet high, in order to prevent the temples from being carried away also. The Anio at Tivoli, as the Velino at Terni, possesses extraordinary petrifying properties, and the mass of stalactites and petrified vegetation hanging everywhere from the rocks adds greatly to their picturesqueness.

'Above the cold deep dell into which you dive to see the mysteries of Anio's urn, raised high on a pedestal of sharply-cut rock and seated as on a throne of velvet verdure, towers, like a pinnacle projected on the deep blue sky, the graceful temple of the Sibyl, that most exquisite specimen of art crowning nature, in perfect harmony of beauties.'—*Cardinal Wiseman*.

The small ruins of two Roman bridges were rendered visible when the course of the river was changed, and by one of these the ancient **Via Valeria** passed. Ascending again the upper road beyond the falls, guides, on no authority whatever, point out some ruins as those of the Villa of Vopiscus, a poet of the time of Domitian. That he owned a property at Tibur we know from the verses of Statius, who has left a pleasant account of the villa of his friend. His grounds appear to have extended on both sides of the river. But Tibur owned over a hundred villas.

We now follow round the base of Monte Catillo passing under the railway bridge and thence past S. Antonio to the point opposite the Cascatelle, which is known to have borne the name of Quintiliolo in the tenth century, and where a little church is still called **La**

¹ This fall, though natural, was itself the result of an inundation in A.D. 105, which is recorded by Pliny the Younger (*Ep.* viii. 17).

Madonna di Quintiliolo. It is practically certain this name derives from Quintilius Varus, the loser of the Augustan legions, and that his villa, mentioned by Horace¹ as near the town, is the vast one on three terraces, in this immediate neighbourhood.

Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the views from the road (*viâ delle Cascatelle*), which leads from Tivoli by the priory chapel and villino of S. Antonio to this church. On the opposite height climbs the town with its classic temples, its old brown-tiled houses and towered churches, clinging to the edge of the cliffs, which are overhung with luxuriant vegetation; and beyond, beneath the piles of building on the site formerly known as the Villa of Maccenas, the noisy cataracts of the Cascatelle leap forth beneath the old masonry, and sparkle and dance and foam through the green—and all this is only foreground to vast distances of dreamy campagna (seen through the gnarled hoary stems of veteran olive-trees)—hued with every delicate tint of emerald and amethyst, and melting into palest sapphire, where the solitary dome of S. Peter's guards the horizon.

And the beauty is not confined to the views alone. Each turn of the winding road forms a picture: deep ravines of solemn olives that waken into silver light as the wind lifts their leaves—old convents and chapels recessed in shady nooks on the mountain-side—thickets of laurustinus, roses, genista, and the lovely styrax—banks of lilies and hyacinths, anemones and violets—grand masses of grey rock, up which white-bearded goats scramble to nibble myrtle and rosemary or wild asparagus, knocking down showers of the red earth—and a road, with stone seats, winding along the flank of the hill through a constant diorama of loveliness, peopled by groups of peasants returning from work, singing wild nasal canzonetti which echo in the hills, or by women washing at way-side fountains, or marching, with brazen *conche* poised upon their heads, like stately goddesses!

'The pencil only can describe Tivoli; and though, unlike other scenes, the beauty of which is generally exaggerated in pictures, no representation has done justice to it, it is yet impossible that some part of its peculiar charms should not be transferred upon the canvas. It almost seems as if Nature herself had turned painter when she formed this beautiful and perfect composition.'—*Eaton, 'Rome.'*

Far below Quintiliolo, easily reached by a good winding path through grand old olive-woods, is **Ponte dell' Acquoria**—'the bridge of the golden water,' so called from a beautiful spring which rises near it. It is a single arch of travertine, crossed by the ancient Via Tiburtina. This probably dates back to the first century, and the limpid golden-gleaming waters that flow beneath it help to bring out its beauty. Adjoining it are remains of a brick continuation of the bridge, belonging to the second or third century. It is at first thought difficult to understand why brick was used in a land of travertine; but we remember that the greatest of brick-

¹ *Carm.* i. 18.

builders, Hadrian, had been unusually energetic in the neighbourhood before this restoration or expansion of the bridge was made. We may have, while admiring the scene, to take refuge in a green salad-garden beside the rivulet in order to let a small herd of long-horned iron-grey cattle pass by on their way to the daily drink in the river-bed beyond. They are quite gentle beasts; but their horns have an imposing spread not convenient on this narrow bridge.

Passengers now cross the Anio by a wooden bridge, and ascend the Clivus Tiburtinus to Tivoli on the other side. Much of the ancient pavement remains. On the right of the road in a vineyard is the small circular octagonal-domed building, somewhat resembling the Nymphaeum called Minerva Medica at Rome, and named by local antiquaries *Il Tempio della Tosse*, or 'The Temple of Cough'; but with much more likelihood attributable to the sepulchre of the Turcia family, one of the members of which, Lucius Arterius Turcius, is shown by an inscription to have repaired the neighbouring road in the time of Constans. In the interior are some remains of frescoes, which indicate that this was once used as a Christian church. It was possibly a nymphaeum, like the above-mentioned building.

The *Via Constantina*, which leads into the town from the Ponte Lucano, falls into the *Via Tiburtina* near this. An inscription of Constantius and Constans records how the Roman Senate and people levelled the Clivus Tiburtinus.

On the brow of the hill, we may now visit the immense ruins formerly called *The Villa of Maecenas*, though there is no reason whatever to suppose that it was a villa, or even that he had a villa at Tibur at all. The idea was started by Ligorio when building Villa d'Este.

'It was an immense quadrilateral edifice, 637½ feet long, and 450 broad, surrounded on three sides by sumptuous porticoes. The fourth side, or that which looks toward Rome, which is one of the long sides, had a theatre in the middle of it, with a hall or saloon on each side. The porticoes are arched, and adorned on the side towards the area with half-columns of the Doric order. Behind is a series of chambers. An oblong tumulus now marks the site of the house, or, according to Nibby (who regards it as the temple of Hercules), of the Cella. The pillars were of travertine, and of a beautiful Ionic order. One of them existed on the ruins as late as 1812. This immense building intercepted the ancient road, for which, as appears from an inscription preserved in the Vatican, a vault or tunnel was constructed, part of which is still extant. Hence it gave name to the *Porta Seura* or *Obscura*, mentioned in the Bull of Benedict, which it continued to bear at least as late as the fifteenth century.'—*Smith, 'Dictionary of Roman and Greek Geography.'*

The site called the Villa of Maecenas is the only one in Tivoli which at all corresponds with the allusions in the poets to the Heracleum, or Temple of Hercules, which was of such a size as to be quoted, with the waterfall, by Strabo as a characteristic feature of Tivoli, just as the great Temple of Fortune was the distinguishing feature of Praeneste. It contained a library, and had an oracle, which answered by '*sortes*' (or lots) like that of Praeneste. Augustus, when at Tibur, sometimes administered justice in the portico of the Temple of Hercules. The electrical works now occupy the site, in the making of which were found endless votive

offerings in terra-cotta, as well as many inscribed pedestals belonging to the Hall of the Guild of the Augustales and the porticus, or colonnade pertaining to it. To trace all the poetical allusions to it would be endless: here are a few of them:—

‘Curva te in Herculeum deportant cessa Tibur.’

—*Propertius*, ii. 32.

‘Tibur in Herculeum migravit nigra Lycoris.’

—*Martial*, iv. 62.

‘Venit in Herculeos colles. Quid Tiberis alti
Aura valet!’

—*Mart.* vii. 13.

‘Nec mihi plus Nemeæ priscumque habitabitur Argos,
Nec Tiburna domus, solisque cubilia Gades.’

—*Stat. Silv.* iii. 1. 182.

‘Quosque sub Herculeis taciturno flumine muris
Pomifera arva creant Anienicolæ Catilli.’

—*Sil. Ital.* iv. 224.

We re-enter the town by a gate with swallow-tailed battlements (Pta. del Colle), near which are curious mediæval houses, one with a beautiful outside loggia (by Vicolo Leoncini). Passing up the steep street called Via di S. Valerio, where copper-smiths abound, we pass a picturesque archway covered with cactus, and a thirteenth-century tower, and so reach a little square (Piazza del Olmo), one side of which is occupied by the **Cathedral of S. Lorenzo** (rebuilt 1635), a picturesque building containing four bays, with a good rose-window. Behind the choir is a noble *cella* (of opus incertum) of the age of Augustus, which antiquaries have referred to the temple of Hercules Saxana. In the bold apse (behind the modern one) is seen the square-headed niche for the statue.

The **2nd Chapel (R.)** has columns of marmor Celticum.

The **3rd** has an altar-front of Pietra-dura. In the **Sacristy** are two columns of ‘Cipollino,’ and a fragment of ‘opus Cosmatescum,’ adorns the Piscina.

In order to visit the **Villa d’Este** (where we are admitted on ringing a bell), if we have come by the tramway, we have merely to keep to the left within the Porta S. Croce, to reach the Piazza di **S. Maria Maggiore**,¹ or follow **Via degli Estense**, and we are at the entrance. Crossing a courtyard, and descending a long vaulted passage, we are allowed to enter and wander about in one of the grandest and most impressive terraced gardens in the world. The villa itself, built in 1549, by Pirro Ligorio, for Cardinal Ippolito d’Este, son of Alfonso II., Duke of Ferrara, is stately and imposing in its vast forms, bold outlines, and deeply-projecting cornices. Within, it is decorated by frescoes of the Zuccari, and Muziano. Beneath it runs a broad terrace (formerly haunted by Liszt), ending in an archway, which none but an artist would have placed where it stands, in glorious relief against the soft distances of the many-hued Campagna. Beneath the twisted gentle staircases which lead down from this terrace, fountains jet forth silvery spray on each succeeding

¹ Door, pavement and rose-window, xiv. c.

level against the dark green of the lofty cypresses, which line the main avenue of the garden, and which also, interspersed with the verdure of acacia and Judas-trees, snowy or crimson with flowers, stand in groups on the hill-side, with the old churches of Tivoli and the heights of Monte Catillo seen between and beyond them. The fountains at the sides of the garden are colossal, like everything else here, and overgrown with maidenhair fern. Water glitters everywhere along stone channels running through the dark arcades of foliage. Flowers there are few, except the masses of roses, guelder roses, and violets, which grow and blossom where they will. The villa now belongs to the Austrian descendants of its founder.

Here for many years lived Cardinal Hohenlohe who, until his suspicious death, used to draw around him such delightful guests as the Abbe Liszt, whose music has resounded over the terrace-gardens, summer after summer; Ezekiel, the sculptor, and Giacomo Boni.

In Via del Trevio (75, on left) will be seen a very lovely biforate French-gothic window between renaissance pilaster-jambs. In the crown of it are seen the Colonna arms.

Outside the Porta S. Croce are the old Jesuits' College, with its charming terrace called *La Veduta*, and the *Villa Braschi*, passing through the cellar of which, the aqueduct of the Anio Novus may be seen. Some disappointment will be felt at the extreme uncertainty which hangs over the homes of the poets at Tivoli, especially over that of Horace, which rose near a grove of Tiburnus; but although the actual ruins pointed out to us by the craft and subtlety of Ciceroni may not have belonged to them, there is so much of which they tell us that remains unchanged, the luxuriant woods, the resounding Anio, the thymy uplands, that the very atmosphere is alive with their verses; and amid such soul-inspiring loveliness, one cannot wonder that Tibur was beloved by them.

'Mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet.'

—*Horace*, 'Ep.' i. 7. 44.

But the poet nowhere says that he had a house here.

'Vester, Camoenae, vester in arduos
Tollor Sabinos: seu mihi frigidum
Praeneste, seu Tibur supinum,
Seu liquidæ placuere Baiae.'

—*Carm.* iii. 4, 21.

'... Ego, apis Matinae
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.'

—*Carm.* iv. 2, 27.

'Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt,
Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
Fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.'

—*Carm.* iv. 3, 10.

Catullus had a villa here on the boundary between the Sabine and Tiburtine territories, but which he chose to consider in the latter, while his friends, if they wished to tease him, said it was Sabine:—

‘O funde noster, seu Sabine, seu Tiburs
(Nam te esse Tiburtem autumant, quibus non est
Cordi Catullum laedere : at quibus cordist,
Quovis Sabinum pignore esse contendunt),
Sed seu Sabine sive verius ‘Tiburs,
Fui libenter in tua suburbana
Villa malamque pectoris expuli tussim.’

—*Carm.* xliv. 1.

It cured him of gastric catarrh.

Here also was born and lived ‘Cynthia,’ whose real name was Hostia, the beloved of Propertius, who did not hesitate to test his devotion by summoning him to face the dangers of the road from Rome to Tibur at midnight.

‘Nox media, et dominae mihi venit epistola nostrae,
Tibure me missa jussit adesse mora ;
Candida qua geminas ostendunt culmina turres,
Et cadit in patulos lympa Aniena lacus.’

—*Prop.* iii. 16.

And here she died and was buried, and her spirit, appearing to her lover, besought him to take care of her grave.

‘Pelle hederam tumulo, mihi quae pugnante corymbo
Mollia contortis alligat ossa comis,
Pomosis Anio qua spumifer incubat arvis,
Et nunquam Herculeo numine pallet ebur.
Hic carmen media dignum me scribe columna,
Sed breve, quod currens vector ab urbe legat :
Hic Tiburtina jacet aurea Cynthia terra :
Accessit ripae laus, Aniense, tuae.’

—iv. 7.

Beyond the Porta S. Croce is the suburb **Carciano**, a corruption perhaps, from Cassianum, its name in the tenth century from the villa of the gens Cassia, of which there are considerable remains in the olive woods below the Greek College. From the excavations made here in the reign of Pius VI. many of the finest statues in the Vatican were obtained, especially those in the Hall of the Muses.

Painters, and all who stay long enough at Tivoli, should not fail to visit the picturesque ruins of the Marcian and Claudian aqueducts up the valley beyond the Porta S. Giovanni. Delightful excursions may also be made to Subiaco, to S. Cosimato and Licenza, to Monte Gennaro, Monticelli, and Palombara. A pleasant road leads by the old castle of **Passerano** (8 kilos.) and Zagarolo to Palestrina.

Passerano (ancient Scaptia ?) crowns a ridge of wood abounding in wild-flowers (anemone Apennina, &c.), and besides a few cottages, has the ruins of a XV. cent. castle built on to the fortress or acropolis of the first (opus reticulatum). On the N. side may be found opus quadratum. It belonged to the Colonesi, whose arms are seen

upon the western tower. The famous Senator Brancalone, who defied the nobles of Rome and threw down one hundred and forty of their towers, was imprisoned here, and badly treated (1255), though he survived.

‘Perhaps we shall have to pay more heavily than we anticipated for the privileges allowed us by the weather both during January and ever since then! The last month of the ancient Roman year, however, in Italy is apt to behave like our own native “Fill-dyke.” And this reminds us that in the region to which to-day’s excursion should take us in olden times we should upon this particular day have found the country-folk celebrating their festival of the God Terminus—him who presided over the landmarks; and we should have seen some of the boundary-stones standing up among the vivid green wheat, sprinkled with the bright blood of a fresh-slain sacrificial lamb, and a little farther on would have heard strange hymns of praise and not too quiet feastings in honour of that divinity. Such casual musings have come upon us, however, sitting in the train which is to take us out to Bagni in the direction of those ever-beautiful hills so beloved of Horace, Mezenas, and Hadrian. The elaborate Italian precautions for starting a mere train have just sounded in rapid succession; “Pronto,” at the top of the voice, followed by a virile blast on a cow’s horn, and finally a wild scream from the engine whistle and presently we are off, gliding past the graceful nymphaeum of Gallienus (called “Minerva Medica”) that once adorned his family (Liciniani) gardens, past the mighty Porta Maggiore, and so out again to the Campagna by the great colony of ever-increasing white tombs in the Campo Verano, beneath its forest of mourning cypresses and the tower of San Lorenzo; and, so, from afar off, we obtain a free view of lofty Monte Gennaro sweeping boldly down to the foot-hills crowned with the dirty but picturesque villages of S. Angelo and Monticelio on the left; and on the right by many a rocky ridge of treeless limestone, towards ancient Tivoli, throned like a hoary monarch above a prosperous realm of patriarchal olives.’

After leaving Ponte Lucano walkers, not bound for Villa Hadriana, are recommended to turn off sharp to the left just before the Tramway Station of Villa Hadriana is reached, in order to visit the terraces of the great and picturesque Villa of Quintilius Varus. The walk dull at first for half a mile, then becomes fascinating. No guides needed.

‘The “roar of waters from the headlong height” now becomes majestic; for, though the falls are at some distance, and are not actually visible to us, owing to the contour of the cliffs, we have turned into the ascending vale of the Anio, which we shall again cross presently by the Ponte Acquoria; while below us, at some fifty feet, that river rushes along down its many-winding channels to find its way out to the broad Campagna. On both sides of it, the rich olive woods, rising steeply, seem to enjoy the music of its motion, and display to us the silvery undersides of their leaves—an effect of beauty in this tree which no Roman can appreciate. A slight incline now carries us on, still by the ancient road, to the above-mentioned bridge—thought to be named “Acquoria” from the limpid golden gleam of the waters that flow beneath it. The main stream of the Anio, however, has forsaken its early bed and the ancient travertine bridge, and consequently has, all to itself, an iron one, over which we have just crossed. And at this point we have to take refuge in a salad garden beside the streamlet, in order to let a small herd of long-horned iron-grey cattle pass the old bridge on their way to drink in the new river-bed beyond. They are quite gentle beasts; but their horns have an imposing spread not intended for this somewhat narrow crossing. Truly, with the golden light now pouring into this beautiful and widening vale, with the winding stream, the wooded cliffs—with the azure sky above it streaked with long scarves of transparent cirrus, and out beyond the lonely



[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

SURFACE OF PLATEAU OF VILLA OF QUINTILIUS VARUS. TIVOLI



ROCCA GIOVINE

Campagna "stretching far away"—it is not difficult to recognise for which famous painter this should have proved a truly sympathetic landscape.

The bridge itself is archaeologically interesting. One good travertine arch is preserved, which probably dates to the days of Augustus; and the bright green cresses that sway with the flow of the water beneath it, help to bring out its beauty. Adjoining it are remains of a brick continuation of the bridge, belonging to the second or third century; and it is difficult to understand why, if some of the more ancient structure was destroyed, it was not repaired in the same local material. But we remember that the greatest of contractors and builders in brick—Hadrian—had been hard at work in the neighbourhood before this restoration was made. Looking at the crystal water, it is not to be marvelled at that Æsculapius, or another of the medical divinities of the Romans, had a temple close by, of which, however, the evidences consist only in votive offerings.

But it is time to quit this enchanting spot for one still more fascinating; and this, indeed, is the objective of our walk, namely, the Villa of Quintilius Varus, some 400 feet above us, among the hoary patriarchal olives. Crocus and violets in colonies, at the roots of the gnarled tree-trunks, invite us to pick, but we have a steep climb and an afternoon before us; so we merely stop occasionally so as to ease the ascent, or to take a refreshing view, through an opening, of the splendid prospect over the wide Campagna that, presently, will most surely reward us for our toil. The birds are singing, and the anemones are open, as we reach the lowest of the majestic terraces that once allowed all the dwellers in this princeliest of villas to enjoy a perpetual view of the Falls of the Anio. Where we are now standing, Horace and Catullus must often have stood and surveyed this wonderful scene, which, alas! needs a more powerful pen to describe.'

The return to Tivoli can be made by the upper winding road, past Madonna di Quintiliolo and S. Antonio (1½ miles), to the railway terminus for the afternoon train back to Rome. It is often best to come out thus by tramway and return by rail. For the above excursion one descends from the tramway at Ponte Lucano, and walks across the bridge, and turns then to the left, direct.

CHAPTER XIII

LICENZA AND MONTE GENNARO

(Train to Vicovaro and walk to Licenza. A carriage (Alfredo's) may be taken from Tivoli to the farm of Horace itself, or good walkers taking the train to Subiaco as far as S. Cosimato, may walk from thence to Licenza, returning to meet the train in the evening. For the excursion to Monte Gennaro, horses must be ordered).

SOON after leaving Tivoli by the Via Valeria, some magnificent arches of the Claudian Aqueduct are seen crossing a ravine on the right. Through them a road leads off to *Empiglione* (Empulum), where some of the walls of the castle (destroyed in 1300) remain. Then, also on the right, but far ahead, rises the picturesque town of **Castel Madama** (5 miles), crowning a ridge. The road passes close to some ruins of the tomb of C. Maenius Bassus of the time of Caligula. The remains of many villas occur hereabouts.

Seven miles from Tivoli, crossing the Anio, we reach **Vicovaro** (Vicus Varius), the *Varia* of Horace (*Osteria di Ottati Maria*). Portions of the double girdle of the ancient walls remain, built of huge blocks of travertine. In 1191 Celestine III. gave it to the Orsini who fortified it afresh. The place now belongs to Count Bolognetti Cenci, who has a dismal palace here, near which one sees ancient pavement. The family no longer lives here or in Italy. At one end of a piazza facing the principal church in the upper town, is the beautiful marble *Chapel of S. Giacomo*, built for one of the Orsini, Count of Tagliacozzo, by Simone, a pupil of Brunelleschi, who (says Vasari) died while employed upon it. It is octagonal, with a dome crowned by the figure of a saint. The principal door is richly adorned with saints; above are angels floating over the Virgin and Child, their attitude of adoration is beautiful. S. Severa is buried here, as well as at Anagni! Pope Pius II. in his 'Commentaria' (LVI.) speaks of this church as 'nobile sacellum ex marmore candidissimo,' and as adorned with 'statuis egregiis.' Of late years it has become important as a place of pilgrimage from 'the miraculous picture' which it contains.

'Outside the church was a stall, at which I bought a copy of a hymn addressed by the inhabitants of the town, "to their miraculous picture of the most Holy Mary our advocate, which on July 22, 1868, began to move its eyes miraculously." Then follows the hymn, which is poor enough. Inside the church, over the high altar, surrounded with decorations and with lights, is placed the picture, a beautiful one, full of feeling and pathos. The hands are

united as in prayer, and the face is turned upwards, the eyes being large and lustrous, and in the very act of beginning to weep. It is a work of the school of Guido, and might be by the master himself.

'Before the altar were kneeling a group of *contadini*, or country people, on their way from the Easter services at Rome. The priest was kneeling at the altar, singing the Litany of the Virgin, in which she is addressed in direct prayer, "Mother of mercy, have mercy upon us:" "Mother of grace, have mercy upon us," &c.: the *contadini* repeating the "*Ora pro nobis*" after each title of invocation had been given out by the priest. This being ended, the worshippers all bent down and kissed the pavement, and then went backwards out of the church, bowing repeatedly as they passed down the nave.

'Meantime we were invited into the sacristy to see the book of testimonials to the fact of the miracle. The witnesses were many, of all nations. The purport of their testimony was mainly this: that at such a time the depositor had seen the left, or the right eye, or both, move or enlarge, or fill with tears; or the expression of the face change, or the throat become agitated. Many of the depositions were accompanied with fervent expressions of thankfulness and joy.

'Now as to the account to be given of the phenomena thus deposed to. It is well known that certain arrangements of lines and of colours cause the appearance, when long contemplated, of unsteadiness and of motion in a picture: especially if combined with the representation of an expression of countenance itself emotioned, and, if I may thus use the word, transitional. Now, this last is eminently the case at Vicovaro. I am convinced that, were I a devotee kneeling before that picture, I could in ten minutes imagine it to undergo any such change as those recorded in the book. All is engaging, lustrous, suggestive.'—*Dean Alford*, 1865.

A short distance beyond Vicovaro, still following the ancient Via Valeria, almost opposite the convent of S. Cosimato, a road to the left turns up the long valley of Licenza (*Digentia*). About two miles up the valley, on the left, the castle of **Rocca Giovine** (*Rocca Junone*) is seen rising above its little town (*Locanda di Bernardo Serafino*), and looking down upon the road. Here was a temple of Vacuna, the Victoria of the Sabines; its restoration is commemorated in an inscription of Vespasian on the palace-wall leading to the church.

The scenery is now classical, for, some three miles hence,—

'where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight
The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's delight.'
—*Childe Harold*.

The village high up on a ridge to the right, **Bardella** (*Burdellum*), is **Mandela**. The Princes of **Rocca Giovine** pass their summers here. Between us and it flows down the brook **Licenza**, the *Digentia* of Horace; the mountain in front, to the left, leads to the famous *Mons Lucretilis*, now **Monte Gennaro**.

'Me quoties reficit gelidus *Digentia* rivus,
Quem *Mandela* bibit, rugosus frigore pagus;
Quid sentire putas? quid credis, amice, precari?
Sit mihi quod nunc est, etiam minus.'
—*Æpist.* I. xviii. 104.

'Velox amoenum saepe *Lucretilem*
Mutat *Lycæo* Faunus, et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis pluviosque ventos.'
—*Carm.* i. 17.

The Sabine farm, as is well known, was presented to Horace by Maecenas, c. B.C. 33.

'To the munificence of Maecenas we owe that peculiar charm of the Horatian poetry, that it represents both the town and country life of the Romans of that age; the country life, not only in the rich and luxurious villa of the wealthy at Tivoli, or at Baiæ; but in the secluded retreat and among the simple manners of the peasantry. It might seem as if the wholesome air which the poet breathed, during his retirement on his farm, re-invigorated his natural manliness of mind. There, notwithstanding his love of convivial enjoyment in the palace of Maecenas and other wealthy friends, he delighted to revert to his own sober and frugal way of living.'—*Milman*.

The road comes to an end on the margin of the clear brook Digentia, which is here sometimes swollen into a broad river from the tributaries right and left. On the further side of the wide stony bed it has made for itself rises ($\frac{1}{4}$ mile) **Licenza** (Locanda Antonio Valeri), cresting a high hill, and approached by a steep rocky path through the olives, and belonging to the Borghese. Further up the valley is the 'Fonte Blandusino,' still pointed out as the cool glassy spring of Horace, formed by an artificial cascade. Just where the road ends, a steep bank covered with chestnuts rises on our left. Passing through the scrub (only a few steps from the road) to a garden, we find a *contadino*, who shovels up the rich loam with his spade, exposes a bit of tessellated pavement, and says, 'Ecco la villa d' Orazio.' [Owner: Vincenzo Onorato.]

'The Sabine farm was situated in the valley of Ustica, thirty miles from Rome, and twelve miles from Tivoli. It possessed the attraction, no small one to Horace, of being very secluded—Varia (Vico Varo), the nearest town, being four miles off—yet, at the same time, within an easy distance of Rome. When his spirits wanted the stimulus of society or the bustle of the capital, which they often did, his ambling mule could speedily convey him thither; and when jaded, on the other hand, by the noise and racket and dissipations of Rome, he could, in the same homely way, bury himself within a few hours among the hills, and there under the shadow of his favourite Lucretilis, or by the banks of the clear-flowing and ice-cold Digentia, either stretch himself to dream upon the grass, lulled by the murmurs of the stream, or do a little farming in the way of clearing his fields of stones, or turning over a furrow here and there with the hoe. There was a rough wildness in the scenery and a sharpness in the air, both of which Horace liked, although, as years advanced and his health grew more delicate, he had to leave it in the colder months for Tivoli or Baiæ. He built a villa upon it, or added to one already there, the traces of which still exist. The farm gave employment to five families of free *coloni*, who were under the superintendence of a bailiff; and the poet's domestic establishment was composed of eight slaves. The site of the farm is at the present day a favourite resort of travellers, of Englishmen especially, who visit it in such numbers, and trace its features with such enthusiasm, that the resident peasantry, "who cannot conceive of any other source of interest in one so long dead and unsainted than that of co-patriotism or consanguinity,"¹ believe Horace to have been an Englishman. What aspect it presented in Horace's time we gather from one of his Epistles' (i. 16):—

"About my farm, dear Quinctius: You would know
What sort of produce for its lord 'twill grow;
Plough-land is it, or meadow-land, or soil
For apples, vine-clad elms, or olive-oil?

¹ Letter by Mr. Dennis: *Milman's Horace* (London, 1849), p. 109.

So (but you'll think me garrulous) I'll write
 A full description of its form and site.
 In long continuous lines the mountains run,
 Cleft by a valley, which twice feels the sun—
 Once on the right, when first he lifts his beams ;
 Once on the left, when he descends in streams.
 You'd praise the climate well, and what d'ye say
 To sloes and cornels hanging from the spray ?
 What to the oak and ilex, that afford
 Fruit to the cattle, shelter to their lord ?
 What, but that rich Tarentum must have been
 Transplanted nearer Rome, with all its green ?
 Then there's a fountain, of sufficient size
 To name the river that takes thence its rise—
 Not Thracian Hebrus colder or more pure,
 Of power the head's and stomach's ills to cure.
 This sweet retirement—nay, 'tis more than sweet—
 Insures my health even in September's heat." (C.)¹

Here is what a tourist found it : ²—

'Following a path along the brink of the torrent Digentia, we passed a towering rock, on which once stood Vacuna's shrine, and entered a pastoral region of well-watered meadow-lands, enamelled with flowers and studded with chestnut and fruit trees. Beneath their sheltering shade peasants were whiling away the noontide hours. Here sat Daphnis piping sweet witching melodies on a reed to his rustic Phidyle, whilst Lydia and she wove wreaths of wild flowers, and Lyce sped down to the edge of the stream and brought us cooling drink in a bulging conca borne on her head. Its waters were as deliciously refreshing as they could have been when the poet himself gratefully recorded how often they revived his strength ; and one longed to think, and hence half believed, that our homely Hebe, like her fellows, was sprung from the colony who tilled his fields and dwelt in the five homesteads of which he sings. . . . Near the little village of Licenza, standing like its loftier neighbour, Civitella, on a steep hill at the foot of Lucretilla, we turned off the path, crossed a thickly-wooded knoll, and came to an orchard in which two young labourers were at work. We asked where the remains of Horace's farm were. "A piè tui!" answered the nearest of them in a dialect more like Latin than Italian. So saying, he began with a shovel to uncover a massive floor in very fair preservation ; a little farther on was another, crumbling to pieces. Chaupy has luckily saved one all doubt as to the site of the farm, establishing to our minds convincingly that it could scarcely have stood on ground other than that on which at this moment we were. As the shovel was clearing the floors, we thought how applicable to Horace himself were the lines he addressed to Fuscus Aristius,—"*Naturam expellas,*" &c.

"Drive Nature forth by force, she'll turn and rout
 The false refinements that would keep her out," (C.)

for here was just enough of his house left to show how Nature, creeping on step by step, had overwhelmed his handiwork and re-asserted her sway. Again, pure and Augustan in design as was the pavement before us, how little could it vie with the hues and odours of the grasses that bloomed around it!—"Deterius Libycis," &c.

"Is springing grass less sweet to nose and eyes
 Than Libyan marble's tessellated dyes?" (C.)

'Indeed, so striking were these coincidences that we were as nearly as possible going off on the wrong tack, and singing "Io Pæan" to Dame Nature herself at the expense of the bard ; but we were soon brought back to our

¹ Theodore Martin, in *Classics for English Readers*.

² *Pall Mall Gazette*, August 16, 1869.

allegiance by a sense of the way in which all we saw tallied with the description of him who sang of Nature so surpassingly well, who challenges posterity in charmed accents, and could shape the sternest and most concise of tongues into those melodious cadences that invest his undying verse with all the magic of music and all the freshness of youth. For this was clearly the "Angulus iste," the nook which "restored him to himself"—this the lovely spot which his steward longed to exchange for the slums of Rome. Below lay the green sward by the river, where it was sweet to recline in slumber. Here grew the vine, still trained, like his own, on the trunks and branches of trees. Yonder the brook which the rain would swell till it overflowed its margin, and his lazy steward and slaves were fain to bank it up; and above, among a wild jumble of hills, lay the woods where, on the Calends of March, Faunus interposed to save him from the attack of the wolf as he strolled along unarmed, singing of the soft voice and sweet smiles of his Lalage! The brook is now nearly dammed up; a wall of close-fitting rock-hewn stones gathers its waters into a still, dark pool; its overflow gushes out in a tiny rill that rushed down beside our path, mingling its murmur with the hum of myriads of insects that swarmed in the air."—*Horace, by Theo. Martin in 'Classics for English Readers.'*

Visitors to Licenza will be glad further to beguile the long drive with the following extract:—

'Entering the valley which opens to the north. On a height which rises to the right stand two villages, Cantalupo and Bardela; the latter is supposed to be the Mandela, which the poet describes as *rugosus frigore pagus*; and, certes, it stands in an airy position, at the point of junction of the two valleys. You soon come to a small stream, of no remarkable character, but it is the Digentia, the *gelidus rivus*, at which the poet was wont to slake his thirst—*me quoties reficit*—and which flows away through the meadows to the foot of the said hill of Bardela—*quem Mandela bibit*. You are now in the Sabine valley, so fondly loved and highly prized.

"Cur valle permutem Sabinâ
Divitias operosiores?"

'A long lofty ridge forms the left-hand barrier of the valley. It is Lucretilis. It has no striking features to attract the eye—with its easy swells, undulating outline, and slopes covered with wood, it well merits the title of *amoenus*, though that was doubtless due to its grateful shade, rather than to its appearance. Ere long you espy, high up beneath the brow of the mountain, a village perched on a precipitous grey cliff. It is Rocca Giovine, now occupying the site of the ruined temple of Vacuna.

'On a conical height commanding this valley stands the town of Licenza; while other loftier heights tower behind, from which the village of Civitella, apparently inaccessible, looks down on the valley like an eagle from its eyrie. In the foreground a knoll crested with chestnuts, rising some eighty or a hundred feet above the stream, marks the site of the much-besung farm.

'This knoll stands at the bend of a streamlet, or rather at the point where several rivulets unite to form the Digentia. Behind the knoll stood the Farm. Its mosaic pavement, still shown, is black and white, in very simple geometrical figures, and with the other remains, is quite in harmony with an abode where

"Non ebur neque aureum
Meâ renidet in domo lacunar;
Non trabes Hymettiae
Premunt columnas ultimâ recisas
Africâ."

—*Carm. ii. xviii.*

'From the poet's description, we learn that his land was little cultivated:

"Quid, si rubicunda benigne
Corna vepres et pruna ferunt; si quercus et ilex
Multâ fruge pecus, multâ dominum juvat umbrâ?"

You may remember, too, that he says of the neighbourhood :—

“*Angulus iste feret piper et thus ocyus uvâ.*”

“*Tempora mutantur*, and soils may change also—the cultivation of nineteen centuries has rendered this more fertile ; for vines hang in festoons from tree to tree over the site of his abode ; the cornels and sloes have in great measure given way to the olive and fig ; and the walnut and Spanish chestnut have taken the place of the oak and ilex. Nevertheless the poet’s description still holds good of the uncultivated spots in the neighbourhood, which are overrun with brambles and are fragrant with odoriferous herbs ; and until late years the ground was covered with wood—with *cere* and *quercie*, different kinds of oak, and with scarlet-helm and Spanish chestnut.

“The Farm is situated on a rising ground, which sinks with a gentle slope to the stream, leaving a level intervening strip, yellow in the harvest. In this I recognised the *pratum apricum* which was in danger of being overflowed. The *aprica rura* were probably then, as now, sown with corn—*puræ rivus aquæ, et segetis lecta fides meæ*. Here it must have been that the poet was wont to repose after his meal ; *prope rivum somnus in herbâ* ; and here his personal efforts, perhaps, to dam out the stream, provoked his neighbours to a smile—

“*Rident vicini glebas et saxa moventem.*”

From a Letter by G. Dennis—‘*De Villa Horatii*,’—given in Milman’s ‘*Works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus*.’

Those who are able to encounter rather a tough walk will not be satisfied without trying to reach the spring which is supposed to be Fons Bandusiae.

“The spring now commonly called the “*Fonte Blandusia*” rises at the head of a narrow glen, which opens into the broader valley of the Digentia just beyond the Farm, and stretches up for two or three miles into the heart of the mountains, dividing Lucretilis from Ustica. This is evidently the *reducta vallis* to which Tyndaris was invited ; and is known by the peasants as the “*Valle Rustica*,” than which no name could be more appropriate ; though it probably was not conferred with reference to the scenery, but as a corruption of “*Ustica*.” Whether *Ustica cubans* were a mountain or a valley, or both, as hath been opined, I leave to the critics to determine ; but the mountain on the right of the glen, which contrasts its recumbent form with the steep-browed Lucretilis, is still called “*Ustica*,” and sometimes “*Rustica*,” by the peasantry. The penultimate, however, is now pronounced short. The streamlet is called “*Le Chiuse*” ; it is the same which flows beneath the villa, and threatens the “*pratum apricum*.” I ascended its course from the Farm, by the path which Horace must have taken to the fountain. It flows over a rocky bed, here overshadowed by dwarf willows, there by wide-spreading fig-trees, and is flanked by vineyards for some distance. Then all cultivation ceases—the scenery becomes wilder—the path steeper—the valley contracts to a ravine—a bare grey-and-red rock rises on the right, schistose, rugged, and stern ; another similar cliff rises opposite, crested with ilex, and overtopped by the dark head of Lucretilis. As I approached the fountain I came to an open grassy spot, where cattle and goats were feeding.

“*Tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Præbes, et pecori vago.*”

The spot is exquisitely Arcadian ; no wonder it captivated the poet’s fancy. It is now just as it must have met his eye. During the noontide heat, the vast Lucretilis throws his grateful shade across the glen,

“*et igneam
Defendit aestatem capellis.*”

Goats still wander among the underwood, cropping *arbutos et thyma* which cover the ground in profusion, or frisking amongst the rocks as smooth-faced—*levia saxa*—as when they re-echoed the notes of the poet’s pipe.

'Crossing the stream by the huge rocks which almost choke its bed, I climbed through brambles and sloes to the fountain. It is a most picturesque spot. Large masses of moss-clad rock lie piled up in the cleft between the hills, and among them the streamlet works its way, overshadowed by hanging woods of ilex, beech, hornbeam, maple, chestnut, nut, and walnut—which throw so dense a shade that scarcely a ray of the all-glaring sun can play on the turf below.

"Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ
Nescit tangere : tu frigus amabile
Præbes."

The water springs from three small holes at the top of a shelving rock of no great height, and glides down into a sandy basin, which it overflows, trickling in a slender thread over the rocks into a small pool, and thence sinking in a mimic cascade into the rugged channel which bears it down the glen. From the rocks which separate the upper from the lower basin of the fountain, springs a moss-grown walnut tree, which stretches its giant limbs over the whole. The water itself merits all that has been said or sung of it ; it is verily *splendidior vitro*. Nothing—not even the Thracian Hebrus—can exceed it in purity, coolness, and sweetness.

"Hæc latebræ dulces, et jam (si credes) amoenæ !"

Well might the poet choose this as a retreat from the fierce noontide heat. Here he could lie the livelong day on the soft turf and sing

"ruris amoeni
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque,"

while his goats strayed around, cropping the cyclamen which decks the brink of the fountain, or the wild strawberries and sweet herbs which scent the air around. Here, while all nature below was fainting with the heat, might he enjoy the grateful shade of Lucretilis. Or here might he well sing the praises of the fountain itself, as he listened to its "babbling waters," and feasted his eye on the rich union of wood and rock around it.

"Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
Saxis unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ."

'Just as it was then, so is it now—even to the very ilices overhanging the hollow rocks whence it springs. And so exactly, in every particular, does this fountain answer to the celebrated Fons, that my faith in its identity is firm and steadfast.'—*G. Dennis*.

'On this farm lovers of Horace have been fain to place the fountain of Bandusia, which the poet loved so well, and to which he prophesied, and truly, as the issue has proved, immortality from his song (*Od.* iii. 13). Charming as the poem is, there could be no stronger proof of the poet's hold upon the hearts of men of all ages than the enthusiasm with which the very site of the spring has been contested.

"Bandusia's fount in clearness crystalline
O worthy of the wine, the flowers we vow !
To-morrow shall be thine
A kid, whose crescent brow

"Is sprouting, all for love and victory
In vain ; his warm red blood, so early stirred,
Thy gelid stream shall dye,
Child of the wanton herd.

"Thee the fierce Sirian star, to madness fired,
Forbears to touch ; sweet cool thy waters yield
To ox with ploughing tired
And flocks that range afield.

"Thou too one day shall win proud eminence,
 'Mid honoured founts, while I the ilex sing
 Crowning the cavern, whence
 Thy babbling wavelets spring" (C.).'

—'Horace,' by Theodore Martin.

The ascent of **Monte Gennaro** may be made from Licenza, but it is better to make it from Tivoli itself, whence a carriage may be taken to **S. Polo**, and horses ordered there, or order horses to meet train at S. Polo. Hence it is a constant ascent over ridges of hill until we reach the long upland valley called *Val del Paradiso*, which is exceeding beautiful, covered in spring with primroses, violet, and crocus, and many of the flowers of Switzerland. Here herds of cattle feed under the ilexes. This bare but noble mountain bears monumental witness to the denudation, chiefly due to the goat, which has been permitted to take place since ancient days. It was doubtless once mantled with forests abounding in boar, lynx, and wolf. On its summit, called Monte Zappi (1271 mètres), the astronomers La Maire and Boscovich erected a stone shelter, and from it they determined the distance to the cross upon S. Peter's at 34 kilometres, or 22½ miles. The last part of the ascent is steep and entirely over uneven rock. The view from the top, 3965 feet above the sea, is magnificent, though many will doubt whether it is sufficiently finer than that from Monte Cavo, to repay the fatigue of an excursion which is certainly long and far more tiring. The start at 3 A.M. is altogether unnecessary, 6 or 7 A.M. being early enough.

It is best to descend by the almost perpendicular staircase called **La Scarpellata**, but the steps are rugged and of course can only be traversed on foot. There is a pleasant ride through meadows from S. Francesco, ascending afterwards by the olive-woods, and coming up to Tivoli by the grand terraces of the Villa of Quintilius Varus and the Madonna del Quintiliolo. We leave a little to the right the low isolated *Monti Corniculani* (which may be made the object of a separate excursion from Tivoli). Their southern height is occupied by the village of **Monticelli**, the next by **Colle Cesi**, the northern by **S. Angelo in Cappoccio**. All the villages are dirty and ruinous, but contain picturesque bits. S. Angelo is supposed to occupy the site of *Corniculum* (?), which was burnt by Tarquin. Ocrisia, the widow of its slain chieftain, was taken, after the siege, to Rome, where she was delivered of a boy, who was educated in the house of Tarquin, and became King Servius Tullius(?). Many platforms of polygonal Roman masonry remain. A study of these may be made in this neighbourhood. The large-eyed short-statured folk, with often excellent profiles, probably faithfully record for us the features of their Sabine ancestors, among whom Tattius was a king and Vespasian an emperor.

CHAPTER XIV

VELLETRI

Velletri (1155 feet) is a station on the Naples line, one hour and twenty minutes from Rome (Albergo della Campana). A carriage for the day to Cori costs 25 lire, to Ninfa 22 lire, but the price must be settled beforehand. The trains are few and slow.

VELLETRI is quite as good a centre for excursions as Albano, but not so interesting a place. Its streets are wide and clean; the air healthy and invigorating. Like Albano, it has no costumes of its own, but on festas the people flock in from the neighbouring villages, and enliven it with their white *panni* and brilliant red-and-blue bodices. Of the old Volscian city of Velitrae, which once occupied this site and which was so long at war with Rome, there are but few traces. The place was surrounded by Coriolanus with vallum and fosse. But the inhabitants of the Volscian city were removed to Etruria and Rome, B.C. 332, where they became the forefathers of the Trasteverini, and though in imperial times the place again rose to a certain importance, and though Augustus himself is declared by the natives to have been born there (in contradiction to the account of Suetonius, who expressly states that he was born at Rome, 'ad capita Bubula,' at the sign of the Ox-heads, on the east flank of the Palatine), the principal existing remains are mediaeval. It is true that the Octavii were sprung from Velitrae. As late as the fourth and fifth centuries A.D. shows were given in the amphitheatre here.

From the station a gradual ascent of 15 m. walk leads into the town, fringed with trees, and with beautiful views of the Volscian range, over the hill-side slopes rich with vines which produce the renowned wine. The town is girdled with crumbling mediaeval walls. The folly which has affected almost every town in Italy since 1870, has altered all the old historical appellations of the streets into the cheap 'Corso Cavour,' &c. One whole side of the principal square is occupied by the façade of the three-storeyed **Palazzo Lancellotti-Ginnetti**, built by Martino Longhi. The exterior gives no idea of the beauty within. On the first floor is an open gallery of great length, the arcades divided by pillars decorated with caryatides. A marble staircase, with an open loggia on each landing, ascends to the top of the palace, which commands a memorable view. Near the top of the staircase is a fine statue of Pudicitia (with its own head, the head of that in the Vatican being

an addition) found here. The palace is now inhabited by Prince Giunetti, who allows it to be shown, and it is well worth visiting. Beneath lie beautiful gardens extending to the open country and the Monte Lepini.

Opposite the palace rises the beautiful detached campanile of **S. Maria in Trivio** (now Cairoli), resembling Roman ones, but built of basalt instead of brick. It was raised to commemorate a deliverance from the plague in 1348, whilst it was being besieged by Nicolo Caetani, Lord of Fondi. Other old palaces of impoverished nobles abound in the smaller streets, the most remarkable being the Palazzo Filippi, which is magnificent, in spite of its desertion and decay.

The old palace of the popes, now called *Palazzo Municipale*, built by Giacomo della Porta from designs of Vignola, occupies the highest part of the town, the citadel of old Velitrae, and beside it stands the palace of the Cardinal-Archbishop, with a bas-relief on its front commemorating the opening of the Via Appia Nuova by Pius IX., and an inscription rather inconsistent with present ideas—'Papalis et imperialis est mihi libertas.' Close to these palaces are two little churches, *S. Michele* and *Il Santissimo Sangue*. Over the door of the latter is an ancient sun-dial—'Horologium Berosianum'—found in the neighbouring ruins. In the interior is an inscription recording a miraculous appearance of the Virgin, and an altar to an early Christian who has been canonised in the belief that she was a martyr—'Temporalem mortem S. Tertura Victorina contemnens coronam vitae aeternae possidet in pacc.' By the side is the catacomb inscription:—

TURTURA VICTORINA
QVAE VIXIT ANNOS XLII
MENSES III MATRI FECERUNT
BENEMERENTI IN PACE.

In the lower part of the town is the **Cathedral**, dedicated to **S. Clemente**, and partly ancient, though altered in 1660. It contains a chapel of the Borgia (who are still one of the great families of the place), with their monuments. On the left of the altar is a beautiful fresco of the Virgin and Child, with S. John, S. Sebastian, S. Jerome, and S. Roch, by Antoniazzo Romano. In the sacristy is the *lavamano* which Julius II. presented to the church while he was Cardinal-Archbishop of Velletri. Latino Orsini, to whom the hymn 'Dies Irae' is wrongly attributed, but who was one of the most distinguished prelates of the thirteenth century, was also bishop here. We were present on Easter Sunday, when the existing archbishop performed high-mass in the presence of thousands of countrywomen, kneeling in their white and brown *panni*, and the sight was very imposing and impressive.

The beauty of the women of Velletri is proverbial. It was here that Raffaele, seeing a lovely mother with her child in her arms, bade them linger, whilst, as he had neither paper nor canvas, he drew on the top of a barrel a sketch, which was used as the *Madonna della Seggiola*.

Nothing can be more charming than the environs of Velletri in early spring. It is almost the only place near Rome where the trees are allowed to grow at their own will, and are not cut into squares, and the lanes around are delightfully shady and attractive. Gulfs of verdure with little streams running in their deep hollows may be discovered in all directions, and there are also pleasant walks to many convents and some remains on neighbouring heights, especially M. Algido. Near the Roman gate is the ascent to the *Cappuccini*, whence the view is especially fine, the long lines of the Pontine marshes and the beautiful Circean promontory being seen behind the old houses and churches of the town. In this direction is the battlefield where Charles III. of Naples gained the victory (1744) over the Austrians which gave the kingdom of the Two Sicilies to the Spanish Bourbons. On the Naples road is the Jesuit Convent containing a famous Madonna attributed to S. Luke, of which About tells:—

‘Un hôte du Campo-Morto appelé Vendetta conçut le projet d’une spéculation hardie. Depuis longtemps, il rançonnait les gens de Velletri et des environs. Il demandait à celui-ci deux écus, à celui-là dix ou douze. Quiconque avait une récolte sur pied, des arbres chargés de fruits, un frère en voyage, payait sans marchander ce singulier impôt. Cependant Vendetta finit par prendre en dégoût un métier si lucratif. Il rêva de rentrer dans la vie normale avec un revenu modeste et un honnête emploi. Pour atteindre ce but, il ne trouva rien de plus ingénieux que de voler la madone de Velletri et de la déposer en lieu sûr.

‘On approchait d’une fête carillonnée où la madone devait paraître aux yeux du peuple avec tous ses diamants. Le sacristain ouvrait la niche et constata avec des cris de douleur que la madone n’y était plus. Grande rumeur dans Velletri. On cherche de tous côtés et l’on ne trouve rien. Le peuple s’émeut; une certaine effervescence se manifeste dans les villages voisins. Le clergé du pays accuse les jésuites de s’être volés eux-mêmes; les jésuites récriminent contre les prêtres de Velletri. Le couvent est envahi, fouillé, bouleversé par un public idolâtre. Enfin le dimanche, à la grand-messe, Vendetta, armé d’un poignard, monte en chaire et se dénonce lui-même. Il prie le peuple d’agréer ses excuses et promet de rendre la madone dès qu’il aura réglé ses comptes avec l’autorité. L’autorité traite avec lui de puissance à puissance. Vendetta demande sa grâce et celle de son frère, une rente de tant d’écus et un emploi du gouvernement. On promet tout, mais Rome désavoue ses agents et ne veut rien ratifier. Cependant la population des montagnes se met en marche, et un flot de paysans menace d’inonder Velletri. Le brigand cède au nombre, révèle la cachette où il a cédé la madone, et se rend lui-même à discrétion. Il aura la tête coupée; personne n’en doute à Velletri.’—*‘Rome Contemporaine.’*

The inhabitants of Velletri were formerly famous for their brigand tendencies; now they are most inoffensive. But a Roman proverb says:—

‘Velletrani sette volte villani.’

Gasperone, ‘Rex Nemorensis,’ once dwelt like an eagle above them in the mediaeval ruins on **Monte Lariano** (Algidus), whence he swooped down at his appointed time on Cardinals, Princes, and well-to-do people of all classes. The following portrait of this miscreant is from a drawing made of him while living. A very pleasant picnic may be taken in his abode now; and there will be found a little abandoned chapel where he may have sent his monks

to pray for his soul until their ransom was securely delivered to him.

From its woody height just beyond a most splendid panorama is in prospect, the great Abruzzi are seen, like a snowy caravan travelling away remotely into the misty South along a pale turquoise sky. Nearer, Palestrina is spilled down its mighty slope of rock, and Capranica is seen crowning a lofty ridge behind it. Between the green bases of the Sabines and ourselves rests a soft plum-like haze of shadow. Turning a little the Volscian group of mountains wilders boldly, beyond another valley. Immediately below us in the great hollow of the Albans, to which forests descend, lies a little lake, beyond which is Doganella, to which we may presently descend, and make by the Via Latina for the station of Labico, on the line—a ten-mile walk. But we may remain a little while longer in the enchanting stillness, while the gossamers glisten around us from tree to tree, and the oak-leaves of last year are yet able to whisper oracles, and the bells of Velletri softly steal into our ears.

CHAPTER XV

THE VOLSCIAN HILLS—CORI, NORBA, NINFA, AND SEGNI

Cori (Locanda dell' Unione) two and a half miles from its station, on the Roma-Terracina railway, two and a half hours from Rome.

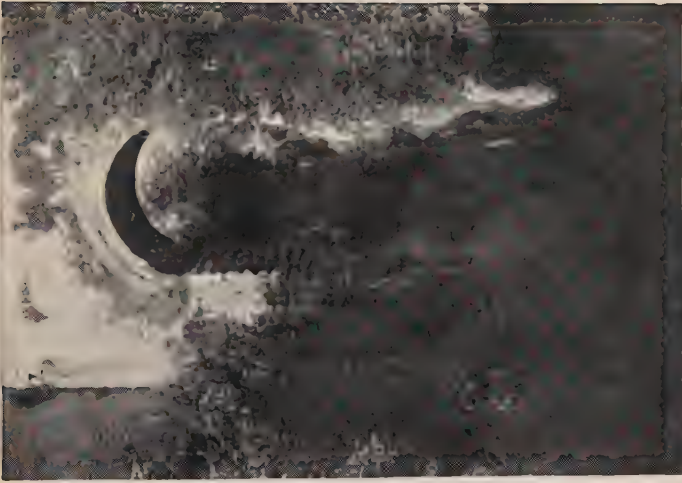
FOR the excursion to **Norba** from Velletri (or from Rome, by rail) it is necessary to make an early start, nor can anything be more charming than six o'clock on a cloudless morning in April, if, with jingling bells, we drive out of the old town of Velletri and descend into the hollow lanes shaded by fresh green trees and gay with peasants going out in bands to the work of the day. The road winds through dips in the low hills. We only pass one unwholesome village, **S. Giulianello**. A little beyond this, **Rocca Massima** is seen on the bare rim of a precipice (Monte Lanterio), but visitors may reach it by a good mountain path, if they are anxious to explore the site of the ancient Arx Carventana; or they may reach it from Segni (*q.v.*). An excellent road ascends from the station to Cori, which soon becomes visible, though its temples cannot be seen from hence, owing to the undulations of the hill. Through the olives there is a beautiful view over Cisterna and the Pontine marshes to the sea, with the insulated Circean promontory and the neighbouring islands, including Ponza (Pontia), whither Tiberius banished his nephew Nero, the son of Germanicus, and where many Christians lived in exile, or suffered martyrdom. It is still a penal settlement. Lastly we see Pandataria (Ventotenne), to which Julia, daughter of Augustus, and wife of Tiberius, was banished by her father. Hither, too, her beautiful daughter, Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, was banished by Tiberius, and here she starved herself to death. Here also Octavia, the divorced wife of Nero, daughter of Claudius and Messalina, was banished by the Empress Poppaea, who forced her to commit suicide by opening her veins.

Thinking of these associations, and stopping to gather honey-suckle—*flori della Madonna* (because it generally flowers in May)—we reach the gates (Porta Veliterna) of **Cori** (4 m. from station), a town resembling in form a pyramid, the sides of which measure 4 kil. We must leave our carriage here, for the streets, chiefly staircases, are too steep for anything but mules and foot passengers. It is best to make our way first to the quaint old inn in the Piazza, to order dinner from the fat, good-tempered landlady with the silver *spadello* in her hair, and to get the landlord to provide a guide, which is



[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

POLYGONAL WALL AT CORI



[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

PILLAR AT CORI

desirable, if time be of importance, moreover, it delivers one from the swarm of would-be ciceroni who pounce upon the stranger. The inn (*Unione*) at Cori is no bad resting-place, and is equal to considerable emergencies.

Virgil and Diodorus speak of Cori as a colony from Alba Longa. Pliny asserts that it was founded by the Trojan Dardanos. It was certainly one of the thirty cities of the Latin League in B.C. 493, and Livy speaks of it as in the enjoyment of municipal rights during the second Punic war. During this war it is mentioned as one of the rebellious cities which refused to contribute the necessary supplies, for which it was condemned to a double tribute of men to the Roman army. It was taken and sacked in the wars of Marius and Sulla, but became a municipal town under Augustus. The restorations seen there in 'opus incertum' are probably those of Sulla. Propertius and Lucan describe it as totally ruined. In the thirteenth century the Conti gave it a castle.

There are few places in the neighbourhood of Rome which have so many or such fine remains of antiquity as Cori. In mounting to the upper town (Cori a monte)—for an olive-grove divides it—three distinct girdles of its ancient walls may be traced. The first, in the lower town, built of polygonal blocks, has the interstices filled up with smaller stones from the stream-beds; the second, which rises near S. Oliva, and flanks the road leading to the Arx, has polygonal blocks alone, carefully fitted; and the third, at the top of the hill (enclosing the Arx) is still polygonal, but of ruder construction. Behind some wretched houses (Piazza del Salvatore) are two columns still standing, with beautiful Corinthian capitals, a fragment of the portico of the prostyle **Temple of Castor and Pollux**, as is proved by still legible inscriptions. A capital of the same temple is before a house-door a little further up the ascent. The adjoining house to this temple is called the Palace of Pilate, or the Curia. On the top of the hill (Capitolium) stands the modern church of S. Pietro, where the font (in the first chapel on the right) is sustained by a beautifully sculptured marble altar, adorned with rams' heads, called locally the Altar of the Sun. Behind the church is a small garden, where we find entire the Doric tetrastyle portico of the Temple of Minerva, generally known as the Temple of Hercules. The columns are of travertine, originally stuccoed and painted. On the door of the Cella, in opus quadratum, occurs the dedicatory inscription with the names of the Duumviri, L. Turpilius and Marcus Manlius. Here was found the figure of Minerva which now stands under the Senators' palace on the Roman Capitol. The ruin is picturesque, and is grandly situated on a terrace facing Circeo—

‘ Whence Cora’s sentinels o’erlook
The never-ending fen.’

Raffaële made a sketch of it, which is still extant. As we sat to draw here, the children, who were vainly locked out by the Sacristan, and climbed after us over the wall, got pieces of stone for blocks, and sticks for pencils, and imitated every line we made.

Half way up the hill is the beautiful old convent of **S. Oliva**, whose shrine is in the crypt of Anagni. She was a holy maiden of Cori, to whom the Virgin appeared in 1521. Her cloister, with two-storeys of Renaissance arches, very picturesque and containing an old well, is now a museum. The body of the church has a ceiling representing scenes of Old and New Testament story. In the apse is the Coronation of the Virgin, perhaps by a pupil of Pinturicchio. The aisle of the church, a labyrinth of columns of different sizes and designs, is shown as the Temple of Jupiter. From above this convent can be surveyed the second line of walls flanking the street which leads up to the arx. The third line dominates the road. The temples of Cori are all attributed to Sulla. Outside the other lower gate of the town, *Porta Ninfesina*, on the Norba side, is the fine Roman bridge, *Ponte alla Catena*, built of squared blocks of tufo, spanning the deep and bosky Fosso dei Picchionni, overhung by quaint old houses, and commanding a splendid view of the walls.

Norba (1450 ft.) and **Norma** (Locanda della Fortuna) are six miles from Cori, and can be reached only on foot or on muleback without making an immense detour. A steep and stony way leads up the hill-side from near the *Ponte alla Catena*. The olive-gardens beside it are fringed with blue iris—*gigli* Italians call them. The path emerges on the steep of the mountain, and clambers along with precipices above and below, amid the wildest scenery. All around are grey rocks, with grass shooting between, on which the flocks of goats pasture, whose shepherds, clad in goatskins, are the only human beings we meet here. Hawks circle overhead. It is a vast view over what looks like a boundless plain, for all the undulations and sinuosities of the country are lost to us at this great height. The village which glitters between us and the sea is Cisterna (Albergo della Posta), often said to be 'the Three Taverns' of S. Paul, though this is more correctly placed at the Civitona (S. Gennaro). Here is one of the chief residences of the Caetani, Dukes of Sermoneta. At length Sermoneta comes in sight on the top of a precipice, and then Norma. Then the ancient **Norba**, now often called *Civita la Penna d'Oro*, one of the earliest of the Roman colonies, rises on the right. It has been a ruin ever since the time of Sulla, when it was betrayed into the hands of his general, Lepidus, and the garrison put themselves and the inhabitants to the sword. It was not restored. A Roman colony was then planted there. It must have been a powerful fortress, for the polygonal walls are seven thousand feet in circuit, forming an irregular octagon, and the blocks of which they are built, and on which time has failed to make any impression, are often ten feet in length. The gates may be traced, and an inner series of walls surrounding the citadel. The *Porta Grande*, on the S.E. side, is 6 m. wide and 8 m. high, and is defended by a round tower. From this gate we may walk on to the Loggia or square tower forty feet high, and thence we continue to the *Testa di Bove*, or North Gate, and make round to the *Porta Romana*,



CORI

[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]



GATEWAY (E.). NORBA

[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

where the road thrown off the Appia below entered the town. Thence we return to the Porta Grande. A square enclosure sunk in the earth was a large cistern surrounded by polygonal walls. Norma and Norba belonged to the Caetani from 1282 to 1618, when they were sold to Cardinal Scipione Borghese.

‘From the citadel, the panorama of the Maritima is especially magnificent. One can distinctly trace the whole boundary line of the sea, from Antium (Porto d’Anzio) to the Cape of Circe near Terracina, and still farther off one can distinguish Ostia, Pratica, and Ardea, and many towers rising like solitary obelisks on the sea-shore. These watch towers were built in the ninth century, when the Saracens began to invade the coasts of Italy; and even in the present time the whole of Italy and all the Italian islands are encircled by these picturesque towers. . . . A tower gleams on the sea-shore with the dark woods reaching down close to it: it is the celebrated castle of Astura. A mile farther on is another tower, Foce Verde, so called from the river, flowing from the marshy wooded wilderness into the sea. Farther on is another tower by a great lake, the surface of which shines like molten gold, while round it extends a thick green wood. There a ghostly stillness surrounds the traveller; he stands by the lake as if in a strange world, and he looks at the osprey circling above; or at the fisherman, pale with fever, floating on his frail raft; or at the half-naked leech-seeker, who passes his life there. These are the Tower and Lake of Fogliano, in ancient times Clostra Romana, where Lucullus had a villa. The Nymphaeus, that charming stream which we see rushing through the green ring of Ninfa, flows into the Lake of Fogliano; we can trace its course thither, through the whole of the Pontine marsh-land. Farther on, by its side, the Lago de’ Monaci is visible, then the Lago di Caprolace; finally the great Lake of Paola, with its tower; and not far from this rises the Cape of Circe, almost like an island.

‘Whoever has not traversed the Pontine marshes by the Via Appia as far as Terracina, has the most erroneous idea of their nature, if he only thinks of horrible morasses. There are indeed plenty of marshes and lakes, but they lie hidden in forests and bushes, where the hedgehog, the stag, the wild-boar, the buffalo, and the half-wild bull are roaming. In May and June the Pontine land is a sea of flowers, which cover the ground as far as the eye can reach. In summer it is a Tartarus, where pale fever stalks, and torments the poor shepherds and farm-labourers, who have to earn their bread there.

‘The nearer to the sea, the more forest, and from Norba we see it distinctly stretching to the Cape of Circe. From the mouth of the Tiber the forests of Ostia, of Ardea, of Nettuno, Cisterna, and Terracina succeed one another. In the middle of these woods or on their borders lie single farms, principally devoted to breeding cattle, but also to agriculture: such are Conca, Campo Morto, Campo Leone, Tor’ di Selee, and others. Where the forest leaves off in the interior stretch endless meadows, then a firm arable land, and we see distinctly the Appian Way, renewed by Pius VI., traversing the Maritima. Near it is Cisterna, the largest place in the marshes, close to which the Three Taverns stood formerly, and farther on is Foro Appio, the ancient Forum Appium.

‘No century has been able to drain the Pontine marshes. Julius Caesar formed a plan for it, but he died before putting it into execution. The Roman Emperors, so extravagant in buildings of every kind, did nothing for it; and it is therefore strange enough that under a barbarian king, inheritor or conqueror of Rome, the great Theodoric, the ruined Appian Way was first restored, and a part of the marshes as far as Terracina drained. The original record of this noble deed of a Goth, may be read at the present day inscribed on two tablets in Terracina. In papal times Sixtus V., a man of practical Roman spirit, was the first to undertake again the draining of the marshes, and more than two centuries later, he was followed by Pius VI. This pope restored the Appian Way, dug the great canal alongside, had other canals made, changed part of the marsh into arable land, and thus gained a lasting credit in this part of the Maritima.’—*Gregorovius*.

A man in scarlet cap and with long curly hair guided us through the high beans which then occupied the central platform of the

ancient city, to the 'Grotte di Norba.' It is a ruin of Roman brickwork, covering the entrance to long caves and cellars, on the south side of the Arx, but is always shown to strangers as the place where the spirit of Junius Brutus is held imprisoned, waiting for the final judgment, and whence his howls are heard at night mingling with the thunder-storms.

Leaving the citadel, and descending slightly on the other side, we soon reach the edge of the precipice toward the marshes, and here, through a jagged rift in the mountain-side, we look upon Norma, perched like an eagle's nest upon the top of a grand precipice of bare rock.

'Immediately beneath us is a ring as of green ivy walls encircling many wonderful mounds, which all seem formed of flowers and ivy. Grey towers rise out of this, ruins all overhung with green, and in the midst of the strange circle we may see a silver spring gushing forth and glowing through the Pontine marshes, ending in a sparkling lake far away by the sea-shore. We ask in astonishment what this curious garlanded circle is with its many green hillocks, and are told it is Ninfa, the Pompeii of the middle ages.'—*Gregorovius*.

There is a carriage road now from Norma down to Ninfa, beside the railway, but pedestrians will descend direct from hence to the valley, clambering down through the broken rock and sliding shale, clinging to the myrtle and Judas bushes, into the depths where, nestling under the hill, is **Ninfa**, almost as entirely a ruin as Norba itself. It is an unspeakably quiet scene of sylvan beauty, and there is something unearthly about it which possesses and absorbs every sense. If fairies exist anywhere, surely mediæval Ninfa is their capital: Ninfa, where Flora holds her court, where the only inhabitants are the roses and lilies, and all the thousands of flowers which grow in the deserted streets, where honeysuckle and jessamine fling their garlands through the ivied windows of every house, and where the very altars of the churches are thrones for the flame-coloured valerian. Outside the walls, but for the towers, you would scarcely believe it was a town: so encrusted in verdure is every building that the houses look like green mounds rising out of the plain. One tall tower stands near the entrance and, narcissus-like, watches its own reflection in the still waters of a pool fringed with forget-me-not. By the road-side a crystal spring rises in great abundance in a little basin of ancient brickwork, and falls into the pool, where it turns a mill, and a little farther on becomes a lake, on which Pliny mentions the floating islands in his time, which were called *Saltaures*, because they were said to move to the time of dancing feet. An inscription on the mill tells that it was built by one of the Caetani in 1765. The town must have been inhabited then, yet none can tell now the story of its desertion. It has belonged to the family since the thirteenth century, and Pope Alexander III. was consecrated here, September 20, 1159. From the tower, say the natives of Norma, 'la bella Ninfa,' who was so disobedient to her parents, flung herself into the pool to evade becoming the *sposina* of the unsympathetic *partito* they had chosen or her, and ever since the name of the little city has kept her



[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

GATE (E.). NORBA LOOKING TOWARD NORMA



NINFA

memory alive. Let it be so, though etymologists suggest the little river Nymphaeus as a godfather. The water-nymphs will avenge all insults by the fever-bearing vapours of their lake. Ninfa can never be rebuilt. Death, though garlanded with flowers, is death still. Gregory IX., who had built a church here in 1216, to 'S. Mary of the Myrtle-grove,' dedicated it in vain. No sound will ever be heard but the hum of the myriad insects which float amongst the flower-possessed streets and houses, the croaking of the frogs in the surrounding waters, and the everlasting sighing and rustling of the wind in the bulrushes.

'Here is Ninfa, the fairy-like ruin of a town, with its walls, towers, churches, convents, and dwellings half sunk in the marsh, and buried under thickest ivy. Truly this place looks even more charming than Pompeii, for there the houses stare like crumbling mummies, dragged from the volcanic ashes. But over Ninfa waves a balmy sea of flowers; every building, every wall, every church, every house is veiled with ivy, and on all the ruins wave the purple banners of the triumphant god of spring.

'It causes an indescribable impression to enter this ivy town, to wander down the grassy, flowery streets, between the walls where the wind plays in the leaves, and no voice is heard but the cry of the raven in the tower, the splash of the foaming stream Nymphaeus, the rustling of the tall reeds by the pond, and the melodious singing and sighing of the blades of grass all around.

'All the streets are filled with flowers, which seem to march in procession to the ruined churches. They climb on every tower, they lie laughing and smiling in all the desolate windows, they barricade every door, for within the houses reside elves, fairies, water-nymphs, and a thousand charming spirits of the fable world. Yellow marigolds, mallows, sweet narcissus: grey-bearded thistles who once dwelt here as monks: white lilies, who were nuns in their life-time: wild roses, laurustinus, masticks, tall ferns, wreaths of clematis, and bramble; the red foxgloves, which look like enchanted Saracens; the fantastic caper-plant growing in the clefts of the buildings, the sweet wall-flower, the myrtle, and the fragrant mint; brilliant yellow broom, and dark ivy which creeps over all the ruins, and falls over the walls like green cascades—yes, one may fling oneself into this sea of flowers, quite intoxicated by the perfume, and the most charming fairy power enchains the soul.

'The walls of the town are still standing and encircle it like a great ring, but they are everywhere covered thickly with ivy, and only here and there peeps out a crumbling pinnacle on a square ruined tower. The gates of the town are no less barred and barricaded by the wild vine, the ivy, and the bramble, as if the flowers in Ninfa feared some enemy who wanted to break in upon them, as formerly the Saracen, or the soldiers of Barbarossa, or of the Duke of Alba, and the Colonna. They have entrenched themselves behind these ivy walls; perhaps it may be the swarms of meteors, or will-o'-the-wisps from the Pentine marshes, who by night besiege or storm this enchanted town to carry off the flower-spirits into the marshes.

'Many squares and many streets are still standing, with their ruined houses covered with an ivy web, many palaces of a half-gothic architecture, once the dwellings of rich nobles. The churches, the ruins of four or five of which remain, look very strange. I never saw such fantastic ruins; but how can one describe them in words? How shall I depict such a brown shattered bell-tower, with round windows, or windows divided by small pillars, with its frieze of the middle ages formed of sharp-pointed tiles, and with its romantic decorations of ivy and flowers waving in the wind? or how shall I picture the ruins of the arched niches, or the nave of the church, all overhung with tapestries of flowers?

'These churches are old, they belong to the eleventh or twelfth century, if they are not of a still earlier date, for they are built in the simple basilica style. In their deserted space the flowers worship now, and the censers are

swung by the bacchanalian roses. From the walls, or perhaps from an ivy-hung tribune, some old fresco paintings still look down. They represent early Christians with palms in their hands, and instruments of martyrdom by their side. With faded nimbi on their pale foreheads, in golden dalmatica, with stole upon their shoulders, they look down morosely from behind their veils of flowers, and seem shocked by the heathen rites which the children of Flora are daring to celebrate in these deserted churches.

The beetle hums continually his romance of summer, and the cricket chirps incessantly her Anacreontic love-songs. The flowers and beetles yield up these temples no more. A complaint was once brought to S. Bernard that countless swarms of flies had taken possession of a church which was just about to be consecrated, and would not leave it: "I excommunicate them," said he; and behold, when the messengers returned to the church all the flies lay dead. But a saintly exorcist would hardly succeed in excommunicating the flowers from the churches of Ninfa, and though the painted martyrs look angry, the ivy is already creeping up and will soon have entirely veiled and walled them in. Of many there is now nothing more visible than the hem of a robe, and the name in old Roman characters—"S. Xystus or S. Cesarius and S. Laurentius. I went into the last of these churches—what a sight! The original mosaic of the pavement with its arabesques and circles or squares seemed now to be imitated by living flowers, and from the shrine where the bones of the saint once lay the Indian vine waves joyously with its bluish-red berries.

Here also the counterpart of Pompeii is not wanting. As there the classic age expresses itself decidedly in the bright frescoes, so in Ninfa the Christian epoch of humanity speaks from the paintings on the walls of the ruins. There they are the attractive forms of life and pleasure: Cupids fishing in the pool, dancing satyrs, crickets driving a little chariot, hovering Bacchantes clashing cymbals, or holding in their hands a mysterious casket, or bearing juicy figs upon a dish; but in the Pompeii of the middle ages the frescoes only represent death and woe. Instead of those cheerful pictures, we find here the melancholy figures of the catacombs, the mythic gods of suffering and martyrdom, in the flames, on the cross, or kneeling with folded hands before the executioner who stands with uplifted sword.

Is it not time that all these martyrs, saints, and decaying crucifixes were buried in flowers? Here Nature strews them plentifully on the graves of the unfortunate penitents and monks, and of all those who in the time of dark superstition scourged and tortured themselves—would that catholic humanity might imitate her, and give to the dead peace and a grave of flowers!

At the entrance to Ninfa still stands the castle, once the seat of the barons in whose dungeons the victims of feudalism languished. High rises the square tower, built as strongly of bricks as the Torre delle Milizie in Rome, and it seems to belong to the same period. It stands close to a pool, which lies here like a Stygian marsh at the entrance to the city of the dead. Tall reeds surround it. It is a mythic spot, as if from the shadow-world of Aeneas or Ulysses. The gloomy tower and other ruins fling their trembling reflection across the still water of the marsh. The reeds rustle sadly. Sometimes the sobbing voice of a water-hen is heard, like the souls of the departed, who dwell in this Hades and yearn after the upper existence. I sit on ruins and look into this green spirit world, then up to the blue entrancing mountains, on which stand the cyclopean stones of Norba and its citadel, then over the Pontine marshes to the sea in the sunshine of evening, whence rises the glittering Circean mount. Can the enchantress Circe have left her castle there? Does she now dwell in Ninfa? Has she become the ivy-queen? There is so much ivy here, it seemed to me as if this Ninfa must be the ivy-store-house of Italy, and as if the ivy spirits of history supplied all the ruins of this noble country with creepers from this place.

One must sit here when the evening floods every ruin of these ivy halls first with purple, and then with gold, and steeps mountains, and sea, and the Cape of Circe in unspeakable richness of colour—but I will not speak of it, or describe how this fairy land appears, so soon as the moon shines on it.

Out of the pool rushes the spring Nymphæus. It appears to take its rise here, and suddenly brings a startling contrast of young, noisy life into this green grave-world. For with the stormy force of a mountain torrent it dashes

past the ruins, as if urged on by demons, as if winged, as if trying to escape from the deathly grasp of the ivy, and it looks like a living creature, as, sparkling and foaming, it flees across the Pontine marsh towards the sea.

'Near the pool it turns a mill, which has been erected in a building of the middle ages, for part of this house keeps still its pillared gothic-roman windows. They say that there stood in olden times, by the spring and the lake, a temple of the Nymphs, from which the town took its name, and on the site of that Nymphaeum the church of S. Michael was built. In the year 1216 Ugolino Conti founded here the church of S. Maria del Mirteto—of the myrtle-grove.

'But the history of Ninfa is all very obscure. In the twelfth century the Frangipani possessed this town. At the end of the thirteenth century the race of Caëtani got possession of Ninfa, and the descendants of that famous house retain it to this day. The archives of the family in Rome preserve many records which show how Pietro Caëtani, nephew of Boniface VIII., Lateran Count Palatine and Count of Caserta, gradually bought up the houses and possessions of Ninfa. I found there no deeds of the fifteenth century. But an old record of February 22, 1349, is inscribed on the now ruined baronial castle. It runs thus: "Actum Nimphe in scalis palatii Rocce Nimphe presente Nicolao Cillone Vicario Sculcule."—*Gregorovius*.

Evening closed in upon us at Ninfa; the low houses glowed crimson in the sunset, and the lake became like molten gold. We hurried away. It was too late to ascend the mountain way again with its unguarded precipices, but another path led us along the foot of the hills through the low-lying moorlands—parched and ugly at mid-day, but beautiful in the soft twilight, when each arum and thistle, thickly diamonded with dew, sparkled and glittered in the last gleams, and the figures of our party on their mules stood out dark against the soft after-glow. And then, as the bells of Cori were ringing the last strokes of Ave Maria—the summons for the peasants to save themselves from the malaria in their high mountain homes—we wound up to the town through the stilled olive-groves, the most solemn thing in nature, and looked down through the gnarled stems over the wide marsh and woodland to the great Circean promontory engraven in purple-black upon a crimson sky.

From Cori a very beautiful mountain road leads through the Volscian forests to Segni (2190 ft.). We, however, took the railway thither from Ferentino. The station is at the bottom of the mountain called Monte Lepini, while the town is nearly at the top. The ascent to Segni is wild and rugged, and the road wound along the mountain edge without any parapet save a fringe of Judas bushes just bursting into bloom as it were to be ready for Good Friday, between us and tremendous precipices. Segni was the ancient Signia, colonised by Tarquinius Superbus as a restraint upon the inhabitants of the Volscian and Hernican hills, and it is said that the name is derived from the number of standards which he saw raised by the inhabitants in his behalf against the people of Gabii. The town (which occupies the lower half of the ancient site) is mentioned in the 'Captives' of Plautus, where the parasite and epicure Ergasilus swears in turn by Cora, Praeneste, Signia, Phrysinone, and Alatrium, and explains, when asked by his host Hegio why he swears by foreign cities, that they are just as disagreeable as the dinner he is about to receive from him. Strabo

and Pliny, as well as several of the poets, mention the peculiar wine of Signia :

‘Quos Cora, quos spumans immiti Signia musto,
Et quos pestifera Pomptini uligine campi.’
—*Sil. Ital.* viii. 380.

‘Potabis liquidum Signina morantia ventrem ?
Ne nimium sistas, sit tibi parca sitis.’
—*Martial, ‘Ep.’* xiii. 116.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the popes sought safety from the Romans in the strongest towns of the Campagna, Segni was frequently their residence. Eugenius III. fled hither in 1145 from the Senate, and built a papal palace; and here Alexander III., Lucius III., and Innocent III. passed a considerable portion of their reigns in security. Segni was long a fief of the great family of Conti, to which so many of the popes belonged, and it disputes with Anagni the honour of having been the birthplace of Innocent III. In 1353 the head of the house of Conti was Podestà, and afterwards Vicar in the name of the Pope. After the Conti had died out, and Segni had passed into the hands of Mario Sforza, Sixtus V. created it a duchy. On August 13, 1557, the place was taken and almost totally destroyed by the Duke of Alva, and it is owing to this that so few gothic buildings remain. The town was rebuilt, and was given as a duchy by Urban VIII. to his nephew, Cardinal Antonio Barberini. A long lawsuit which followed between the Barberini and the Sforza, the former lords of Segni, was only decided at the end of the last century in favour of the Sforza-Cesarini, who are still Dukes of Segni.

The town is surrounded on all sides by steep rocks, except where a *passaggiata* bordered by trees, with splendid views of valley and mountains, leads to the **Porta Maggiore**. This gate rests against the polygonal walls, and over it are the remains of the baronial castle of the Conti. The houses, which climb over one another, with here and there a tower, are built of courses of limestone stone and brick.

All those who visit Segni should turn at once to the left after entering the gate (there is a poor Locanda (Colagiacomio) where a tolerable meal may be obtained), and mount to the **Porta Saracinesca**, on the north side, and thence make the circuit of the wonderful **walls** which give the place its chief interest. This is best done by turning eastward and reaching another but smaller gate. They are formed by irregular masses of smoothed rock fitted to one another, and though of no great height, almost surround the existing town, and are among the most extensive of their kind in Italy. In some places they are extremely picturesque, especially where a tall cross crowns the huge pile of stones, and stands relieved against the distant background; for you look across the great depths to billow upon billow of purple Hernican hills, and beyond and above these to the ranges of the central Abruzzi, still, in April, covered with snow. The church of S. Pietro, close to what was a fifth gate,



[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

PORTA SARACINESCA. SEGNI



[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

WALLS OF ANAGNI (S. SIDE)

built quite at the end of the fortifications, is another striking point.

'Segni belongs to the same class of hill-fortress as Norba, not the same as Cori. It occupies, not the top of a conical hill, but a table-land on the mountain itself. The hill-top which Segni crowns is long and narrow, at some points very narrow indeed, so as to give to the space within the walls nearly the shape of a figure of eight. The modern town has drawn into one quarter of the ancient enclosure; but it has not withdrawn into the citadel. The traveller may enter by a gateway of Roman date, and if he does so his eye will soon be struck by the great number of graceful fragments of mediæval work to be found within the narrow streets of Segni. Let him first make the circuit of the ancient walls. And he can hardly doubt whether to turn to the left or to the right hand. The claims of the left are in this case overwhelming. Long before he has reached the town, he must have seen, far away on the hill, the most precious of the remains of Signia, the gateway which stands, forsaken but still untouched, beckoning him, as it were, to make his way first of all to the most instructive thing which the primæval city has to show him.'—*E. A. Freeman, 'Studies of Travel,' p. 157.*

'When I reached this spot where the cyclopean citadel of the Volscians stood in hoary antiquity on the lofty heights, the magnificence of the situation took me by surprise; it reminded me of the Acropolis of some Sicilian mountain town. Here, on a height overlooking all Latium, stood the citadel and temple of ancient Signia, of which but few vestiges remain, among them a large circular cistern near the Seminary. The townspeople have here one of their favourite promenades; they walk about there on the cyclopean walls of the highest plateaux of the mountain, as if round a great stone table, among the grey blocks of stone overgrown with moss and wild flowers. One can imagine nothing more original than this promenade in the cloud-region, amid this grand rock scenery. Among the promenaders I saw, as it was a Sunday, many a gaily-decked young lady in silk attire parading up and down, while, immediately below, the mountain fell sheer away in a precipice, and Latium lay extended below. The eye reaches over a wide-spread picture of provinces with their innumerable mountains and cities, each of which is full of its own historical or mythical memories. For the panorama extends from Rome, visible in the plain, to Arpino, Cicero's paternal city, which stands out among the far blue mountains of the Neapolitan kingdom.

'The air up here is fresh, almost sharp. The brown grasses on the masses of rock, the wild roses, and the golden broom wave to and fro in it. The very spirit of antiquity and of the primæval wilderness, of a great, mighty, pre-historic age, seems to brood on these storm-worn cyclopean stones.

'I scrambled further over the rocks, to reach the famous cyclopean walls. As in all the Latin cities, their long lines girdle the actual arx or citadel, and sink away sheer down the precipice. The arrangement of their unhewn stones is as perfectly preserved as if the builder had been at work but yesterday: here and there they are pierced by a small door of Etruscan appearance. At the end of one great line of wall there still stands the great cyclopean gate, in use at the present day. It is built of massive, almost square blocks, in such a manner that the two side walls lean towards each other till the angle is cut off by the stone which forms the lintel.

'The hugeness of these grey walls, weather-stained by thousands of years, the wild growth of plants clinging to them, the mighty strength of the mountain on which the giant fabric rests, and the grandeur of nature which surrounds it, all combine to bring the mind into a state of feeling impossible to describe.

'When I had passed through that gate, the rocky path led me deep down the other side of the wall of mountain, so that the view of Latium was lost. Below I found another and far larger circular cistern hewn in the rock, of at least thirty feet in diameter. In its broad rocky margin many basins are scooped out, in which the women of Segni still do their washing. In all the Volscian towns I have found such ancient and perfectly preserved cisterns: they seem to be peculiar to that neighbourhood, as I do not remember ever to have met with them elsewhere in Latium of this size and shape.'—*Gregorovius.*

The narrow and dirty streets of Segni have little interest. In its piazza is the modernized **Cathedral**, having few memorials of a bishopric which dates from 499. It contains, however, two remarkable statues—one is that of S. Vitalian, a native of Segni, Pope from 657 to 672, the feeble though canonised pontiff who received the Emperor Constans II. at Rome, when he carried off to Constantinople so many of its treasures, including the gilt bronze tiles of the Pantheon. Nevertheless he deserves honour for having been in some respects, with Wilfrid, the apostle of England, and having sent the Greek Archbishop Theodore to Canterbury. The statue was placed here in 1721, and his likeness is taken from the image on his coins. Its inscription ends:

‘Signia gave me to Rome : Rome gave me the tiara.
Signia divides with Rome the honours of my rule.’

‘The other statue, also of indifferent execution, stands opposite that of S. Vitalian. Bruno, a native of Asti, in Piedmont, came to Rome, recommended to Gregory VII., and was afterwards made Bishop of Segni by Urban II. In defiance of the Canon, he abandoned his episcopal seat and went to Monte Cassino, where the Abbot Oderisius received him among the Benedictines. Although Paschal II. ordered the truant to return to his diocese, he remained at Monte Cassino, was there chosen Abbot, and in the leisure of the cloister composed his exegetical writings.

‘Not long after, Bruno played a part at Rome. It is well known that in the sequel of the strife about investiture, Pope Paschal was taken prisoner by the Emperor Henry V., and compelled to issue a Bull by which he yielded to the Emperor the contested right of spiritual investiture. After his release, when Henry had returned to Germany, Cardinals and Bishops beset Paschal with entreaties to revoke the Bull thus wrung from him, and to break his oath : among these fanatics the most zealous was Bruno. His vehemence angered Paschal, who thereupon forbade him to be at the same time Bishop and Abbot. So Bruno laid down his office at Monte Cassino, and returned to Segni, where he died in 1123. He was canonised in 1183.

‘It was Lord Ellis, also both Abbot of Monte Cassino and Bishop of Segni, who raised this monument to his predecessor. But the Church of Segni has another and more remarkable connection with distant England ; for it was in a synod of bishops of the Campagna held here in 1173, that Thomas à Becket was canonised shortly after his murder. This is recorded by an inscription in the Cathedral.

‘Lord Ellis became Bishop of Segni in 1708. He restored the Cathedral, and bequeathed to the town a seminary, its best memorial of him. Pupils come to it from all parts of Latium ; they wear a priestly garb, although not necessarily intended for Holy Orders. The seminary stands near the Church of S. Pietro.’—*Gregorovius*.

Nothing can be more kind than the reception which the inhabitants of Segni give to strangers. The women here wear a different costume to those in the towns on the other side of the valley. They have no *panni*, but a large silver bodkin fastens up their hair, and their bodices, usually green, are laced behind instead of in front. Almost all the natives are proprietors in the country on a small scale, and though little can be grown in these lofty uplands, the vineyards, oliveyards, and fruit-gardens are very productive. Excellent cherries and peaches abound ; and the woods supply chestnuts for a coarse bread which is considered very nourishing, and abundant acorns for the maintenance of the black pigs which feed here in vast numbers. It is amusing to see the

return of the country-people at sunset from their fields, hundreds at a time, streaming along the terrace in front of the gateway, and up the steep streets into the upper town, each accompanied by his domestic animals—his donkeys, his goats, or his pet pigs, which come frisking behind their masters in the most diverting manner, for all share their homes with them. Then the whole street is blocked up for a time, and the cries, the shouts, the braying, the barking, and, above all, the squeaking and grunting, baffle description.

The ruins of the Volscian city of **Artena** (m. 650), are distant two hours' walk from Segni by Pian di Civita. The polygonal walls of the Acropolis, which dominated the town, are worth visiting. They are formed of irregular blocks measuring m. 1.60 × 0.98, put together in the roughest of early styles. Livy states that being besieged by the Romans, B.C. 400, it became theirs by means of treachery. The views are supremely beautiful. The mediaeval **Artena** below is perhaps the filthiest town in the Campagna di Roma. For **Rocca Massima** (m. 743) a guide is necessary (L. 2). The polygonal blocks here are even larger than at **Artena**, and their interstices are filled in. The descent may be made to Cori in an hour and three-quarters, or to the railway at Giulianello.

CHAPTER XVI

THE HERNICAN HILLS—ALATRI, FERENTINO, AND ANAGNI

THIS is one of the most interesting excursions near Rome, and is perhaps the one which is least known, though it is rendered easy by the railway. To accomplish it, one must leave Rome by the first train, say at 7 A.M., and it must be remembered, that *that* train alone is met by the omnibus from Segni, Anagni, Ferentino, and other places on the route, but distant several miles from the railway; and that if any other train is chosen, the traveller may find himself deposited at a small country station in a desolate district, without any further means of progress, unless he sends word of his coming to the local station-master ordering a conveyance. The pedestrian, however, may take advantage of this circumstance, and map in hand find his way across country. He will meet with nothing but civility. The few sheep-dogs will not come to close quarters if he shows fight by sending a stone or two in their direction. But they must not, on any account, be fled from. For the same reason it will be best to visit the nearest places first, taking up the same train at the different stations. Those who are delicate about food, had better take it with them in a net, or at any rate some tea or coffee. Meat can scarcely ever be obtained in the mountain towns, but eggs, goats' milk, and excellent coarse bread are always to be found there, and often spaghetti also, with the hard wine of the hill districts. The inns are poor taverns, often approached by filthy alleys, but the people are civil, the linen clean, and the beds sufficiently comfortable to be appreciated by a tired traveller, whose appetite, strengthened by the fresh mountain air, will not depreciate the humble fare of the place. The charges are those of an Italy unspoilt by foreigners; one lira for bed, two lire for dinner, and fifty centimes for breakfast, are not unusual prices. It is unnecessary to bargain. It will only create surprise, and perhaps discomfort.

Those who have not been accustomed to it in Rome, will learn on this excursion how much beauty and pleasure are lost for lack of early rising. The most delicate hues and shadows do not last for many hours after sunrise. When we have emerged from the railway station, and traversed the vineyards and salad-gardens of Rome, we are astonished by the colouring of the pale pink

precipices in the familiar range of the Sabina, as they melt into a silver haze. Here and there a projecting cliff can be distinguished, in the rest all form is lost in colour; Monticelli and S. Angelo glitter on their hill-tops, and the long lines of the Campagna are tinged with peacock hues as the blue cloud shadows flit across them. In the foreground the thistles, marigolds, and lupins, grow together so vigorously that you seem to see them sucking their strong life out of the brown volcanic soil. On the other side, we have first the bold striding aqueducts, tinged on the inner edge by the dazzling sunlight, and then the long line of ruined tombs, which marks out the Appian Way against the low-lying horizon. Soon the train crosses the sepulchral road of so many memories, whose stones were once trodden by the sandalled feet of S. Paul—and so into the upland, to olive-gardens, whose silvery stems glisten against the brilliant green of the young wheat, to dark cypress groves and pine-trees by terraced villas, and on to fields divided by hedges of Spina Christi, the hallowed plant, said to have been brought to Italy by the returning crusaders, the seed of the tree on Calvary whence a sacred crown was once enwoven. Thus we wind round the base of the green slopes of Monte Cavo, from which Castel Gandolfo looks down upon the Alban lake, and reach the station of Albano. Beyond this, upon the right, we overlook a plain historical with the sites of Pratica, Tellene, and Ardea to a wide expanse of blue sea, with Astura, Antium, and Ostia. On the left Civita Lavinia rises with its tower on a fortified platform; next Velletri, with its orange-lichened roofs and wooded hills riven into gulfs of verdure; and then we enter a wilder, less-wooded country, the valley of the Sacco—a plain alternately narrow and wide; a very definite plain indeed, closed in by the Hernican hills on one side, and the Lepini on the other, which rise abruptly with their rocky buttresses.

A carriage met us at *Frosinone* station and took us through a country where the most remarkable feature seemed to be faggots, stacked high up in the maple trees, pollarded for the purpose. We found tolerable rooms at the little inn at *Alatri* (*Albergo Centrale, Locanda di Roma.*) It is a drive (11 kil.) of two hours, skirting the base of the mountains, and crossing several streams:

‘*Roscida rivis*
Hernica saxa colunt.’

—*Aen.* vii. 683.

You are beginning to wonder where *Alatri* can be, when you suddenly see its polygonal walls rising sharp-cut against the sky at the end of a valley on the left, and forming a terrace fit for the very Titans to walk upon—a sort of architectural Walhalla, surrounded by the loftier Hernicans. The modern road winds to the town by gradual ascent to *Porta S. Pietro*. The ancient approach is possibly the earliest instance of a *cordónata*, a hill-side broken by steps, such as the approach to the Capitol. On either side at entering will be seen an archaic sculptured figure in relief.

Hence we follow left to Porta Portati. After a long break in the continuity we reach the finest track of polygonal wall in Italy. The narrow dark streets are full of mediæval houses, with gothic windows and loggie; and the two ancient churches have each a rose-window in the west front. But towering high above the buildings of all later ages are the walls of the ancient city, forming a quadrangle, and as perfect as if they were finished yesterday: for though the stones are fitted together without cement, each is like a mass of rock, and the arched form of their fitting adds to their firmness. The Porta di Civita of the Arx opens under a single horizontal stone measuring seventeen feet by five. The emblem of Priapus is repeatedly sculptured on the walls, and it has long been a semi-religious custom for the inhabitants to go out *en masse* to mutilate it on Easter Monday. The place is mentioned by Plautus, under the Greek form 'Αλάτριον: Strabo calls it 'Αλέτριον.

'Alatri, like Ferentino, was surrounded with walls, but the circle round the town has been almost entirely destroyed, and only the walls of the citadel remain, an astonishing monument of that period of civilisation, and without parallel amongst the towns of Latium, so that to see so wonderful, so unparalleled a work, which may be compared with the buildings of Egypt, is well worth a fatiguing day's journey.

'The old citadel of Alatri (it is now called 'Civita'—the town, by itself) occupies the highest point in the place, and is now the site of the cathedral, for here, as at Ferentino, the bishopric has nestled within the old fortress. And this hill, on the broad flat surface of which is the cathedral, is surrounded, supported, and surmounted by Cyclopean walls reaching to a height of from eighty to a hundred feet. When I saw and I walked round these constructions, of black Titanic stonework, to which the eye looks up with astonishment, so well preserved that they seem as if their age might be reckoned not by thousands of years but by years, I was impelled to much greater admiration of human power than the sight of the Coliseum of Rome had inspired. For in times of advanced civilisation, with many complete mechanical appliances, amphitheatres or public baths like those of Caracalla or Constantine might be piled up, without imputing anything extraordinary to the strength of man; and even the walls of Dionysius of Syracuse, the grandest of such creations which I had yet seen, do not make an equal impression. But here we see before us walls, each stone of which is not a huge square but a block of irregular shape, many-sided, hewn out of the rock; and if we ask in wonder by what mechanical means such huge masses of rock could be lifted up and piled one upon another, still less can we understand how it was possible to arrange the many-cornered blocks so artistically that they fit into one another exactly without leaving spaces to be filled up, and form a complete gigantic mosaic.

'As these Cyclopean towns are found near one another, and scattered over the whole of Latium, it follows that in this country a great number of independent republics or states were established in very ancient times, whose connection with one another we do not know. But such immense fortifications imply constant war between the different towns, and particularly a predatory, unsafe, and isolated state of life. To bring the strength of the men into a suitable proportion to the colossal dimensions of the works, one must imagine those who erected them, or who came as enemies to storm them, to have been regular giants. But these erections only point to that colossal period with which the civilisation of men in all nations and in all parts of the world begins, till it gradually rises from the materially sublime to the representation of things pleasing and beautiful, which more perfect means render possible. Altogether these Cyclopean works should not be placed in too dark a time; perhaps some of them may have been built in Latium after Rome was founded, and the step from this many-cornered style of building to the hardly less colossal square stone walls of the Etruscans and Romans is by no means

a long one. [More recent research has established the fact that polygonal construction is merely matter of 'convenience.' There can be no doubt all of these walls in towns of the Campagna date from Roman times.]

'Out of the walls of this Capitol of the ancient Alatri led a principal gate which exists still, an enormous erection made of horizontal stones; besides this there is also a smaller entrance, and three square niches in the south wall lead to the conclusion that images of gods may have been set up there, while at the same time Cyclopean remains in the middle of the castle may with some probability be held to be the public altar on which festive sacrifices were offered.

'Till the year 1843 these walls were half-buried under ruins and creepers, and no road led round them. A visit of Gregory XVI. inspired the Alatrians with the happy thought of cleaning and clearing out such unparalleled monuments of antiquity; so 2000 men worked for ten days at removing the rubbish, and thus the Acropolis was not only laid bare again but surrounded with a road called *Via Gregoriana*, by which one can walk round it comfortably. Then, too, the great gate was dug out, and the ascent to the plateau re-opened. This broad flat space is only surrounded by a stone bulwark, which rises above the Cyclopean wall, and as it contains no building but the cathedral, it admits a most charming view of the mountain scenery. And indeed the beautiful surroundings make such an enchanting picture that I will not attempt to describe it in words, or even to indicate the lines of the the mountains which rise from Elysian fields to the sunny blue above.'—*Gregorovius*.

Within the precincts of the fortress stands the **Duomo** (S. Paolo). It only dates from the last century, though the see was created in A.D. 551; but it is a conspicuous feature in all distant views of the town, and contains in its baptistery a Cosmatesque 'Ambone.' Moreover, it occupies the site of the Ara Maxima. A finer church is that of **S. Maria Maggiore**, which has three gothic portals in its west front, and a rose-window above them. The mouldings are richly ornamented with acanthus. It had formerly two towers, but only one remains. The interior is completely modernised. From the heights overhanging the walls are grand views over the Volscian and Hernican hills, the most prominent feature being a bare mountain, crowned by a little town and a grove of cypresses. This is **Fumone**, the scene of the imprisonment and death of the abdicated hermit-Pope, Celestine V., immured here by his successor, Boniface VIII. A later (Avignonese) Pope, Clement V. (1305), presently enrolled him amongst the saints. In old days Fumone was carefully watched, for its lord had feudal rights over all the surrounding country, and, when he wished to summon his vassals, either in defence or attack, he lighted a bonfire on his hill-top, whence the proverb—'*Quando Fumone fuma, tutta la campagna trema.*' The people of Alatri are handsome, and as the women come down the steep stairs under the great gateway, with their flowing veils, their rich costume, and their gleaming brass *conche* poised upon their stately heads, they are in keeping with the scene.

The drive back from Alatri to Ferentino in the gloaming of one of the most beautiful days in the beginning of April, gave us a perfect succession of charming pictures, not only of landscape—though that was beautiful exceedingly in the still late light—but of herdsmen in their closely-fitting blue dress, with their guiding-poles over their shoulders, following stately grey oxen down the hollow ways between the red earth and bright grass, singing as

they went ; and of women in white dresses, with snow-white *panni* folded over their dark hair, wearing large gold earrings and embroidered aprons, sometimes coming up from wayside fountains bearing the great brazen vessels of water, which one sees here everywhere, poised upon their heads, like Greek Caryatides. Our evening, moreover, was a perfectly Italian one — seated in the brick-floored, painted room, lighted by Italian lamps with three burners and hanging chains, and waited on by a gaily-jewelled hostess, who had nothing to offer but eggs and salad, and smiles.

Another beautiful morning found us rested, and out early to enjoy the light glinting through olive-trees under our window, and distant views of rosy peaks. Then we set off to explore the town, ancient Hernican **Ferentinum**,¹ up the steep dark street, all balconies, and loggie, and gothic windows, with plenty of dirt beneath, and only a strip of opal sky lighting it up at the end. [It is 5 kil. from its station.] On the steepest part of the rock stands the *Church of S. Valentino*, with a porch, its canopy being formed by a projecting apse. A little further is **S. Francesco**, with strange bas-reliefs in its little forecourt. Hence the *Via dell' Antico Acropole*, a street full of long steep staircases, beloved by artists, leads up to a terrace under polygonal walls made of huge stones, something like those of Alatri. The dark passage caverned under these walls emerges close to the **Duomo** (SS. Giovanni e Paolo), which externally has much of its Lombard architecture remaining ; and, within, a rich Cosmatesque pavement, mended with fragments of sculptured marble-work, and a twisted mosaic pillar nearly the whole height of the church, secured against the wall by iron clamps.

‘Just at the point where the Inscription is, the walls of the *Arx* are carried up to form the Bishop’s palace, and from the middle of one side rises the bell-tower of the Cathedral, a very good example of the usual Romanesque type of such buildings.’—*Freeman*.

Behind the church is the bishop’s palace, with a stately staircase guarded by marble lions.

‘Aulus Gellius, speaking of Caius Gracchus, quotes from a speech of the latter anent the wrongs done by arbitrary magistrates to allied cities : “The wife of a Roman Praetor suddenly wished the public baths of Ferentinum made ready for herself. The thing was not done as fast as the lady wished : so her husband bade the two quaestors of the town to be seized. One was scourged and the other threw himself over the wall.”’—*Freeman*.

A crowded street, where old women, like the Fates of Michelangelo, sit spinning in their doorways, surrounded by their domestic circles of goats, cats, dogs, and pigs, all joining vociferously in the conversation, leads to the lower town. The stone used as the font in the little church of *S. Giovanni Evangelista* has an inscription from the inhabitants of Ferentinum to Cornelia Salonina, wife of the ‘unconquered Gallienus.’ From the piazza, where a number of

¹ Carriages and lodgings can be had at the Locanda Pettorini. To Anagni for 5 lire.

Roman altars are collected, we have a magnificent view over mountain and plain. Hence, also, one may learn, by looking down, to find one's way through the intricate maze of filthy alleys, many of which have such stately names as *Via dell' Atreo*, *Vicolo dei Bagni di Flavio*, *Vicolo del Calidario*, &c., to the finest of the churches, **S. Maria Maggiore**, which, in its beautiful west front, has a door with red marble columns collared together, and above it the emblems of the Evangelists on either side of the Lamb, and a grand rose window.

Old Italian histories assert that S. Maria Salome, the reputed mother of S. John the Evangelist, was buried at Ferentino, 'as is attested by the archives in the cathedral of Veroli.'

Near the gate close to this church an inscription hewn in the solid rock records the erection of a statue by the grateful people of Ferentinum to Aulus Quinctilius, who, amongst other largesses, gave them *crustula* and *mulsum* (cakes and mead) upon his birthday, with *sportulae* (presents of money) for the decurions, and *nucum sparsiones* (scrambles of nuts) for the boys.

'The pride of Ferentino, amongst its antiquities, is the so-called 'Testament.' With difficulty I climbed over rocks and through the brambles in a vineyard to reach this curiosity, and at last I saw before me a great table hewn in the living rock. A long inscription in well-cut characters tells here that Aulus Quinctilius, Quatuorvir and Aedile, was the benefactor of his native town, bequeathing to it all his property by will, for which the town gratefully honoured him by placing his statue publicly on the Forum.'—*Gregorovius*.

Outside this gate is preserved a fine tract of the *Via Latina*.

The three remaining gates of Ferentino are called *Sanguinaria* (E.), *Stupa* (N.W.), and *San Francesco* (N.E.); but none of them retains its original architrave. Instead there is seen Roman 'opus quadratum.' The polygonal pavement is still to be found here and there. The first of these gates, and the most imposing, leads the visitor direct upward to the Acropolis.

Another public carriage met us at the station of **Anagni**, ancient *Anagnia*, the capital of the *Hernici*. The town crests a long ridge, the noble advance-guard of the *Hernican* hills, with splendid views in every direction. We enter by *Porta Cerere*. Its streets are soon seen to abound in architectural fragments, griffins, lions, open loggias, outside staircases, trefoiled windows, and great arched doorways, and still recall the expression '*municipium ornatissimum*,' which Cicero, in his defence of Milo, applies to this town. Virgil also speaks of its riches.

The centre of life here, as in all the mountain towns, is the *piazza* (Cavour), where groups of brilliantly-dressed peasants, the women all wearing *panni* again and glorious earrings, stand gossiping round the fountain, poising their brazen *conche* meanwhile upon its marble ledges. The men lie basking in the sunshine along the stone ledges of the terrace, for here only three sides of the *piazza* are surrounded with houses, the fourth opens over the valley toward the mountains.

'From this piazza the view is so beautiful that it enchants even those who have seen all Italy from the Alps to the African and Ionian sea. Immediately opposite rise the Volscian hills, whose sunny heights are so distinctly seen that the windows in the houses can be distinguished. Everywhere Volscian towns catch the eye, as they follow one another along the hills. Monte Fortino, the celebrated Segni, Gavignano, Rocca Gorga, Scurgola; then Morolo, Supino, Patrica, behind which the tall pyramid of Monte Caciune rises blue and beautiful. Further still are peak after peak; then more towns: here Ferentino on a hill; there Frosinone, whose citadel even is visible, and Arnara, Posi, Ceccano, and many other places which the eye can discover. Towards Rome extends a large plain bounded by the mountains of Palestrina, which is itself visible in the far distance. The Latin hills also appear, and thus the view embraces a large part of Latium.'—*Gregorovius*.

Beyond the piazza, on the left (opposite the Gallo), open the huge round arches of the portico of the old **Civic palace** (now Municipio). It was not here, however, but in his own palace that Guillaume de Nogaret insulted the mighty Boniface VIII., and imprisoned him, when 'the *fleur-de-lis* was seen in Anagni.' This palace no longer exists, except in a few fragments by the Palazzo Traietto, near the Duomo. Here Innocent III., Gregory IX., and Alexander IV., all powerful Popes, held their Courts in the 13th century, all born here, and all sprung from native families, and once canons of the cathedral. Behind the palace a fragment of a beautiful Gothic loggia (of two bays of round arches filled in with three acute ones apiece) of the time of Boniface remains; part of the interior is now used as a theatre. The cornice of it is decorated with five stemme. There is not a book-shop in Anagni, and we could find no one, not even the sacristan of the cathedral, who knew anything whatever of its history. The utmost they could tell, was that 'Bonifazio' had lived there, that his statue stood on their walls, and that Dante had written of him—*what*, or who he was, they were quite ignorant of.

It is a very short distance up the hill (turning sharp to R. at Piazza del Conte) to the **Duomo** (S. Maria), which is a most interesting mediaeval building, though it has little to show. The See dates from A.D. 487; the Duomo, from its rebuilding in 1074. On the wall, above what was once the great side entrance, Boniface VIII. sits aloft, in robes and tiara, on his throne of state in a corbelled-out canopy niche, looking out over the deep valley to the Volscian hills. For the little Piazza Gioberti below is again open westward. Over his head, blazoned in gold and mosaic, are the illustrious alliances of the Caëtani before his time. The steps beneath this statue, which must have had a magnificent effect in the open space, as seen from the valley beneath, were destroyed thirty years ago by a certain Marchese (even his name seems to be forgotten), and the present entrance is by the north, where a quaint winding staircase leads into a dark gallery, lined with curious old frescoes and eight Roman inscriptions, and on into the cathedral by a side door.

'The cathedral of Anagni, though several times renovated by the bishops of the town and by the popes, still retains its original Gothic-Roman char-

acter. The façade is of rude architecture; it terminates in an obtuse-angled gable, the triangle of which is cut off by a simple cornice. In it is an arched, unornamented window, beneath which is a large square one, evidently of a later date. The door (there is only one) has a cornice in very bad taste, formed of different blocks of stone patched together, and ornamented with heads of oxen and lions, the rude work of the middle ages. Two pillars are built into the wall, with the capitals joined together, without any visible object, and very unsymmetrically too, as they are only on one side of the door. Over the door is a round arch adorned with simple arabesques. The masonry is throughout of the black limestone from the neighbouring mountains. One can see that the façade still retains its original form, and has only been restored at a later period in a hurry, when absolutely necessary.'—*Gregorovius*.

The interior, much spoiled by bad painting, is more picturesque than beautiful. In the lofty choir is a grand paschal candlestick (*tortellato*), rising from a crouching figure. Portraits of the Popes connected with Anagni hang over the throne and stalls. The pavement of the church is of *opus cosmatescum*, though much decayed, and in the choir it attains a degree of minuteness resembling delicate enameller's work. Here, on the Maundy Thursday of 1160, Alexander III. stood to curse the great Emperor Barbarossa. Here Innocent III. read aloud the bull which excommunicated his grandson, Frederick II., and on this same spot Alexander IV. banished the young Manfred. Here also the cardinals elected Innocent IV., after they had received the letter of the Emperor Frederick II., designating them 'sons of Belial.' In this church also (September 7, 1303) Boniface VIII. knelt at the altar in his pontifical robes, when the French, prompted by his hereditary enemies, the Colonesi, had forced the gates of the town, and burst into the streets, crying, 'Vive le roi de France, et meure Boniface.'

'The Pope had retired, as usual, from the summer heat to his native city, Anagni. Here he seemed, as it were, to pause, to be gathering up his strength to launch the last crushing thunders upon the head of the contumacious king of France. The Bull of excommunication was ordered to be suspended in the porch of the cathedral of Anagni. The 8th of September was to be the fatal day.

'On a sudden, on the 7th of September, the peaceful streets of Anagni were disturbed. The Pope and the Cardinals, who were all assembled around him, were startled with the trampling of armed horse, and the terrible cry, which ran like wildfire through the city, "Death to Pope Boniface! Long live the King of France!" Sciarra Colonna, at the head of three hundred horsemen, the Barons of Ceccano and Supino, and some others, the sons of Massio of Anagni, were marching in furious haste, with the banner of the King of France displayed. The ungrateful citizens of Anagni, forgetful of their pride in their holy compatriot, of the honour and advantage to their town from the splendour and wealth of the Papal residence, received them with rebellious and acclaiming shouts.

'The bell of the city, indeed, had tolled at the first alarm; the burghers had assembled; they had chosen their commander: but that commander, whom they ignorantly or treacherously chose, was Arnulf, a deadly enemy of the Pope. The banner of the Church was unfolded against the Pope by the captain of the people of Anagni. The first attack was on the palace of the Pope, on that of the Marchese Caëtani, his nephew, and those of three Cardinals, the special partisans of Boniface. The houses of the Pope and of his nephew made some resistance. The doors of those of the Cardinals were beaten down, the treasures ransacked and carried off; the Cardinals them-

selves fled from the backs of the houses through the common sewer. The Pope and his nephew implored a truce; it was granted for eight hours. This time the Pope employed in endeavouring to stir up the people to his defence: the people answered coldly that they were under the command of their captain. The Pope demanded the terms of the conspirators. "If the Pope would save his life, let him instantly restore the Colonna Cardinals to their dignity, and reinstate the whole house in their honours and possessions; after this restoration the Pope must abdicate, and leave his body at the disposal of Sciarra." The Pope groaned in the depth of his heart. "The word is spoken." Again the assailants thundered at the gates of the palace: still there was obstinate resistance. The principal church of Anagni, that of Santa Maria, protected the Pope's palace. Sciarra Colonna's lawless band set fire to the gates; the church was crowded with clergy and laity, and traders who had brought their precious wares into the sacred building. They were plundered with such rapacity that not a man escaped with a farthing.

The Marchese Caetani found himself compelled to surrender, on the condition that his own life, that of his family, and those of his servants, should be spared. At these sad tidings the Pope wept bitterly. The Pope was alone; from the first the Cardinals, some from treachery, some from cowardice, had fled on all sides, even his most familiar friends; they had crept into the most ignoble hiding-places. The aged Pontiff alone lost not his self-command. He had declared himself ready to perish in his glorious cause; he determined to fall with dignity. "If I am betrayed like Christ, I am ready to die like Christ." He put on the stole of S. Peter, the Pontifical crown was on his head, the keys of S. Peter in one hand and the cross in the other: he took his seat on the Papal throne, and, like the Roman senators of old, awaited the approach of the Gaul.

But the pride and cruelty of Boniface had raised and infixed deep in the hearts of men passions which acknowledged no awe of age, of intrepidity, or religious majesty. In William de Nogaret the blood of his Tolosan ancestors, in Colonna the wrongs, the degradation, the beggary, the exile of all his house, had extinguished every feeling but revenge. They insulted him with contumacious reproaches: they menaced his life. The Pope answered not a word. They insisted that he should at once abdicate the Papacy. "Behold my neck, behold my head," was the only reply.

The Pope was placed under close custody, not one of his own attendants permitted to approach him. Worse indignities awaited him. He was set on a vicious horse, with his face to the tail, and so led through the town to his place of imprisonment. The palaces of the Pope and of his nephew were plundered; so vast was the wealth that the annual revenues of all the kings in the world would not have been equal to the treasures found and carried off by Sciarra's freebooting soldiers. His very private chamber was ransacked; nothing left but bare walls.

At length the people of Anagni could no longer bear the insults and the sufferings heaped upon their illustrious fellow-citizen. They rose in irresistible insurrection, drove out the soldiers by whom they had been overawed, now gorged with plunder, and doubtless not unwilling to withdraw. The Pope was rescued, and led out into the street, where the old man addressed a few words to the people: "Good men and women, ye see how mine enemies have come upon me, and plundered my goods, and those of the Church, and of the poor. Not a morsel of bread have I eaten, not a drop have I drunk, since my capture. I am almost dead with hunger. If any good woman will give me a piece of bread and a cup of wine—if she has no wine, a little water—I will absolve her, and anyone who will give me their alms, from all their sins." The compassionate rabble burst into a cry, "Long life to the Pope!" They carried him back to his naked palace. They crowded, the women especially, with provisions, bread, meat, water, and wine. They could not find a single vessel: they poured a supply of water into a chest. The Pope proclaimed a general absolution to all except the plunderers of his palace. He even declared that he wished to be at peace with the Colonna and all his enemies. This perhaps was to disguise his intention of retiring, as soon as he could, to Rome.

The Romans had heard with indignation of the sacrilegious attack on the person of the Supreme Pontiff. Four hundred horse, under Matteo and

Caetano Orsini, were sent to conduct him to the city. He entered it almost in triumph; the populace welcomed him with every demonstration of joy. But the awe of his greatness was gone; the spell of his dominion over the minds of men was broken.

'The religious mind of Christendom was at once perplexed and horror-stricken by the sacrilegious violence on the person of the Supreme Pontiff: it shocked some even of the sternest Ghibellines. Dante, who brands the pride, the avarice, the treachery of Boniface in his most terrible words, and has consigned him to the direst doom, nevertheless expresses the almost universal feeling. Christendom "shuddered to behold the Fleur-de-lis enter into Anagni, and Christ again captive in His Vicar, the mockery, the gall and vinegar, the crucifixion between robbers, the insolent and sacrilegious cruelty of the second Pilate.'"—*Milman, 'History of Latin Christianity.'*

'Veggio in Alagna entrar lo fiordaliso,

E nel vicario suo Cristo esser catto;

Veggiolo un' altra volta esser deriso,

Veggio rinnovellar l' aceto e 'l fele,

E tra vivi ladroni esser anciso.

Veggio 'l nuovo Pilato sì crudele,

Che ciò nol sazia, ma, senza decreto,

Porta nel tempio le cupide vele.'

—*Purgatorio*, xx. 89.

The external crown of the central apse has some beautiful arcading corbelled out and carried on ancient columns.

Two chapels in the left aisle of the Duomo are filled with Caetani memorials. In one is a Greek inscription. In the other is a painting of the Madonna, of 1322, and the grand mosaic tomb wrought by the Cosmati ('magister Cosmas, civis Romanus, cum filiis suis Luca et Jacopo'), known as 'Il sepolcro della famiglia di Bonifazio.' It bears in Latin the inscription:—

'Whoever thou art who directest thy steps to this venerable church, know at once the founders of all its glories. Peter the Bishop founded it with great effort, whom noble Salerno reared and gave to us. May the only Son of the Supreme Father have mercy on him.'

In the **sacristy** are preserved some curious copes, and the croziers of Innocent III. and Boniface VIII. The crypt is given up to the especial saints of Anagni, who are numerous, and whose story, in a series of early frescoes, occupies the walls. The south altar is devoted to S. Oliva, whose bones and head are shown in a glass case beneath her statue. Opposite her is S. Magnus, bishop and martyr, who is represented above seated between two virgin saints. Beneath another altar are the martyrs Secunda, Aurelia, and Neonissa. In the **tribune**, which has a magnificent pavement, is the papal throne, and over it, in ancient fresco, the whole story of the Apocalypse—the seven candlesticks, the seven churches, the twenty-four elders in adoration of the spotless Lamb, &c., and, in the centre, above the altar, the Redeemer seated on a rainbow, with the two-edged sword proceeding out of his mouth. The **façade** has suffered from various degradations. It has a bare round-headed window, and a later square one below. The side doors are closed. Several fragments of eighth century braided work appear on each side of the central door, and a few bits of a Doric frieze.

The tall and awkward Romanesque **tower** of the Cathedral is

separated from the rest of the building, and stands alone upon a little green platform in front of the façade of the church. Hence there is a grand view over the eastern valley to the cold bare rocks. To Roman Catholics a more interesting feature will be the knot of brown buildings on the gray and barren side of the mountain, about six miles from Anagni; for this is *Acuto*, where the recently founded Order of the Precious Blood had its origin, and where its foundress, Maria di Matthias, lived until her death (1866). The story of her vocation is as romantic and curious as that of any old saintly legend, and that of her founding here a large sisterhood and school which she supported by faith and prayer, without any more definite sources of assistance. Of her extraordinary influence on the surrounding districts, no one who has visited them can have a doubt, or of the power of her sermons, which were simple discourses of loving practical Christianity. When she was likely to preach thousands flocked to hear her, and when she appeared, a silence fell upon the crowd, with the whisper, 'Hush! the great mother is going to speak to us.' Outside the S. Gate (Porta Umberto, formerly, S. Maria), on the left rises a considerable tract of ancient walls built in the style known as 'long and short,' like the so-called wall of Romulus on the Palatine. More of these walls are to be found by turning down Via Bagno to the fountain or lavatoio; and on the way down will be met with *Opus Incertum* carried on bold arcading (filled in with rubbish) of *Opus Quadratum*.

CHAPTER XVII

PALESTRINA

(**Palestrina** (6400 inhabitants, is 35 kilometres from Rome and 6 kilometres from its own station. Omnibus meets trains. Albergo di Ermengilda Arena.)

AN early drive (an old fashioned route though it be) from Velletri to **Palestrina**, the ancient Praeneste, is most delightful. Then the cloudless sky is opal behind the soft violet mountains. Reaching the foot of the Volscian hills, and passing Lariano, we come toward the picturesque town of modern Artena, formerly a fortress of the mediaeval Conti, clambering up the side of a hill so steep that each row of houses begins over the roof of its neighbour, and thereby each has a free view of the sky. Artena, which is best reached from Segni Station (two miles), is probably the dirtiest town in the Roman Campagna, with a population of 4560, mostly agriculturists, bearing a better character now than might be expected from a notorious past. (Osteria Paolo Ciaffi.) About a mile distant over the woody heights, at the spot now called Pian di Civita, is the site of the Volscian city *Artena*: portions of the grand polygonal walls of the citadel or arx, as well as of the town, remain, and the views are superb.

It is about three miles from Monte Fortino (passing the station) to **Valmontone** (Vallis Montonis) (Locanda di Vincenzo Giorgi), the ancient Toleria (?), which stands on a ridge of tufo in the midst of the plain between the two ranges of mountains, and is partly girdled by walls set with round mediaeval towers, used as houses. From the families of Conti, Sforza, and Barberini, it has passed to the Pamfili, by whom the huge baroque palace which crowns the town was built in 1662. The eldest son of Prince Doria bears the title of Prince of Valmontone. In the cortile of the palace are some inscriptions brought from neighbouring catacombs. Adjoining it is a rather handsome cathedral of the seventeenth century (*Annunziata*), designed by Mattia de' Rossi, a scholar of Bernini. There are several *bits* at Valmontone to delight an artist, especially at the entrance of the town, where a magnificent fragment of the ancient wall forms the foreground to some picturesque houses. Near this also is the interesting eleventh century church of S. Antonio, now called the *Madonna delle Grazie*. The door is later.

Palestrina is quite a different type of place from all the others we have seen, and its people, unlike the courteous peasants we have hitherto met with, are lawless and avaricious. Can the bitter warfare of reprisal, of which both ancient Praeneste and mediaeval Palestrina have been the scene, be setting its mark still upon the inhabitants? for perhaps few places have been more often besieged, none more often utterly ruined and destroyed.

Praeneste, 'quid montibus praeest,' says the grammarian, Festus, is one of the towns of fabulous origin. Virgil ascribes it to Caeculus, the son of Vulcan:—

'Nec Praenestinae fundator defuit urbis,
Vulcano genitum pecora inter agrestia regem
Inventumque focus omnis quem credidit aetas,
Caeculus.'

—*Aen.* vii. 678.

Strabo gives it a Greek origin, and says that it was first called Πολυστέφανος. Pliny also says that it was called Stephane, a name which is supposed to have been derived from the appearance of the castle on the top of the hill being like a mural crown. Servius derives the name from the *πρίνοι*, ilexes, which grew here.

Even in the time of the Siculi, Virgil describes Praeneste as having been governed by a king called Herilus, who fell in defending his country against the Latins. Livy declares that eight towns were dependent upon it. It was reduced to the condition of a Roman Colony upon the failure of the struggle in favour of the Tarquins. T. Quinctius Cincinnatus conquered the town and took from it the statue of Jove which then was placed in the Capitoline Temple. After the defeat at Sacri-portus of Caius Marius, the younger, who killed himself within its walls, Praeneste fell into the hands of Sulla, who ferociously annihilated population and city alike:—

'Vidit Fortuna colonos
Praenestina suos cunctos simul ense recepto,
Unius populum pereuntem tempore mortis.'

—*Lucan*, 'Phars,' ii. 193.

But Sulla rebuilt the town with the utmost magnificence, and erected the Temple of Fortuna Primigenia so sumptuously that the Athenian philosopher Carneades said he had 'never seen a Fortune so fortunate as that of Praeneste.' Its glories were celebrated by several of the Latin poets. It was in fact the life of the town.

'Inspice Tibur,
Et Praenestinae moenia sacra Deae,
Junonale leges tempus.'

—*Ovid*, 'Fast.' vi. 61.

'Aedificator erat Cetronius, et modo curvo
Littore Caietae, summa nunc Tiburis arce,
Nunc Praenestinis in montibus, alta parabat
Culmina villarum, Graecis longeque petitis
Marmoribus, vincens Fortunae atque Herculis aedem.'

—*Juv.* 'Sat.' xiv. 86.

Fortunae Praeneste jngis.'

'sacrisque dicatum

—*Sil. Ital.* viii. 366.

'Cicero gives a curious account of the institution of the divination called the *Sortes Fortunae Primigeniae Praenestinae*: "Numerius Suffucius having, in consequence of frequent dreams, excavated in a rock, found a piece of oak, on which the necessary ceremonies seem to have been inscribed in ancient characters. The place was inclosed, honey flowed from an olive tree on the spot, and the Temple of fortune was erected on or near the site." (*De Divin.* II. xli.) In the time of Cicero, the credit of the *Sortes Praenestinae* had much diminished.'—*Gell, 'Topography of Rome.'*

Its coolness, which was an agreeable change after the heat of Rome, made Praeneste a favourite summer resort to the emperors Augustus, Tiberius, Nero, Domitian, and Hadrian. Suetonius describes Augustus as employing two days on the journey hither from Rome. Horace alludes to the freshness of the climate, while, still earlier, Livy laments that Praeneste seduces senators from their duties in the Capital: '*Aestivae Prenesti deliciæ.*'

'seu mihi frigidum
Praeneste, seu Tibur supinum,
Seu liquidæ placere Baiae.'

—*Horace, 'Od.'* iii. 4.

Sometimes the poet himself resided here:—

'Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Praeneste relegi.'

—'*Epist.*' i. 2.

'Quis timet aut timuit gelida Praeneste ruinam?'

Juv. 'Sat.' iii. 190.

Aslotfus, king of the Lombards, took up his residence there A.D. 752.

In 970, the town, already called Palestrina, was given by Pope John XIII. to his sister Stephania, mother of Benedict, Count of Tusculum, and through the marriage of her granddaughter Emilia ('*Imilia nobilissima comitissa*'), came into the Colonna family, whose history is henceforth that of the place. When, in 1297, the Cardinals Giacomo and Pietro Colonna had opposed the election of a member of the rival family of the Caetani of Anagni to the papacy, they fled hither with their kinsfolk. The newly-elected pope, Boniface VIII., immediately issued bulls confiscating all the estates of the Colonnese, and promised plenary indulgences to all who would take up arms against them.

'Stronghold after stronghold was stormed: castle after castle fell. Palestrina alone held out with intrepid obstinacy. Almost the whole Colonna house sought their last refuge in the walls of this redoubted fortress, which defied the siege, and wearied out the assailing forces. Guido di Montefeltro, a famous Ghibelline chieftain, had led a life of bloody and remorseless warfare, in which he was even more distinguished by craft than by valour. He had treated with contemptuous defiance all the papal censures which rebuked and would avenge his discomfiture of many papal generals, and the depression of the Guelfs. In an excess of devotion, now grown old, he had taken the habit and the vows of S. Francis, divorced his wife, given up his wealth, obtained remission of his sins, first from Celestine, afterwards from Boniface, and was living in quiet in a convent at Ancona. He was summoned

from his cell on his allegiance to the Pope, and, with plenary absolution for his broken vows, commanded to inspect the walls and give his counsel for the best means of reducing the stubborn citadel. The old soldier surveyed the impregnable defences, and then, requiring still further absolution for any crime of which he might be guilty, uttered his memorable oracle, "Promise largely, keep little your promises."¹—*Milman*, '*Latin Christianity*.'

Thus the Colonna were at last induced to open their gates, and proceeded in mourning robes to meet the Pope at Rieti. He received them with outward forgiveness, and gave them absolution; but while they were detained as his guests, Ranieri, Bishop of Pisa, was sent to destroy Palestrina utterly, and was ordered to spare nothing except 'the cathedral of S. Agapetus.' Everything else was '*totali exterminio et ruinae exposita*,' a plough was driven over the ruins, and the ground was sown with salt; even the famous marble staircase of a hundred steps, up which people could ride on horseback into the palace, perished. The Colonna family fled in all directions, but Sciarra Colonna returned just at the time when Boniface was quarrelling with Philippe le Bel, and, joining the French, captured and insulted the Pope on his throne at Anagni. Under Benedict XI., the ban against the Colonesi was removed, and under Clement V. and John XXII. Stefano Colonna was allowed to rebuild Palestrina. In 1350 and 1354 the town was successfully defended against Rienzi, but in 1436, when the Colonesi had rebelled against Eugenius IV., it was again besieged and taken by his legate Cardinal Vitelleschi, who during forty days completely razed it to the ground, not even the cathedral being spared this time. In 1447, Nicholas V. gave the family permission to rebuild Palestrina, but it never again became a place of any importance, and the only noteworthy event which has since occurred there has been the birth, in 1524, of the musician Pierluigi da Palestrina. The last Colonna of Palestrina was Francesco, who died in 1626, and in 1630 the town was sold to Carlo Barberini, brother of Urban VIII., and it still belongs to that family.

Remains of ancient Praeneste meet us on every side, and it is typical of the place and its overflow of antiquities, that the curb-stone at the cross-roads as we approach it is a headless ancient statue. In the walls of almost every house fragments of pillars and capitals may be discovered. And what is chiefly remarkable is that almost all the remains belong to one building, the gigantic **Temple of Fortune**, built by Sulla, which rose tier above tier, occupying the whole space now filled by the town, and was perhaps the largest building in Italy. The chief of these terraces are to be

¹ Among the evil counsellors in Malebolge, swathed and tormented in the flame of his own consciousness, Dante saw the shade of Guido di Montefeltro, who had found that the Devil was a logician, and unable to reconcile the wish to repent with the wish to sin. So the cordelier's frock had to give place to the robe of flame, in which the unhappy warrior must rue eternally the crafty counsel,

"Lunga promessa con l'attender corto."

Inf. xxvii.

observed below the Barberini garden, and above it, in the Via del Corso, Via del Borgo, Strada Nuova, and Via della Cortina.

Behind Palestrina the mountain, bare and arid, rises rapidly. The town itself stands high. Virgil alludes to the cool climate of Praeneste :—

‘ Quique altum Praeneste viri, quique arva Gabinæ
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt.’ — ‘ *Aen.*’ vii. 682.

The polygonal walls are made of *Calcere dell’ Apenino*, from the hill itself. Those near the Porta del Sole are the best preserved. From this point they may be followed mounting by the Church of S. Cesareo. At the top the two sides of the girdle meet forming the arx, which in time became the centre of the Colonna power. Here is seen the little church Madonna della Costa itself standing on the polygonal work of old.

There is not much to be seen in the lower town. In the piazza are some pillars of the Temple of Fortune built into a wall, and the small ugly **Duomo**, which has a low but graceful Gothic campanile. In the highest part of the town is the ill-kept upper **Palazzo Barberini**, of which the wing is used as a barrack, but which is for the most part as deserted and forlorn a specimen of an old Italian palace, once exceedingly magnificent, as can be found. Its front was built in a vast semicircle, so as to follow the plan of the sacrarium of the Goddess, and is approached by curved staircases enclosing an old well. The halls on the ground floor are painted by the Zucchari, but Apollo with his dove-drawn chariot, and Juno with her peacocks, are fading with the damp which streams from the walls. We asked the old housekeeper if she did not suffer from it. ‘ Ah, yes,’ she said, ‘ all my hair has come off, and all my teeth have fallen out; for even when out of doors it is a *caldo feroce*, here within it is *fresco assai*.’ She said she was a *forestiera*, for she came from Frascati, and though she had been here forty years, she could not accustom herself to the wickedness of the people—‘ *Il mondo è bello, ma se fosse buono sarebbe meglio.*’ On the upper floor is the famous **mosaic**, found amid the ruins of the Temple, representing the people and the beasts of Egypt in the annual overflow of the Nile (?) It is like a dictionary of the manners and customs and people of the Egypt of its time. Priests and priestesses, warriors, fishermen, shepherds, and huntsmen are equally represented, with all the peculiar animals of the country, and its plants, besides its temples, sacred trees, and houses. It is probably a copy of an earlier one, and made in the time of Domitian. The lettering is in Greek: and it was probably likewise made for quite another purpose than to decorate this temple. The mosaic was discovered in 1638 and it is quite perfect: the arms and the bees of the Barberini have been added in the corners. There is a grand view from the balcony of this room over the Volscian and Alban ranges, while the Hernican and Sabine hills are seen in profile.

'What is most remarkable in the palace of Palestrina is its incomparable situation on the height, where an ever-fresh and health-giving breeze blows, and whence the indwellers enjoy a view whose beauty is indescribable. Here a great part of Latium lies spread out beneath the eyes on one side, and of Tuscany or the patrimony of S. Peter's on the other, a great and classic district, whence rise the Latin and Volscian mountains, between which a wide plain opens, reaching to the distant glancing sea. There is the world-town Rome steeped in the mist; there stands the island-like Soracte; hard by rise the mighty chains of the Apennines; on the left, at their feet, is the deep beautiful valley of the Sacco, over which shine the gleaming hill-towns of Monte Fortino and Segni; further are the heights of the Serra, and the airy chiefs of all these hills, whose varied forms lose themselves in the sunny atmosphere beyond Anagni and Ferentino. One looks upon these plains and hills, bedecked with towns and villages, of which most are rich in associations, and the early history of Rome, the story of the Empire, or of the middle ages, comes back to one's recollection, and when one feels that Umbria, the Sabina, Latium, and Equian territory, the land of the Hernicans, Etruria, the Volscian territory, the Alban hills, and the sea are united in one panorama, one appreciates the grandeur of this view. When a Colonna of the middle ages looked down from the windows of the old palace or castle, he might venture, as he gazed upon his possessions, to feel that he was the richest and mightiest chieftain in Latium.'—*Gregorovius*.

The plain beneath the windows resembles one vast garden of fruit-trees, amongst which, about a mile from the town, near *S. Maria della Villa* (the name commemorating it), are remains of an immense villa of Hadrian amplified by Antoninus Pius. They are little worth visiting, yet here the Braschi Antinous and other important statues have been found, and smaller antiquities are dug up daily.

The hillside above Palestrina is so bare, and the sun beats so pitilessly upon its white rocks, that it is best to make the ascent as soon as possible. It may be made on foot, or on donkeys. We were obliged to dismiss ours; and when we reproached its owner for having brought it, he coolly said: 'Yes, he knew that it was bad, and would certainly fall down, but he brought it because if a saddle was once put on it must be as much paid for as if it had been used. So few strangers came, that they must be taken advantage of.' We did not wonder that so few came amongst this rough population. Every woman and child you meet, however well dressed they may be, rushes out with defiant shout, demanding, not petitioning, '*Signor, dammi un baiocco*.' From every window hands are outstretched. Stern-looking Sibyls scowl their demands at you, distaff in hand, upon their doorsteps. Dozens of ragged children yell and tumble over one another, and follow you for hours, dancing like frantic little demons, wherever you go. Some friends of ours ascended the mountain, followed by hampers well equipped for a picnic. They reached the top and were at once surrounded by the inhabitants of S. Pietro. The hampers were unpacked and the luncheon spread out, and—before any resistance could be offered or even suggested, the thronging swarms had descended upon the feast like locusts, and, in a moment, men and women tore up the chickens and swallowed the limbs at a mouthful, crunching bones and all like wild beasts, so that not the slightest vestige remained, and the rightful owners were left, dumbfounded and famished

to stare at their empty table-cloth. But things have considerably improved since then.

The view from the top is most magnificent. No wonder that Hannibal ascended in order to further his military operations against Rome. It is the most historical panorama imaginable. Rome is seen amidst the mists of the plain. Nearer us are Gabii (with the tower of Castiglione), and Zagarolo. On the Alban hills are Tusculum, Frascati, Monte Porzio, Monte Compatri, Corbio (now Rocca Priora), Velitrae (now Velletri). Then on the distant sea-coast we can make out Astura, Nettuno, Antium (Porto d'Anzio), Ardea, Pratica, Ostia, Porto, and Fiumicino. On the Volscian hills are Monte Fortino, Colleferro and Signia (Segni); on the Hernican, Anagni, Ferentino, Paliano, Genazzano, and Cave; and the foreground is formed by the walls of Praeneste itself! Looking down upon all these scenes, girt by the polygonal walls of the ancient citadel, or arx, is the modern village of *S. Pietro*, a place so dilapidated and crumbling, so bare and colourless, that it looks as if it had been transported from Africa to this windy height. Here the devout believe that S. Peter dwelt for some time, and in the church, he is commemorated with a statue by Bernini, as well as in a good picture, representing his martyrdom, by Pietro da Cortona. The holy water basins are supported by ancient *cippi*. Jacopone da Todi was imprisoned here for criticising the doings of Boniface VIII.

Still higher, on the last peak, stand the ruins of the fortress, rebuilt by Stefano Colonna, which bears over its gate, beneath the Colonna arms, the inscription, 'Magnificus DNS Stefanus de Columna redificavit civitatem penestre cv monte et arce. Anno 1332.'

In summer the stagnation of Palestrina is sometimes enlivened by the presence of the Barberini family, who live, not at the palace with the mosaic, but at another lower down in the town, quite in a feudal manner, and, as Prince and Princess of Palestrina, hold receptions in their garden, to which all the small gentry of the place are invited.

The **Ponte di S. Antonio** may be visited from Palestrina. It is a magnificent Roman arch 120 feet in height, not far from Poli, by which the Aqua Claudia and the Anio Novus were carried across a deep fossa or ravine in the Campagna.

CHAPTER XVIII

GENAZZANO, PALIANO, AND OLEVANO

(At Olevano there are two tolerable country inns, much frequented by artists, who reside here for months in summer. The charges for *pension*, including everything, are five lire a day, or four lire if for a long time. A carriage may be obtained from Olevano to meet the train at the Valmontone Station (kil. 17), by writing beforehand to the Albergo Serafino Baldi. At Subiaco there is a small hotel not too clean, but with capital food—*Locanda della Pernice*—pension, five lire a day.)

IT is a pleasant drive of three miles from Palestrina to **Cave** (Locanda del Sole, 1280 ft.), which is surrounded with vineyards, and built on the edge of a steep bank over a torrent. It is approached by a handsome seven-arched bridge, and entered by a gateway, over which is an inscription, dedicating the place to the especial protection of the Madonna. To her the inhabitants trust to supply them with all the necessities of life, and exist themselves in a *far niente* not particularly *dolce*, but unending. The very dogs seemed too apathetic to move when the carriage approached where they lay in the sun. Some ragged children were rolling in the gutter, while their mother was engaged in lavishing the tenderest embraces and kisses upon a pet pig—the son of her heart. In the market-place rises a column decorated with the arms of the Colonna, of whom Cave is a fief, and Madonna del Campo. The dialect of the people here is very peculiar. Six miles beyond Cave, after passing a chapel beautifully situated near an old pine and some cypresses, **Genazzano** (11 kil.) rises in a valley on the left about half a mile distant from the road. It contains the shrine of the Madonna di Buon Consiglio, who *flew* hither through the air from Albania.

‘From this time the Madonna of Genazzano, called “Our Lady of Good Offices,” began to work miracles, and a church was built in her honour, with a monastery adjoining it. The Order of the Augustines possessed themselves of this wonder-working and holy source of gain, which is not less profitable, if not more so, than the Madonna of the Augustine monastery at Rome. For this Divinity of Genazzano enjoys throughout the whole of Latium a reputation, which exactly corresponds with that of a heathen oracle. Twice a year, in spring and in summer, her festival is celebrated, and thus a double harvest of offerings is reaped, besides innumerable presents of money and jewels brought by the worshippers. And as even the poorest countryman lays his mite upon the altar of the picture, it may be said that this one Madonna taxes the whole Latian Campagna as well as the State itself. I was told that the offerings were collected by certain confraternities which exist



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in the Campagna; each member puts into the common fund as much as five baiocchi a month, and thus a travelling confraternity brings sometimes as much as a hundred scudi. The yearly receipts of this place of pilgrimage are estimated at 37,500 francs.—*Gregorovius*.

The festa of the Madonna of Genazzano, on April 25, is one of the most celebrated and the most frequented in this part of Italy. A figure-artist should never fail to see it, and the most sanguine expectations as to colour and costume will not be disappointed.

‘Even on the eve of the festival the pilgrims begin to arrive, and the place and the whole landscape becomes animated in a wonderful manner, while the air resounds perpetually with the chanting of Litanies. Through all the streets pass gay but orderly crowds. They come from the Abruzzi, from the sandal land, from Sora, from the Liris, and from all parts of the Latian Campagna.

‘The festival of Jupiter Latiaris seems to be renewed before our eyes, so numerous are the thousands that approach, so varied their dress and their dialects. They come down from the hills with their solemn chant of the ‘Ora,’ there down the broad road, here along the river, by field paths, ever and again fresh bands of pilgrims in bright red, green and blue costumes, with their tall pilgrim staves (*bordoni*) in their hands, and the sight combined with the grandeur of the scenery is one which would be alike wonderful to the artist, the poet, and the historian.

‘. . . They wander along the Sacco, and down from the hills (*come i gru, che van cantando lor lai*), like the cranes who sing as they go. The middle ages passed before me; and I thought of those bands of pilgrims who thronged to Rome at the Jubilee year, and more than once the sight made me repeat that beautiful verse in the pilgrim sonnet of the “Vita Nuova,”

“Deh! peregrini, che pensosi andate
Forse di cosa che non v’è presente,
Venite voi di sì lontana gente,
Com’ alla vista voi ne dimostrate?”

‘They go by tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds, and even more. All ages are represented amongst them: the old man leans on the same pilgrim staff which has supported him already fifty times along the same road, and this may perhaps be the last time; the matron passes with her grandchildren: the beautiful and blooming maiden: the sturdy youth, the boy: even infants are here carried on the heads of their mothers, for in one of these processions I saw a young woman carrying on her head a basket in which lay a laughing child, its eyes wide open as if it was enjoying the beautiful sunshine. Most of the women carry on their heads a basket of provisions, or a bundle of clothes, which still more increases the beauty of the spectacle. If anyone could lift up the veil from these souls they would see concealed crime side by side with innocence, and vice, remorse, pain, and virtue passing in a motley crowd.

‘It is like a great and beautiful but serious masked procession which passes over one of the most beautiful scenes of nature, always with fresh dresses and colours and with different faces. One sees the people of Frosinone, of Anagni, the inhabitants of Veroli, of Arpino, of Anticoli, of Ceprano, and the Neapolitans from Sora.

‘See the groups from Sora! dark olive complexions and beautiful oval faces. The women look fantastic, like the Arab women; they are adorned with strings of coral or golden chains round their necks, and heavy gold earrings; their heads are covered with white or brown kerchiefs, with long fringes, which hang down upon the neck like a Madonna’s veil: they wear white chemisettes quite loose though folded in innumerable plaits, and over these a low, dark red bodice. The skirt is short, of a bright red or blue colour, with a yellow border. And what large dark eyes, under black, strongly-marked eyebrows!

‘The pilgrims of Ceccano! The women wearing red bodices with long aprons of the same colour, white kerchiefs on their heads with long ends

hanging down behind, and sandals. The men in pointed hats, with red jackets, and a girdle round the waist, twisted of bright ribbon.

'Pilgrims from Pontecorvo! The women in dark red dresses beautifully ornamented; with a red head-dress; beautiful and majestic.

'Pilgrims from Filettino: black velvet bodices, a most simple dress, quiet and graceful.

'Ciociari! The men and women of the sandal land! Perhaps from some place near Ferentino, or farther away, from the Neapolitan boundaries of the Liris and the Melfa. It is a land of beautiful and wild mountains, which extends from Ferentino far into the Neapolitan territory. There the people wear the Ciocie, a very simple covering for the foot, from which the country is called Ciociaria. I found this covering for the foot in use near Anagni. One more primitive certainly cannot be found, perhaps one might also say there is none more comfortable. It certainly made me envy the Ciociari. The shoe is simply formed of a square piece of ass or horse skin. Holes are made in this skin, through which a string is passed, and this parchment is so tied round the foot that it forms itself to the shape of the foot. The leg is swathed up to the knee with coarse grey linen, bound round many times with string or thread. Thus the Ciociaro moves freely and comfortably across the fields, and over the rocks, whenever he goes to dig the ground ("zappar la terra"), or drives his sheep or goats as a shepherd with bagpipes, dressed in a short grey cloak or clothed in skins. These sandals are classical, and Diogenes would have worn them if he had not gone barefoot; and Chrysippus or Epictetus might have praised them in a treatise on the few needs of wise men. If these shoes are well arranged, and the linen leggings new, they look well, but very bad and beggarly when they are old and ragged; and as this is generally the case, it has given the sandal folk a character of ragged poverty, and their name is despised and even used as a word of reproach. One day, when a man of San Vito was showing me the beautiful panorama of the Campagna, he said to me, "See, sir, there lies the Ciociaria!" and he smiled with a look of lofty contempt.

'The Ciociari wear bright red vests, and pointed black felt hats, which seldom lack a gay feather, a bow, or a flower. I found among them, especially in the Campagna of Rome, a remarkable number of men with fair hair and blue eyes; they wear their hair cut short behind, like the Prussian Landwehr, but let it hang down in long locks from the temples. Hang a ragged grey waterproof cloak or a black or white sheepskin on the Ciociaro, and we have our sandal man complete; but we will not give him a gun in his hand, or he will fall upon us as a robber in the pass of Ceprano, crying out, "Faccia in terra!" and will empty our pockets with astonishing agility. The women also wear the sandals, a short gay skirt, a bright striped apron, a white or a red woollen kerchief on the head, and lastly the *busto*, the principal article of female dress throughout the whole of Latium. This is the bodice of stiffly-quilted linen, hard as a saddle, broad and high, with epaulets resting on the shoulders. It forms a support to the breast: it seems like a bulwark to shield virtue; like a firm breastplate it surrounds the bosom; yet it is loose, and stands out, so that it serves at the same time as a pocket.' *Gregorovius.*

The town of **Genazzano** (Albergo Raganelli) was a fortress of the Colonnese as far back as 1053; and was the place where Stefano Colonna was murdered in 1433. The only pope given by the family to Rome was born at Genazzano. This was Oddone Colonna, elected at Constance in 1417 as Martin V. while two other popes were still alive. As sovereign he continued to be devoted to his native place, where he built churches and enlarged the palace of his family, which, now neglected, is fast falling into decay. In its decline it is very picturesque, and is supplied with water by a half-ruined aqueduct, along which there is a walk leading to the deserted convent of S. Pio. One wing of it was built by Cesare Borgia. Here and there is a Gothic window. The whole population

is occupied in the cultivation of the hill-side vineyards, fruit, and cereals.

'Take six of the most party-coloured dreams, break them in pieces, put them into a fancy kaleidoscope, and when you look through it you will see something that for strangeness, vividness, and mutability looked like the little piazza of Genazzano seen from the church-porch.'—*J. R. Lowell*.

Continuing our way along the valley, and crossing the Ponte Orsino, we see a hill-top in front of us occupied by a little town, surrounded with sixteenth-century fortifications. That is **Paliano** (1560 ft.), another important stronghold of the Colonna, and their Mausoleum. Prospero Colonna defended it against Sixtus IV. In 1556 Paul IV. took it away from the family, and gave it to his own nephew Giovanni Caraffa, for whom it was raised into a principality.

'Declaring that the Colonna, "those incorrigible rebels against God and the Church," however frequently deprived of their castles, had always managed to regain them, Paul IV. resolved that this should be amended: he would give those fortresses to vassals who would know how to hold them. Thereupon he divided the possessions of the house of Colonna among his nephews, making the elder Duke of Paliano, and the younger Marquis of Montebello. The cardinals remained silent when he announced these purposes in the assembly; they bent down their heads and fixed their eyes to the earth.'—*Ranke, 'History of the Popes.'*

Only fifteen years after, however, upon the victory of Marc Antonio Colonna over the Turks at Lepanto, Paliano was restored to its original owners, and has since given the title of Duca di Paliano to the head of their house. Marc Antonio is buried here in the family mausoleum.

A long ascent now brings us to **Olevano** (Olibanum), 1875 ft., of the beauty of which one has no idea till one really arrives, but it is perhaps the most picturesque place of this wonderful district. It stands on a spur of M. del Corso. Passing from the rough stone houses with their crumbling staircases of rock, and from the stony ways full of pigs and children, a gate admits us to a high olive garden, full of beans and corn, where a winding path leads to a large farmhouse, with an outside loggia and staircase, at the top of the hill. This has long been the well-known inn of Olevano, the *Albergo degli Artisti*. [The Roma is outside the town and well-spoken of.] It used to be an artist's paradise. Its rooms are homely, and all debouch from a common sitting-room, surrounded by queer portraits and with a grand old chair, which may have been that of Cardinal Scipione Borghese, whose picture hangs over the fireplace. We found the pleasant mistress, Pepina Baldi, with her husband Nino, charming specimens of respectable well-to-do Italians of the lower orders, full of simple kindnesses and courtesies. Their handsome boys and girls have served as voluntary models to half the artists in Rome when they have been staying here; and many sketches of the family by well-known hands, hang upon the walls, where they have been left as thank-offerings with the mother. For the entertainment of guests, too, the inn has a collection of albums, which any sovereign might envy, and than which few possess any more valuable; for every artist who has stayed there

has left his portrait, by his own hand or that of a friend. It forms a collection reminiscent of every country in Europe, from the delicate pencil of Leighton to that of the least-known student of the Via Margutta. But the greatest charm of Casa Baldi is the view. Before it, travels the whole of the Hernican range, tossed about into every variety of peak, and clothed on its lower slopes with corn and fruit-trees, olives and cypresses, from which Anagni and Ferentino and Frosinone look across the valley to the Volscians, also sprinkled with rock-throned villages. In the middle distance Paliano watches the valley from a steep ridge. Deep below rises the town of Olevano, with yellow-roofed houses, weather-stained, machicolated, arch-adorned, rising from rocks overhung with ivy and flowers, and leading up to the jagged walls and tower of a ruined castle. East of the town will be found remains of the Villa Magna. Behind the town are the wild mountains of Sabina, with Civitella, Bellegra, Capranica, S. Vito, and Rocca di Cave perched upon different heights, and on the furthest of all the curious sanctuary and the Polish convent of Mentorella, while round the turn of this range we catch a glimpse of the Alban hills throned above the purple Campagna.

'There are many places on the sunny heights, or in the dark recesses of the mountains: castles, monasteries, and towns, rising in the clear air—all seems to rest in a romantic quietude. The outlines of the mountains are cut with enchanting clearness and sharpness upon the pure blue of the sky; one longs to cross over, to wander amongst the shining crags and soft plains in the freshness of that high and heavenly region. Above the hollows of the Serra, rises, here and there, a snow-capped mountain, violet-tinted, out of the wilds of the Abruzzi, suggesting still another distance; in the background mountain-peaks rise further and further out of the silvery mists, shadowy, many-formed, obelisk-like, dome-like, beckoning the spirit onwards into the unknown regions of the sandal-land, or to the shore of the lovely Liris.'—*Gregorovius*.

The name of Olevano carries us back pleasantly into mediaeval times, when, according to some, it was compelled to pay a tax called *Olibanum*, for purchasing incense for the churches of the province. [It is, however, more likely that it takes its name from the Gens Olybria.] In those days the Frangipani resided in its fortress. From them it passed by exchange to the Benedictine monks of Subiaco, its earlier owners, by whom it was sold in the thirteenth century to the Colonna, who built the present castle and held it through weal and woe for four hundred years, when it was purchased by the Borghese. The church of S. Pietro has been lately rebuilt.

The favourite excursion from Olevano is that to **Guadagnolo**, a rock 4000 feet high, with a village wedged in between high rocks, which surround and conceal it on every side, as with a natural wall. A mile and a half N.E. below the town, are the hermitage and church of **La Mentorella**, on the edge of the white precipice, thrusting out a spur over the valley of the Girano. Here, in the sixth century, before he went to Subiaco, S. Benedict lived in a cave at the foot of the rock. A tradition of far earlier date (during the

reign of the Emperor Trajan) represents the crag of La Mentorella as the spot where the vision of a white stag, with a crucifix between his antlers, led to the conversion of S. Eustace.

'S. Eustace was a Roman soldier, and captain of the guard to the Emperor Trajan. His name before his conversion was Placidus, and he had a beautiful wife and two sons, and lived with great magnificence, practising all the heathen virtues, particularly those of loyalty to his sovereign and charity to the poor. He was also a great lover of the chase, spending much of his time in that noble diversion.

'One day while hunting in the forest, he saw before him a white stag, of marvellous beauty, and he pursued it eagerly, and the stag fled before him, and ascended a high rock. Then Placidus, looking up, beheld, between the horns of the stag, a cross of radiant light, and on it the image of the crucified Redeemer: and being astonished and dazzled by this vision, he fell on his knees, and a voice which seemed to come from the crucifix cried to him, and said, "Placidus! why dost thou pursue me? I am Christ, whom thou hast hitherto served without knowing me. Dost thou now believe?" and Placidus fell with his face to the earth, and said, "Lord, I believe!" and the voice answered, saying, "Thou shalt suffer many tribulations for my sake, and shalt be tried by many temptations; but be strong and of good courage, and I will not forsake thee." To which Placidus replied, "Lord, I am content. Do thou give me patience to suffer!" And when he looked up again the wondrous vision had departed. Then he arose and returned to his house, and the next day he and his wife and his two sons were baptized, and he took the name of Eustace.'—*Jameson, 'Legendary Art.'*

A flight of stairs, which troops of pilgrims devoutly ascend upon their knees on the festa of September 29, leads to the campanile, which is surmounted by a pair of antlers, like those of the portico of the church of S. Eustachio at Rome, commemorating his conversion. The festa of La Mentorella is one of the most romantic in Italy. The peasants come by the steep mountain-paths chaunting litanies, and each carrying a stone which they add to a great commemorative pile. They spend the night in groups, sleeping round fires lighted on these wild white crags, and those who have been present describe the scene as quite unrivalled in its weird picturesqueness—the brilliant costumes illuminated by the firelight and backed by the savage precipices which overhang the Girano and Siciliano, and the rude chaunts echoing amid the rocks under the starlit sky. The name of Mentorella is a corruption of Montorella. The Gothic chapel is of the tenth century, but a church certainly existed here as early as A.D. 594, when it was bestowed upon the abbot of Subiaco by Gregory I., whose family possession it was. In A.D. 958, the mountain with its church, dedicated to S. Maria, belonged to S. Gregorio in Rome, but the building appears to have been deserted in the fourteenth century, though it was restored by the Emperor Leopold I. in 1660, owing to the advice of Father Kircher, S.J. It contains a remarkable relief carved in wood, representing the consecration of the Church, and dating as far back as the thirteenth century. A fine silver processional cross is likewise shown. The convent now belongs to Polish monks of 'The Resurrection.'

CHAPTER XIX

SUBIACO

Subiaco is twenty-six miles from Tivoli. Station: Cineto Romano, whence the new tramway to Subiaco. There is a tolerable inn, **La Pernice**—pension, five lire a day—but passing travellers must arrange their prices beforehand. Inquire in Rome for convent-lodgings there—*Trattoria Cavour*.

THE road from Olevano to Subiaco, below the Serpentara, passes through a dismal bare rocky district, but presents a fine example of Italian engineering, being one of the many excellent mountain-roads, constructed under Pius IX. For good walkers the route via Bellegra and Rocca di S. Stefano is far more interesting, occupying the best part of six hours. Still another way, but longer, lies by Rojate and Affile (2245 feet), where took place the first of S. Benedict's miracles. Here was a Roman 'Colonia.' A few miles before reaching Subiaco, we skirt a lake, which is probably one of the *Simbrivie Aquae*.

'Quique Anienis habent ripas, gelidoque rigantur
Simbrivio, rastrisque domant Aequicula rura.'

—*Sil. Ital.* viii. 370.

The three pools called *Simbrivii Lacus* are believed to have been made by Nero by damming the Anio. Here he fished for trout with a golden net, and here he built his mountain-villa to which he gave the name of **Sublaqueum**—under the lake—which still exists in Subiaco.

While Nero was residing here the conspiracies were forming which led to his overthrow, and here he was warned of his fate by a portent most terrible in those days of omens, when, whilst he was seated, lightning destroyed all the food on the banqueting-table, a presage which seized upon his mind with appalling effect. He had bathed in the aqueduct of the *Aqua Marcia*, that all his people might enjoy the privilege of drinking water that had been thus defiled. The choice of his villa amid the *Aequian* mountains shows that, in spite of his monstrosities, Nero must have been as great a connoisseur of the beauties of nature as of art, and for centuries the gorge through which the Anio foams far-down beneath its ruins,

between tremendous crags clothed with evergreens, has been a sanctuary to poet and painter.

Hither, four centuries after the time of Nero, when the recollection of his orgies had long passed away, a youth sprung from the noble family of the Anicii, which later on also gave to the Church Gregory the Great, fled from the seductions of Rome, to seek repose for his soul, with God alone for his companion. His name was Benedictus, or 'the blessed.' He was only fourteen when he renounced his fortune, his family, and the world. It was to La Mentorella that he first fled, and thither he was followed by his faithful nurse, Cyrilla, who could not bear to think that the child of her affections was alone and uncared for, who begged for him, and prepared his food. Some neighbour had lent her a stone sieve to make bread, after the manner of the mountain district; she let it fall out of her hands, and it was broken to pieces. Moved by her distress, Benedict prayed over the fragments, and they are said to have been instantly joined together. This was his first miracle. Terrified at the excitement it caused, and at seeing the sieve hung up in the village church as a relic, Benedict evaded the solicitude of his nurse, and escaped unseen by anyone to the gorge of Subiaco, where he found (c. 480) a cave in the rocks above the falls of the Anio, into which not even a ray of the sun could penetrate. Here he lived, his hiding-place unknown to anyone, except to Romanus, a monk who dwelt with a colony of anchorites, founded by S. Clement on the ruins of Nero's villa. By him he was provided with a garment made of the skin of a beast, and each day Romanus let down to him from the top of the rock the half of his daily loaf, giving him notice of its approach by the ringing of a bell suspended to the same rope with the food. It is said that when the devil wished to make himself particularly disagreeable to Benedict he would playfully cut the cord which supplied him. His hiding-place was discovered by a miracle. A village priest seated at a banquet of Easter luxuries had a revelation that while he was thus feasting a certain servant of God was pining with hunger, and his steps were miraculously directed to the hermitage. Benedict refused to eat the delicate food, until convinced that it was indeed the festival of Easter. The priest told what he had seen to the shepherds, who, while following their goats along one of the pathlets still to be seen, had descried a strange creature with unkempt hair, and nails like claws, and taking it for a wild beast, had fled from it in terror. They were now reassured by his gentle words, and from that day, while they watched their flocks, he began to instil into their rude and ignorant minds the light of the Christian faith. Gradually their report became spread abroad, pilgrims flocked from all quarters to the valley, and through the disciples who gathered round Benedict, this desolate ravine became the cradle of monastic life in the West.

'The life of Benedict, from infancy to death, is the most perfect illustration of the motives which then worked upon the mind of man. In him meet and

combine together all those influences which almost divided mankind into recluses or coenobites and those who pursued an active life ; as well as all the effects—in his case the best effects—produced by this phasis of human thought and feeling. Benedict, it was said, was born at that time, like a sun to dispel the Cimmerian darkness which brooded over Christendom, and to revive the expiring spirit of monasticism. His age acknowledged Benedict as the perfect type of the highest religion, and Benedict impersonated his age.

‘How perfectly the whole atmosphere was then impregnated with an inexhaustible yearning for the supernatural, appears from the ardour with which the monastic passions were indulged at the earliest age. Children were nursed and trained to expect at every instant more than human interferences : their young energies had ever before them examples of asceticism, to which it was the glory, the true felicity of life, to aspire. The thoughtful child had all his mind thus preoccupied ; he was early, it might almost seem intuitively, trained to this course of life ; wherever there was gentleness, modesty, the timidity of young passion, repugnance to vice, an imaginative temperament, a consciousness of unfitness to wrestle with the rough realities of life—the way lay invitingly open—the difficult, it is true, and painful, but direct and unerring way to heaven. It lay through perils, but was made attractive by perpetual wonders ; it was awful, but in its awfulness lay its power over the young mind. It learned to trample down that last bond which united the child to common humanity, filial reverence ; the fond and mysterious attachment of the child and the mother, the inborn reverence of the son to the father.’—*Milman, ‘Latin Christianity.’*

Twelve monasteries speedily arose amid these peaks and gorges, each only containing twelve monks, for it was an idea of Benedict that a large number led to idleness and neglect. The names of several of these institutions recall their romantic situations, and they were the scenes of the miracles attributed to the founder and his disciples. *S. Clemente della Vigna* was the place whither Maurus and Placidus were brought to Benedict by their parents. It was situated near one of the lakes, and it was there that the sickle of a Gothic monk, which he dropped into the water while cutting weeds upon the bank, swam in answer to the prayers of Maurus, who summoned it by holding the wooden handle over the waves. This monastery was entirely destroyed by the earthquake of 1216. *SS. Cosma and Damiano* (the physician-saints of the Forum) was the next to be built, the monastery which was afterwards dedicated to Scholastica. *S. Biagio* (S. Blaise) was the home of the monk Romanus, the friend of Benedict. Its church was consecrated in 1100 by Manfred, Bishop of Tivoli. *S. Giovanni dell’ Acqua* was so called because there, as well as in two other houses, water is said to have burst forth from the arid rock to supply the thirsting monks, in answer to the prayers of Benedict.¹ *S. Maria di Marebotta* was afterwards called *S. Lorenzo* in honour of the holy monk S. Lorenzo Loricato who lived there as a hermit, in the most severe austerity, from 1209 to 1243. At *S. Angelo*, Benedict saw the devil, in the form of a black boy, leading away a monk, who had neglected to attend properly the services of the Church. In *S. Victor at the foot of the Mountain* lived the monk who brought the Easter food to Benedict when he was starving in the cave. *S. Andrew*, or *Eternal*

¹ This subject is represented in the frescoes of Spinello at San Miniato.

Life, was ruined in a Lombard invasion. *S. Michael the Archangel* was built by Benedict beneath the Sacro Speco, but has long since disappeared. *S. Angelo di Trevi* stood near S. Scholastica and was incorporated with it. *S. Girolamo* was rebuilt as late as 1387 in accordance with a bull of Urban VI. *S. Donato* has entirely disappeared. Gradually all these societies became incorporated in the great monastery dedicated to Scholastica, the holy sister of Benedict, which may be regarded as the mother-house of the whole Order, and which was governed by an abbot chosen by the General Chapter.

The visits of the numerous Pontiffs who have come hither form landmarks in the story of the place. In 853 Leo IV., summoned by the Abbot Peter, came to consecrate the altars of the Sacro Speco. In 981 Benedict VII. came to consecrate S. Scholastica. In 1052 Leo IX. was summoned to turn out a monk who had unlawfully seized the abbacy—and issued a bull appointing S. Scholastica ‘Caput omnium monasteriorum per Italiam constitutorum.’ In the XIII. c. the privileges of the monastery were greatly augmented by Alexander IV. who had lived there as a monk, and who declared in his diploma that other Benedictine communities had only to look to S. Scholastica to receive a perfect model to imitate. The same affection for the place was evinced by Urban V., who had also been a French Benedictine, and who colonised the monastery with German monks, to amend the morals of the brethren, which had then grievous need of it. The last of a long series of papal visits was that of Pius IX. in the first year of his pontificate.

The road which leads from the town to the monasteries (S. Benedetto is about two and a half miles distant) is beautiful—often bordered by ilxes and olives, beneath which in spring there is a carpet of tulips, hyacinths, and anemones. Gorgeous are the views looking back amid the mountain rifts, between which Subiaco rises house above house, with the great archiepiscopal castle at the top of its pyramidal rock. The modern *Collegiata*, a huge mass of building, almost seems to block the valley, standing over the Anio, and consisting of a church and palace built by Pius VI., when Cardinal Bishop of Subiaco—being necessary, because the abbots of S. Scholastica had been bishops also, until the see was united with a cardinalate. The nearer hills are covered with olives, chestnuts, and corn, and here and there the tall spire of a cypress. The air is scented with box, and a freshness always rises from the river which dashes wildly through the abyss of green beneath, rejoicing to be freed from the stern walls of cliff beneath S. Scholastica. Here a ruined Gothic chapel stands amid thickets of flowers, there a gaily painted shrine, dear to artists, surmounts the rocks.

When we reach the modern ‘*Ponte S. Mauro*,’ by which the road from Olevano crosses the Anio at a great height, a carriage can go no further, and the footpath which ascends to the great monasteries turns off up the gorge to the left. Little chapels at intervals mark the rocky way, which is overhung by wild laburnum and coronilla,

and fringed with saxifrage and cyclamen. The first of these chapels commemorates an interesting mediaeval story in which Benedict bore a share. Amongst those who came hither from Rome to share his teaching, were two Roman senators of high rank, Anicius and Tertullus, who brought with them their sons Maurus and Placidus, entreating him to bring them up in the way of Life. Maurus was then twelve years old, and Placidus only five. One day (in 528) the child Placidus fell into the Anio below this cliff. Benedict, seeing him fall, called to Maurus to assist him, and he walking upon the water, caught the drowning boy by the hair, and dragged him out. His safety was followed by a contest of humility between the pupil and master. Maurus attributed it to the holiness of Benedict, Benedict to the self-devotion of Maurus; Placidus decided the question by saying that he had seen the sheepskin-coat of Benedict hovering over him in the water.

Long before we reach it, the bell of **S. Scholastica**, echoing amid the rocks, gives notice of the approach to a great sanctuary. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of its situation, perched upon huge crags, and with the river roaring far below. The monastery was founded in the fifth century by the Abbot Honoratus, the successor of Benedict, and though successively attacked and burned by Lombards, Saracens, and by its own neighbours, it always rose again from its ashes more splendid than ever. In 981 it was entirely rebuilt under Benedict VII., and dedicated to S. Benedict and his sister S. Scholastica. From this time rich donations were constantly made, and lands were added to its territory, until, in 1100, its abbots having become princes, possessed many castles and fortresses, with a right of supreme jurisdiction over their vassals. They did not hesitate to appear personally in the battlefields of that troubled time, in which the Bishops of Tivoli, Anagni, and Palestrina were also frequently seen. Many curious records remain of of their crude administration of justice. In the time of the Ghibelline Abbot Adhemar (1353) seven monks were hung up by their feet, and fires were lighted under their heads. In 1454 similar severities led to a rebellion in which the convent was stormed and many of the monks slain. Calistus III. made the Abbot a Cardinal Commendatory, and the first who bore this title was the Spanish Cardinal Torquemada (*Turrecremata*), under whose rule, in 1464, Sweynheim and Pannartz established here the first printing-press in Italy, and published '*Donatus*,' '*Lactantius de Divinis Institutionibus*,' '*Cicero de Oratore*,' and, in 1467, '*Augustinus de Civitate Dei*.' In the same year, however, a quarrel with the monks drove them to Rome, where they established themselves in the Massimo Palace. It is interesting to remember that the first printing-press in England was also established in a Benedictine Abbey—that of Westminster. The convent is now a national monument.

Torquemada was succeeded as abbot by Rodrigo Borgia, afterwards Pope Alexander VI., and in his time Lucrezia Borgia often resided in the castle-palace, and Caesar came hither to hunt.

Under the Abbot Pompeo Colonna, Julius II. united the abbacy with that of Farfa; in 1514, Leo X. joined it to that of Monte Cassino. After this it remained for 116 years in the hands of Colonna, and a memorial of the way in which that family held their own against the Popes may be seen in the papal banner which fell into their hands in battle, and which still hangs in the convent-church.

From the middle of the eighteenth century the great power of the abbots of S. Scholastica began to decline, but, until the recent suppression, the monastery remained one of the richest and most influential in Italy, and it continued to own no less than sixteen towns and villages, viz. Subiaco, Trevi, Jenna, Cervara, Camerata, Marano, Agosta, Rocca di Canterano, Canterano, Rocca di Mezzo, Cerreto, Rocca di Santo Stefano, Civitella, Rojate, Asile, and Ponza.

The **façade** of S. Scholastica is modern, but its tower dates from 1053, when it was built by the Abbot Humbert. The most interesting parts of the building are its three **cloisters**. The **first**, which only dates from the seventeenth century, has its arcades decorated with frescoes of papal and royal benefactors, amongst which is a full-length portrait of 'James III., king of England.' Here is an ancient sarcophagus with Bacchic ornaments, and a column of *giallo antico*. The **second** cloister, which dates from 1052, contains many beautiful fragments of Gothic decoration, but its chief feature is a richly-decorated arch adorned with small figures and spiral columns. It is one of the earliest examples of Gothic. A bas-relief of A.D. 981, under the arcade, represents two animals, apparently a wolf and a dog, drinking: on the body of one of the beasts is an inscription relating to the erection of the tower, December 4, 981, by Benedict VII., and recording the possessions of the convent. To the right of the church, we enter the **third** and smallest cloister—'Il chiostro dell' Abbate Lando'—built early in the thirteenth century. It is surrounded by a graceful arcade of coupled columns, resembling those of S. Paola f. le Mura, bearing an inscription in mosaic (A.D. 1235), the work of Cosmo Cosmati and his two sons, Luca and Jacopo:—

'Cosmus et Filii Lucas et Jacobus alter
Romani Cives in Marmoris arte periti
Hoc opus explerunt Abbatis tempore Landi.'

In the **porch** of the church is an interesting old Giottesque picture and the capital of a Corinthian column attesting the former presence of a temple near this site. The interior, though modern, is not unimposing. S. Onorato rests beneath the high altar. Under his statue is an inscription which recalls the legend that the translation of his beloved master Benedict into the better world was miraculously revealed to him:

'Scandentem hic alter Benedictum vidit in astra;
Primus et has aedes illo abeunte regit.'

As the path from S. Scholastica to the Sacro Speco is steep and fatiguing, a small chapel has been erected at a short distance

beyond the larger monastery, where aged and infirm persons are allowed to accomplish their pilgrimage. It bears the inscription:—

‘ Si montis superasse jugum negat aegra senectus,
Nec datur ad sacros procubuisse specus,
Siste, tibi coeli haec aedes aeraria pandet,
Haec tibi coelestes prodiga fundet opes.’

The scenery now becomes more romantic and savage at every step as we ascend the winding path, till, about half a mile further on, a small gate admits one to the immemorial **Ilex Grove**, which is said to date from the fifth century, and which has never been profaned by axe or hatchet. The grand old trees bowed with age, with twisted and contorted stems, form a dense mass of shadow, grateful after the arid rocks, and they hang in masses of grey-green verdure over the depth. Here and there the mossy trunks are covered with fern, upon which a ray of sunlight falls with dazzling brilliancy. At the end of the grove the path narrows, and a steep winding stair, just wide enough to admit one person at a time, leads to the platform before the convent, which up to that moment is concealed. It is always said that monks have known how to choose the sites of their dwellings more wisely than others, and surely no situation was ever equal to this, to which they were led by its historical associations. There is an old Latin distich which says:—

‘ Bernardus valles, colles Benedictus amabat,
Oppida Franciscus, magnas Ignatius urbes.’

The name of the monastery, **Sacro Speco**, commemorates the holy cave of S. Benedict. Over his caverned oratory a chapel was erected by Onorato, his immediate successor. Soon after that another chapel was built within the natural cave which had been his dwelling. The two became united by the sixth abbot, Pietro. In the eleventh century a more imposing church was constructed by the Abbot Umberto, which was to enclose both the caves—*utramque cryptam*. His successor, the Abbot Giovanni V., finished the church much as we now see it, for the present buildings, raised on arches against the rocks, all date from the eleventh and the early part of the twelfth centuries; the lower church is of A.D. 1052.

At the **entrance**, the interest of the place is at once recalled to us by the inscription: ‘ Here is the cradle of the Order of S. Benedict, patriarch of the monks of the West.’ The entrance corridor, built on arches over the abyss, has fifteenth century frescoes of four sainted popes—Gregory, Agatho, Leo, and another. It ends in an ante-chamber with a painted statue of S. Benedict, some beautiful old Umbrian frescoes of the Virgin and Child between the four Evangelists, and the lines—

‘ Do you ask of Benedict, “ If you seek for light, why do you choose a cave,
For a cavern can give no light to him who prays for it ? ”
Know that if one ray penetrates into utter darkness,
It gives more light in the gloom than the stars in the night.’

We now reach the entrance of the all-glorious upper-church, built by the Abbot John V. in A.D. 1116, and adorned with frescoes about 1220.

‘One seems to be deeply imbued with the mysterious associations of famous days of old, as one enters the first church from the gallery, and finds oneself suddenly in a little cathedral of graceful Gothic architecture, its walls and pillars gleaming with the varied colour of already fading frescoes. Unseen monks sing vespers in the choir, their powerful bass voices echoing solemnly through the twilight gloom of the church, and the pauses of the litanies are filled up by the louder croaking of ravens. For three young ravens are brought up here in the convent in memory of S. Benedict; it seems that the number of this living symbol of the order must always be maintained.’—*Gregorovius*.

On one side of the church the story of the Birth of Christ is told, introduced by the figures of the prophets who announced His coming, and the story of His life is continued round the church to the eastern wall, which is occupied by the history of the Crucifixion. Here, angels are represented as catching the streams of blood which flow from the Divine wounds; the soul of Dismas,¹ the penitent thief, is received by an angel, while that of the bad thief Gesmas is carried off by a black demon.

Beneath the fresco of the Crucifixion, is S. Benedict throned with his principal disciples around him, over three pointed arches with hanging lamps, behind which the bare rock of the cavern protrudes. A representation of Benedict writing his Rule in the cave, is inscribed:—

‘Hic mons est pinguis, qui multis claruit signis;
A Domino missus sanctus fuit Benedictus;
Mansit in hac cripta, fuit hic nova Regula scripta.
Quisquis amat Christum talem sortire Magistrum.’

From the principal church we enter a perfect labyrinth of chapels hewn in the rock, which frequently forms one of their walls, while the other is covered by rude frescoes. The **four chapels** hewn in the rock right and left of the high altar, are devoted to the story of S. Benedict, together with that of Scholastica, Placidus, Maurus, and other of his followers. The holy-water stoup was once the sarcophagus of a Roman child, and is decorated with reliefs of birds. The frescoes continue in succession to the second or middle church. A Madonna throned between two angels bears the inscription: ‘Magister Conciolus pinxit hoc opus.’ Concioli is an early Umbrian painter (1219), noticed by Vasari, who, however, seems scarcely to have been aware of the power of his works. The most striking frescoes are those of ‘Massacre of the Innocents,’ ‘The death and burial of the Virgin’: in the latter the Jews who attempted to intercept the funeral procession, are represented as stricken with blindness. A picture of the martyrdom of S. Sebastian bears the date 1486.

¹ One of the litanies preserved in S. Scholastica has the strange invocation—‘Sancte Dismas, latro de Cruce. . . .’

In the **sacristy** are some small pictures by Bellini and the Caracci. Through the chapel on the left of the high altar a series of grotto-chapels is reached. In one of them is a picture by *Giotto* of 'gli angeli che fanno festa' over the virtues of S. Benedict in his cave, while devils are tearing S. Romano and cutting his cord.

It is by a staircase in front of the high-altar that we descend to the **under church**, or **sacro-speco**. At the foot of the first flight of steps stands the frescoed figure of Innocent III., who first raised Subiaco into an abbacy, above the charter of 1213, setting forth the privileges he accorded to the abbey. In the same fresco is represented the Abbot Giovanni da Tagliacozzo, under whom (1217-1227) many of the paintings were executed.

The **passage R.** of this landing has, among many others, a fresco of S. Claridonia, who lived here in a hermitage above the monastery. On her dress is a curious inscription evidently scratched by a chaplain of Aeneas Silvius (Pius II.), when he was celebrating mass here. Here also is a fresco of Christ seated in judgment—the lily in His hand blossoms on the side of the Good. This passage leads to the hermitage occupied by S. Gregory the Great when he visited Subiaco. On the outer wall is a fresco of Gregory writing his commentary on Job. The inner chamber, which is decorated with frescoes of seraphim, contains a portrait of S. Francis, supposed to have been painted during his visit to the Sacro Speco, by some artist then at work upon the chapel. It is in exact accordance with the verbal description which remains of him: 'facies hilaris, vultus benignus, facie utcumque oblonga et protensa, frons plana et parva, nasus aequalis et rectus.'

'It is a life-size figure of a youthful monk in a high conical cowl—the frock and cord of a mendicant friar, inscribed with the words FR. FRACISCU. Partially restored and retouched, the head may still attract attention by its character. Though lean from abstinence, the features are regular, the brow open, the eyes large, and the nose straight. The tonsure is visible across the forehead and along the temples to the ears, which are not remarkable for smallness. A straggling beard and a downy upper lip complete a far more pleasing portrait of Brother Francis, than those which in hundreds, at a later time, were placed in every monastery and convent of the Order. A miniature kneeling figure of a donor at the monk's feet seems to have been added at a later time. It is remarkable that S. Francis is depicted without the Stigmata; and if it be, as is pretended, a genuine portrait, it must have been executed, if not in 1216, at least before 1228, when the monk was canonised, and perhaps by one who had seen and conversed with him. If considered as a work of art, it differs in no wise from other early pictures in the Sacro Speco. Parts of the picture, where the colour had entirely fallen off, have been renewed. The background is all repainted.'—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle*.

Another portrait, believed to be from his own hand, represents Brother Oddo, a monk of Subiaco, receiving the blessing of an angel he has invoked. S. Gregory is represented consecrating the altar of the church with the words: 'Vere locus iste sanctus est in quo orant.' An inscription which commemorates the dedication of the chapel, also mentions the two months' retreat which Gregory IX. made at the monastery:—

Pontificis summi fuit anno picta secundo
 Haec domus : hic primo quo summo fulsit honore,
 Manserat et vitam coelestem duxerat idem,
 Perque duos menses sacros maceraverat artus.
 Julius est unus, Augustus fervidus alter.

On the 2nd landing, the figure of Benedict faces us (on a window), with finger on lip, imposing silence. On the left is the *coro*, now used by the monks. On the right the *cave* where Benedict is said to have passed three years in darkness. A statue by *Raggi* (sculptor of the fountain in the Piazza Navona), of the school of Bernini, commemorates his presence here: a basket betokens that lowered with food to him by S. Romanus. An ancient bell is shown as that which rang to announce the approach of his daily sustenance.

'The grotto of Benedict vividly reminded me of the famous grotto of S. Rosalia on the Monte Pellegrino near Palermo. Behind the richly-decorated altar one sees the marble figure of the young Benedict kneeling in prayer before the cross: it is a tolerable work of the Bernini school, and it gains through the half-darkness of the cavern. Truly everything here has a dramatic character. The smallness and grace of this little church gleaming with colour, its chapels and grottoes like a spiritual vision, such as I have never found elsewhere in the whole field of religious conception. It is an illustrated picture-book of poetical legends, which are bloodless and painless, though fantastic, like the lives of pious anchorites in the wilderness, and amid the birds of the field. Here religion treads on the borders of fairyland, and brings an indescribable atmosphere away from thence.'—*Gregorovius*.

As we descend the Scala Santa, trodden by the feet of Benedict, and ascended by the monks upon their knees, the solemn beauty of the place increases at every step. On the right, is seen a powerful fresco of Death mowing down the young, and sparing the old; on the left, the Preacher shows the young and thoughtless the three states to which the body becomes reduced after death. Much of the rock is still left bare and hangs overhead in jagged masses, preserving the cavern-like character of the scene, while every available space is rich with colour and gold, radiant, yet perfectly subdued and harmonious. On all sides the saints of the Order, and those especially connected with it, Benedict, Gregory the Great, the the Archdeacon Peter, Romanus, Maurus, Placidus, Honoratus, Scholastica, and Anatolia, look down upon us repeatedly from the thirteenth century frescoes.

'Let any young painter or sculptor, thoroughly accomplished in the mechanism of his art, in which these his predecessors were so deficient, but drawing his inspiration from Christianity and the Romano-Teutonic nationality of Europe—let any such young artist, I say, visit Italy so prepared—tossing to the winds the jargon of the schools, content to feel and yield to the impulses of a high, and pure, and holy nature, and disposed, with God's blessing, like Fra Angelico or Perugino, to dedicate his talents, as the bondsman of love, to his Redeemer's glory and the good of mankind—let him so come, and commune with these neglected relics of an earlier, a simpler, and a more believing age—talk to the spirit that dwells within them in its own universal language; ask it questions, and listen reverently for a reply—and he will gain more than a mere response—that spirit will pass into his own bosom—his eyes will be touched as with the magician's salve, and he will find himself in a world of undreamt-of beauty, hitherto unseen only because inadequately bodied forth; a world of high spirits, beings of the mind; ideas

as yet only half born (as it were), but which will throng around him on every side

“Demanding life, impatient for the skies,”

for that life of immortality which his practiced hand can so well bestow.’
—Lord Lindsay, ‘*Christian Art*.’

In the chapel left of the Scala Santa, that of **S. Lorenzo Loricato**, who is buried here, is a picture of the Madonna and Child, shown as one which existed in the time of S. Benedict, and was venerated by him in his childhood. It is signed ‘Stammatico Greco Pictor P.,’ a painter of whom we have no account.

Lastly, we reach the Holy of Holies, the second cave, in which S. Gregory narrates that Benedict after his return from Vicovaro (to which he had gone for a short time as abbot) ‘dwelt’ alone with himself,’ being ‘always busied in the presence of his Creator, in bewailing the spiritual miseries of his soul and past sins, in watching over the emotions of his heart, and in the constant contemplation of Divine things.’ Here the Devil hovered over him as a little dark bird, whispering sinful thoughts and desires, which the saint overcame by flinging himself amid thorns and nettles. Here he received a poisoned loaf from the priest Florentius, and, throwing it upon the ground, forced his tame raven to bear it beyond mortal reach. And here he laid down the Rule of his Order, making its basis the twelve degrees of humility, viz. :—

1. Deep compunction of heart, and holy fear of God and His judgments, with a constant attention to walk in the Divine presence, sunk under the weight of this confusion and fear.
2. The perfect renunciation of our own will.
3. Ready obedience.
4. Patience under all sufferings and injuries.
5. The manifestation of all thoughts to a spiritual director.
6. To be content, even rejoice, under all humiliations, to be pleased with mean employments and mean clothes; in short, to love simplicity and poverty.
7. To esteem ourselves more unworthy and base than all—even the greatest sinners.
8. To avoid all wish for singularity in words and actions.
9. To love and practise silence.
10. To avoid uncurbed mirth and laughter.
11. To seek for modesty of speech and words.
12. To be humble in all external actions.

‘Three virtues constituted the sum of the Benedictine discipline. Silence with solitude and seclusion, humility, obedience, which, in the strong language of its laws, extended to impossibilities. All is thus concentrated on self. It was the man isolated from his kind who was to rise to a lonely perfection. All the social, all patriotic, virtues were excluded; the mere mechanic observance of the rules of the brotherhood, or even the corporate spirit, are hardly worthy of notice, though they are the only substitutes for the rejected and proscribed pursuits of active life.

‘The three occupations of life were the worship of God, reading, and manual labour. The adventitious advantages, and great they were, of these industrious agricultural settlements, were not contemplated by the founder; the object of the monks was not to make the wilderness blossom with fertility, to extend the arts and husbandry of civilised life into barbarous regions, it was solely to employ in engrossing occupation that portion of time which could not be devoted to worship and study.’—Milman, ‘*Latin Christianity*.’

An inscription commemorates the wonderful series of saints who, issuing from Subiaco, became the pioneers of the Benedictine Order all over the world.

From the arches below the convent one may emerge upon a small terraced *Garden*, once a ridge covered with a thicket of thorns, upon which S. Benedict used to roll his naked body to extinguish the natural passions. Here, seven centuries afterwards, S. Francis, coming to visit the shrine, knelt and prayed before thorns which had such glorious memories, and he planted two rose-trees beside them. The roses of S. Francis flourish still, and are carefully tended by the monks, but the Benedictine thorns have disappeared.

‘Ce jardin, deux fois sanctifié, occupe encore une sorte de plateau triangulaire qui se projette sur le flanc du rocher, un peu en avant et au-dessous de la grotte qui servait de gîte à Benoît. Le regard, confiné de tous côtés par les rochers, n’y peut errer en liberté que sur l’azur du ciel. C’est le dernier des lieux sacrés que l’on visite et que l’on vénère, dans ce célèbre et unique monastère du *Sacro Speco*, qui forme comme une série de sanctuaires superposés les uns aux autres et adossés à la montagne que Benoît a immortalisée. Tel fut le dur et sauvage berceau de l’Ordre monastique en occident. C’est de ce tombeau, où s’était enseveli tout vivant cet enfant délicat des derniers patriciens de Rome, qu’est née la forme définitive de la vie monastique, c’est-à-dire la perfection de la vie chrétienne. De cette caverne et de ce buisson d’épines sont issues ces légions de moines et de saints dont le dévouement a valu à l’Eglise ses conquêtes les plus vastes et ses gloires les plus pures. De cette source a jailli l’interminable courant du zèle et de la faveur religieuse. Là sont venus, là viendront encore tous ceux à qui l’esprit du grand Benoît inspirera la force d’ouvrir de nouvelles voies ou de restaurer l’antique discipline dans la vie claustrale. Tous y reconnaissent le site sacré que le prophète Isaïe semble avoir montré d’avance aux cénobites par ces paroles d’une application si merveilleusement exacte : *Attendite ad petram de qua excisi estis, et ad cavernam laci de qua præcisi estis*. Il faut plaindre le chrétien qui n’a pas vu cette grotte, ce désert, ce nid d’aigle et de colombe, ou qui, l’ayant vu, ne s’est pas prosterné avec un tendre respect devant le sanctuaire d’où sortirent, avec le règle et l’institut de saint Benoît, la fleur de la civilisation chrétienne, la victoire permanente de l’âme sur la matière, l’affranchissement intellectuel de l’Europe, et tout ce que l’esprit de sacrifice réglé par la foi, ajoute de grandeur et de charme à la science, au travail, vertu.’—*Montalembert, ‘Les Moines d’Occident.’*

Under the part of the cave which opens upon this garden all the monks are buried, and when corruption has passed away their bones are taken up and placed in an open chapel in the rock, where they are visible to all. To obtain a general view of the convent of the *Sacro Speco*, it is necessary to follow the lower path which diverges just above S. Scholastica. A succession of zigzags along the edge of the cliffs, amid savage scenery, leads into the gorge, which is closed in the far distance by the rock-built town of Jenne (2550 ft.), stormed in 1090 by Abbot John III., the birthplace of Alexander IV. and of the Abbot Lando. We cross the river by a bridge, whence a pathlet, winding often by stairs, up and down the rocks, allows one to see the whole building rising above the falls of the Anio. We emerge close to the ruins of a *Nymphaeum* belonging to Nero’s Villa, and nothing can be more imposing than the view from hence up the gorge, with the rock-crested monastery on the other side, and all the wealth of rich verdure on the nearer steep

which take the name of *Monte Carpineto* from the hornbeams with which they are covered. The little chapel above the *Sacro Speco* is that of San Biagio (S. Blaise), who is invoked whenever any catastrophe occurs in the valley. Here, once every year, mass is chaunted by the monks of S. Scholastica.

The castle, called *La Rocca*, built by the warlike Abbot John V., was long a summer residence of the popes. One of its towers, still called 'Borgiana,' recalls the residence here of Cardinal Rodrigo Borgia, afterwards Alexander VI. Magnificent views may be obtained from the windows of the rooms, which contain a few pictures.

Subiaco formerly professed the utmost devotion to the papacy, and the waggon-load of its wild flowers was one of the most suggestive and attractive of the presents to Pius IX. on his anniversary, sent by '*La sua divotissima Subiaco*,' yet now the names of the streets are all changed, and we have the sickening '*Via Cavour*,' '*Via Venti Settembre*,' &c. Costumes still linger here, but are less striking than those seen further among the mountains. The men wear bunches of flowers in their hats on festas, the women wear *spadoni*, ending in a hand, an acorn, or a silver flower. Beyond the *Albergo della Pernice* and the gate built in honour of Pius VI., is a curious old bridge with a gate-tower over the Anio. One of the best views of the town is from just across this bridge.

The path which is approached by the bridge leads to the beautifully-situated *Convent of the Cappuccini*. In its portico is a quaint fresco of S. Francis, the beloved of animals, '*vir vere catholicus totusque apostolicus*,' shaking hands with a wolf, much to the horror of his attendant monks.¹ Endless other paths lead up the hills in different directions, through woods by rushing brooks, and along mountain ledges, and indeed the whole of the *Valle Santa*, as the district of Subiaco is popularly called, is well worth exploring.

The road to Tivoli is one of the many benefits which Subiaco owes to its having been so long the residence of Pius VI. It follows, first the *Via Sublacensis*, constructed by Nero, and then the *Via Valeria*, which was the work of the censor Valerius Maximus, in the year of Rome 447. In spring, when it is chiefly visited by foreigners, the country here strikes one as bare, and the chief interest is derived entirely from the villages which crest the hills on either side. But in May and June, when the chestnut woods are in full leaf, and the luxuriant vines leap from tree to tree along the valleys, the scenery is unspeakably lovely.

A continuous avenue of mountain villages lines the way. First

¹ At Gubbio a wolf that had long ravaged the surrounding country was rebuked by S. Francis, who promised it a peaceful existence and daily food, if it would amend its ways. The wolf agreed to the compact, and placed his right paw in the hand of S. Francis in token of confidence and good faith. "Brother Wolf," as S. Francis called him, "lived afterwards tamely for two years at Gubbio, in good fellowship with all, and finally died, much regretted, of old age."—From the *Fioretti di S. Francesco*.



[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

GARDEN OF THE MONASTERY. SUBIACO



[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

GORGE, LOOKING E. FROM BRIDGE, CIVITA CASTELLANA

we have, on the left *Rocca di Canterano*, its long lines of old houses cresting the declivity, then, on the right, **Cerbara**, and **Agosta**, and on the left **Marano**. A road on the right now turns off to **Arsoli**, the ancient *Arsula*, containing the handsome, still inhabited castle of Prince Massimo. Here the apartment once occupied by S. Filippo Neri, founder of the Oratorians, is preserved with religious care. Though he frequently stayed with the Massimo family, he lived here almost as a hermit, eating only bread, with a few olives, herbs, or an apple, drinking only water, and lying on the bare floor.

Passing under **Roviano**, commanding the Anio valley, which has a castle of the Sciarra, we reach a more fertile country, where men train the vines, with bunches of blue iris fastened in their hats, and on the right we see **Cantalupo**, where Prince Roccagiovine, who married a daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, has a castle. To the left above us is Anticoli. Not far from Vico Varo a number of shrines, surrounding a little green with old ilex-trees, announce the approach to **S. Cosimato**, a village of hermitages, mentioned in a bull of Gregory VII. as 'Monasterium Sancti Cosimatis situm in valle Tiburtino.' No one would imagine, from merely passing along the road, that this is one of the most captivating and curious places, well-deserving of attention and study. But in the earliest ages of Latin Christianity the caverns in the cliffs which here overhang the Anio, had been taken possession of by a troop of hermits, who turned this country, for they had many caverns at Vicovaro also, into a perfect Thebaid. Passing through the convent, and its pretty garden with pillared pergolas (ladies are not admitted), a winding path, the merest ledge, after a narrow stair against the face of the precipice, sometimes tunnelled through the rock, leads to this extraordinary settlement, and opens upon one tiny hermitage after another, provided with its little window and its rock-hewn couch and seat. A campanile stands on its projecting crag, which summoned the recluses to prayer. The last cave, larger than any of the others, was their chapel, formed in the living rock. Mass is still occasionally said here, and the scene is most striking, as, to admit the light, large doors just opposite the altar are thrown open, and one looks down the perpendicular cliff overhung with ilexes centuries old, into the Anio immediately beneath, and the roar of its waters mingles with the chaunting of the Psalms. In the fifth century a collection of monks had united on the heights above the river, and, before he had founded his own convent, attracted by the fame of his sanctity, they chose S. Benedict to be their superior. He declined at first, warning them that they would not like the severity of his Rule; but they insisting, he joined them here. In a short time his austerity roused their hatred, hence one of them attempted to poison him in the Sacrament cup, but when, before drinking, he made the sign of the cross over it, it fell to pieces in his hands. "God forgive you, my brethren," he said; "you see that I spoke the truth when I told you that your rule and mine would not agree," and he returned to Subiaco. The scene of this story is

a caverned chapel in the cliff on the other side of the convent, adorned with rude frescoes. Here ladies are permitted to enter.

After having examined the grotte, it is well worth while descending to see the specus of the Claudian aqueduct, and finally to the bank of the Anio. We may return from here by evening train to Rome.

CHAPTER XX

FARFA

The only way of reaching **Farfa** and returning to Rome the same day—and there is no satisfactory sleeping-place—is to take the 9.40 train to **Poggio Mirteto**, whence a two-horse carriage may be taken to Farfa, about five miles distant.

THE excursion to **Farfa** should be kept until the spring. In the latter part of April, or better in May, it is impossible to visit a place of more radiant loveliness. It is ideal Italy—the most fertile part of Sabina, and no transition can be more complete than that from the desolate Campagna, with its ruined tombs and aqueducts speaking only of the immense past, to these exquisite woods and deep shady valleys amid purple mountains, filled with life and under the richest cultivation, watered by the rushing Farfarus.

One can scarcely open a page of mediaeval Italian history without meeting the name of Farfa. Doubly founded by saints (A.D. 681), its monastery rose to the utmost height of ecclesiastical importance. Its Benedictine monks were looked upon as a prime centre of Italian learning, and the 'Chronicle of Farfa,' compiled from its already decaying charters and records by Thomas the Presbyter, about 1092, and now preserved amongst the most valuable MSS. of the Vatican, has ever since been one of the most important works of reference for Church history. Abbot Pietro, during the last decade of the ninth century, for seven years resisted successfully the Saracen Invaders of Farfa, but at last feeling his inability to continue the struggle, he decided to abandon the monastery. He therefore divided his monks into three bands, each of which took away one third of the conventual treasures. One band was sent to Rome, and one to Rieti, while himself with a precious Ciborium retired to Fermo. The Saracens came only to find the magnificent monastery abandoned, and they left it intact. Later came poor treasure-hunters, who set fire to it, whether accidentally or on purpose, is not known, and it was burned to the ground. The Abbot then built a castle on Monte Materiano, called S. Vittoria in which he died A.D. 920. The abbots lived as princes and considered themselves almost as the rivals of the Pontiffs. It is narrated that the Abbot of Farfa once met a Pope at Correse, and knew that he must be going to the monastery. He said to his Majordomo, who was with him: 'That is the Pope, and he is going to Farfa; of course

I cannot be expected to return, but you will go back to receive him, and you will desire that the same respect should be paid to him which is paid to me, and that a fatted calf should be killed in his honour.' The monks of Farfa appear never to have numbered more than 683, but the amount of their possessions is almost incredible:—'urbes duas, Centumcellas (Civita-Vecchia) et Alatrium; castaldatus 5; castella 132; oppida 16; portus 7; salinas 8; villas 14; molendia 82; pagos 315; complures lacus, pascua, decimas, portoria, ac praediorum immanem copiam.' Until the recent suppression, the revenues of the abbot, who has long resided at Rome, amounted to nine thousand scudi annually.

But in 1686, when Mabillon made his monastic tour, the buildings of Farfa were already falling into decay. In the summer and autumn months the air of the Farfarus was considered unhealthy, and the abbot resided at the castle of Fara on the hillside above the monastery, and the monks eight miles off, at the convent of San Salvatore. Since that time Farfa has been more and more neglected, till its very name and existence are almost forgotten.

Farfa in 1884 was in the hands of English agriculturists. But before our first visit in April 1874, we found it utterly impossible to obtain any accurate information either as to the present state of the monastery or the means of reaching it. No foreigner, no modern Roman, had ever been known to go there. Even Mr. Hemans, usually so indefatigable, had never seen it. Priests, monks, and bishops were consulted in vain. Two monks were found in the abbey of Monte Cassino who had been there, and who spoke of it almost with tears of affectionate admiration, but they had been there in extreme youth, and they were now very old men. Our nearest approach to accurate information about the long-lost monastery came from a porter at one of the palaces, who had a cousin, who had a sister-in-law, who had a lover, who had *seen* Farfa. At last, a coachman was found who came from that neighbourhood, and who said that Englishmen went far and wide to see the country and underwent many difficulties to accomplish their objects, but he wondered that they never went to Farfa, for 'at Farfa were the Gates of Paradise.'

Finding no carriage at the Montorso station, we were glad to take the diligence to Poggio Mirteto, being (on our first visit) the only possible means of locomotion—not a very swift one certainly, as it only went at a foot's pace on the level ground, and on the hills it stopped altogether, when, as the driver explained, it was 'necessary for all the company to get out and walk, to prevent the wheels rolling backwards.' We at once began to reach a new country, rich in vines and figs and olives, and with lovely views towards the noble serrated outline of Soracte. Here, amidst the glowing uplands, the master of the Hotel Minerva at Rome had a great farm and a pink-washed palazzo. Various towns and villages crest the different hills; to the left, Cantalupo, Roccantica, and Poggio Cantino; to the right, Montopoli. The large town in front

is **Poggio Mirteto**, which our driver assured us was *Il Parigi della Sabina*, and which has rather a handsome church and piazza. Strange to say, the population of this considerable, though out-of-the-way place, is chiefly Protestant, and there is a Protestant church here. The priests themselves, by their lives, had brought about this change of religion, said the people to whom we spoke.

Here we obtained a carriage, and proceeded to *Montopoli* by an excellent but much-winding road along the ridges of the swelling hills, which are covered with olives, chestnuts, and peach-trees, with an under-carpet of corn. On the left a wide valley runs up between the mountains, which are here mantled with wood almost to their summits, ending in the rock-built town of Torfea. The further mountain is crowned by a castle. This is the fortress of *Farfa*, which protected the abbey at its feet in time of trouble, and which is spoken of in the chronicle of Farfa as, 'Castellum Pharae in hoc eminente monte.' On the hill beyond, at the spot called Bucci, is another castle of the monastery called Tribucci or Buccianum (Bocchignano). A tall ruined tower on a nearer hill is called Cottetino.

Embosomed in woods, beneath La Fara, the great monastery of Farfa stands boldly out from the side of the mountain. It is on the spot where the Syrian hermit Lorenzo, who had been made Bishop of Spoleto, retired from the world about A.D. 550, and built a hermitage, where by his prayers (like S. Sylvester, in the Forum), he destroyed a poisonous dragon (Paganism) which had long devastated the neighbouring valleys. The exact site of his cell was long marked by three tall cypresses, but they are now only to be seen in a fresco in the church. Many brethren and disciples gathering around his retreat, he built a monastery which he called after the name of the farm—*Casale Acutianus*—in which it was erected, and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin. The monastery of Acutianus became a place of pilgrimage as containing the shrine of Lorenzo, and attained great splendour, no less than five basilicas being raised there, one of which was intended for women. But the monastery was attacked and destroyed by the Lombards in 568. It then remained desolate till 681, when S. Thomas the Venerable, while praying before the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, beheld in a vision the Blessed Virgin, who commanded him to rebuild her sanctuary and that of her servant Lorenzo. The buildings were restored, and the monastery rose to such magnificence, that no other in Italy, except that of Nonantula, could rival it. Early in the eleventh century the name seems to have been changed to Farfa. The Chronicle speaks of it by both its names—'Liber Chronici Monasterii Acutiani sive Farfensis in Ducatu Spoletano.'

'About the year 936, the reigning abbot was murdered by two of the fraternity, Campo and Hildebrand. The last words of the abbot, addressed in doggerel Latin to Campo, were, "Campigenans Campo, malè quam me campegenastis."

'Campo was abbot in 936, and Hildebrand in 939. The conduct of Campo seems to have been particularly disgraceful: his children he portioned from the effects of the church, and he seems to have been addicted to every

species of riotous and disorderly living, to the great scandal of the place and times.

These crying sins of the Christians, says the history, calling aloud for punishment, the Agareni (Saracens) invaded the country (A.D. 1004) and surrounded the monastery of Farfa. The abbot of that time, Peter, made a stout resistance, and drove away the invaders several times; and, in the interim, found means to send away all the treasure of his convent to Rome, to Rieti, and Fermo. The valuable marbles of the church lie hid underground, and they have never since been discovered. The Saracens, when they at length took the deserted monastery, though enraged at the loss of their expected booty, admired the place so much, that instead of burning it, they converted it into a residence for themselves. The abbey was subsequently destroyed by fire: certain Christian marauders from Poggio Catino, who had taken up their lodging there for the night, whilst the Saracens were absent upon some occasion, had lighted a fire in a corner, which (being alarmed by some noise in the abbey) they left burning; and, hurrying away, the neglected fire spread, and the stately buildings were completely destroyed.

‘After this, Farfa lay in ruins forty-eight years; till Hugo, king of Burgundy, coming into Italy, the abbot Ralfredus began to restore it, with the treasures sent to Rome and to Fermo; but those which had been conveyed to Rieti had fallen into the hands of the Saracens.’—*Sir W. Gell, ‘Rome and its Vicinity.’*

From the time of S. Thomas in 680, to Nicholas II. in 1388, the list of the abbots of Farfa is almost perfect, and the place constantly increased in importance. One of its monks, Bernardo, chosen Abbot of Subiaco in the thirteenth century, pompously begins his installation-edict with: ‘We, Bernardo Eretoni, of the Order of S. Benedict, monk of the holy and imperial abbey of S. Maria of Farfa, and afterwards by the grace of God Abbot of S. Scholastica, &c.’

Through the valley beneath the monastery flows the river Farfarus or Fabaris—

‘Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt.’—*Virgil, ‘Aen.’ vii. 715.*

‘Amoenae Farfarus umbræ.’—*Ovid, ‘Metam.’ xiv. 330.*

crossed by an ancient bridge.

As in classical times, the valley is almost buried in verdure. Plautus alludes to it:—‘You shall be dispersed like the leaves of Farfarus.’ A stony road ascends from the stream, through thickets of oaks and Judas-trees, which crimson the ground with their falling flowers. The banks are carpeted with periwinkles and blue anemones, while the cuckoo and nightingale sing incessantly. An outer wall surrounds the monastic inclosures, and serves also as protection to the little village, which nestles under the shadow of the church. Twice a year, after Easter and Michaelmas, there is a fair here, much frequented by those who purchase the oil of Farfa, which is sold in huge barrels. At these times the titular Abbot, who is also *Procuratore Generale* of the whole Benedictine Order, comes to reside for a time at Farfa, where there are usually but three monks, to fulfil the offices of the Church. We were fortunate in arriving at this moment. The street was lined with booths laden with gay wares, and shaded by awnings of orange, blue, and white canvas. Two gateways, both richly sculptured, lead to the

church. Over the outer, the sainted founders, Lorenzo and Tommaso, over the inner Benedict and Scholastica, kneel before the Virgin and Child, in two beautiful frescoes by an early Umbrian master. The church is cruciform, and almost covered with frescoes which, if not excellent as works of art, are at least picturesque. The papal benefactors of the monastery are represented between the arches, which are carried on ancient granite pillars. The timber roof is richly carved. At the crossing is an intricate pavement of opus-Cosmatescum. The whole of the western wall over the door is occupied by a fresco of the Last Judgment, which, when done, was considered 'so terrible to behold, that those who looked upon it thought of nothing but death for many days.'

The choir now stripped of its 'choir books plated with gold and silver and set with gems,' is no longer rich in gold and silver ornaments, or with vestments for the officiating priests, embroidered and studded with precious stones, but a beautiful carved paschal candlestick remains, a real work of art. Left of the altar is the Cappella di S. Lorenzo Siro, wherein he is buried, and where the brazen hoop of the *scatola* in which he carried a wondrous picture of the Virgin to Farfa is preserved. This picture hangs still over the high-altar: four heads, the Virgin, with the Bambino beneath, and two seraphim set in gold—black, and of course, attributed to S. Luke. On the right is the chapel of the second founder, Tommaso, with a picture of him receiving the commands of the Virgin; the hill of Farfa and the three cypresses of Lorenzo are represented in the background. Here also, and in other parts of the church, the original building is portrayed with two towers, only one of which remains.

The vast monastic buildings are now used as a farm. In one corner of the cloister is an ancient well-head, apparently a relic of some local pagan temple, to which the columns in the church also probably belonged. It is sculptured with the Battle of the Amazons in high relief. Outside, is the terrace, where the Chronicle says that the monks were sitting before supper, in the year 1125, when 'they beheld the tower of the castle of Farfa stricken and burnt by a flash of lightning.' Dining outside their Refectories was a luxury rare in the monasteries of the north.

It was a picture seldom seen now in Italy, when the carriage came to take us away from Farfa and the venerable abbot with his few remaining monks came out to take leave. He had invited us to stay, as the abbey is no longer *clausura*, and the ladies of our party could have been accommodated, 'though,' he added, 'as there were neither beds nor chairs, they might not be very comfortable.' As he stood in the gateway, under the old fresco, the whole population of the village gathered around him, with friendly confidence in him, and farewell speeches for us—and it gave one an idea of what the paternal relation must often have been between the abbots and their people in these secluded places, and of what might have been their influence.

CHAPTER XXI

CIVITA CASTELLANA

Albergo, Aquila Nera : Croce Bianca, station on the Rome-Florence Line : 5 miles from the town. Omnibus, 1 lira.

THIS is one of the most interesting spots in Italy, and is far too little visited. Scarcely one traveller in a thousand ever visits Civita Castellana, though it stands amid the noblest scenery, possesses the most delightful air, commands lovely views over the mountains and Campagna, and is only two hours distant from Rome. The inns are humble, but bearable. To the archaeologist the Civita opens a wonderful mine of interest, while to the botanist and geologist it proves scarcely less attractive. An artist may pass months here fully employed, though there is no such variety of costume to be found here, as in the mountain-villages south of Rome.

On the last day of April, a fresh sunny morning, we took our tickets at Rome for the Civita station on the Florence line. We follow the Tiber-Valley throughout the entire journey, along the river's eastern bank, passing close under the hill of Fidenae (Castel Giubbileo), and seeing, beyond it, Monte Rotondo on the right, and the town of Correse (close to the site of ancient Cures, of King Tatius, which Dionysius calls greatest of Sabine cities) and Poggio Mirteto, in fact, we may imagine ourselves following the ancient Via Flaminia. Several carriages were waiting at the station, and we travelled pleasantly into the delicious clover-scented upland, stopping by the way to admire the grand old castle (Castel delle Formiche, or Castellaccio), with its tall tower and ruined church, standing on a rock above us. Beyond, in the deep hollow, flows the lonely Tiber, which here makes several bends amongst the low-lying pasture lands, such that one would have pitied the passengers in the steamers, which till a few years ago formed the chief means of communication between Rome and Civita. As we were carried merrily on over the luxuriant hay-fields, between hedges of wild-rose and cistus, we looked across the valley to Magliano Sabina gleaming white against the dark mountain steeps. Suddenly, without any previous sign, the pastures opened, and we found ourselves on the edge of a gulf in the tufa, a deep abyss of rock where the ever-green shrubs and honeysuckle fell in perfect cascades over the red and yellow cliffs, stained here and there with dashes of black and

brown, and perforated with Etruscan tombs of various sizes, evidently reached by narrow pathways along the face of the precipice. In the misty depths the little river Treja wanders amid huge stones and under the arches of a bridge (1712) (which spans the ravine at a height of 120 feet), to find the Tiber. The opposite bank is crested by the old houses and churches of Civita, while in the hollow are some rustic water-mills. This river here proves to be formed by two other streams, Vicano and Maggiore, which bathe the sides of the isolated rock upon which Civita stands. From the terrace there is a grand view over the ravine to the mountains.

The **Duomo** of Civita is fascinating, and very unlike anything else. The wide portico (now a national monument) at the west end supported by a range of pillars is incrustated with a frieze of mosaic work of 1210, by Lorenzo Cosmati and his sons.

'A fine flight of steps leads up to a porch of fair proportions, flanked by porticoes. The porch opens on to the chief portal by a broad arch resting on pilasters and crowned with an entablature and balcony. The portal is a series of pilasters and columns, above the architrave of which is a recess with a fan window. The arched border of this recess, as well as the pilasters, friezes, and wall, are worked in mosaic. In the key of the border is the lamb; on the pilasters, the symbols of the Evangelists. The following inscription on the architrave reveals the name of the author:

Laurentius cum Jacobo, filio suo, magistri
doctissimi Romani, hoc opus fecerunt.

Two lateral doors flank the chief portal, and in the lunette of that to the right is a bust figure in mosaic of the Saviour, with a cruciform jewelled nimbus, holding a book and stretching out his right hand in the act of benediction. A natural movement and fair contours mark the figure, which has none of the usual grinniness or vehemence. The oval head, inclosed by hair falling in a triple wave behind the shoulders, has at least an expression of repose. The chin, broad and bare, is fringed with a short beard, the nose is straight, the mouth small, and the eyes without stare. A red tunic with gold borders and jewelled blue cuffs, and a gold mantle, complete the dress, which is shadowless and flat, but fairly lined. The yellowish flesh tints tend to red on the cheeks, and are outlined with red in the lights and black in the shadows. On the architrave below this gay and not unpleasant mosaic are the words:

Ma . . . Jaco }
bus m fecit } † Rainerius Petri Rodulpho fieri fecit.'

—Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

Excepting the mosaic pavement and the crypt, the interior of the church has been modernised, but the arrangement is remarkable, as the nave ends in a broad semi-circular staircase leading to the tribune, like a picture of Paul Veronese. The transepts are occupied by the local saints Gracilianus and Felicissima: the latter is shown in a glass case and wreath of pink roses.

Beyond the cathedral rises the pentagonal *citadel*, built by Antonio San Gallo for Alexander VI. and Julius II. Gsell-fels calls its tower with the triangular outworks 'the political Bastille of Rome.' Many years ago we went thither to visit the famous brigand chief Gasperoni, imprisoned for forty years under the papacy. Several of his band were with him, and there was certainly an unpleasant sensation when the door of the large room they inhabited

was closed, and from the numerous little beds where they were lying, gaunt and with matted hair, the many figures rose up of men who had been for so long the terror of the Campagna, and whose murders under circumstances of the most atrocious barbarity still are told by Castelli grandmothers to terrify the village circles. When About went to visit Gasperoni in his prison, the old brigand offered him a printed list of the hundred murders he had committed, as a *souvenir* on taking leave, and was greatly surprised that his visitor did not wish to accept it. Gasperoni died in 1878.

Civita Castellana occupies the site of the Falerium Vetus, mentioned so often by Plutarch, Livy, and Ovid, and said to have been founded by Halesus, son of Agamemnon, soon after the Trojan war. Falerii at any rate became one of the twelve confederate Etruscan cities, and was captured by Camillus in B.C. 394. Its inhabitants called themselves Faliscans; and their white cows were much favoured at Rome for sacrifices, such as the Fordicidia and those to Juno.

‘Venerat Atridae fatis agitatus Halesus ;
A quo se dictam terra Falisca putat.’

—‘*Fast.*’ iv. 73.

‘Cum mihi pomiferis conjux foret orta Faliscis,
Moenia contigimus victa, Camille, tibi.
Casta sacerdotes Junoni festa parabant
Et celebres ludos, indigenamque bovem.
Grande morae pretium, ritus cognoscere ; quamvis
Difficilis clivis huc via praebet iter.
Stat vetus et densa praenubilis arbore lucus ;
Aspice, concedes numinis esse locum.
Accipit ara preces, votivaque thura piorum ;
Ara per antiquas facta sine arte manus.
Hic ubi praesonuit sollenni tibia cantu,
It per velatas annua pompa vias.
Ducuntur niveae, populo plaudente, juvencae,
Quas aluit campis herba Falisca suis.’

—‘*Amor.*’ iii. *Eleg.* 13.

Camillus was the military tribune under whom Falerii was added to the territory of Rome. According to the legend ‘a schoolmaster, who had the care of the sons of the principal citizens, took an opportunity when walking with his boys without the walls, to lead them to the Roman camp, and throw them into the power of the enemy. But Camillus, indignant at this treason, bade the boys drive their master back into the town again, flogging him all the way thither, for the Romans, he said, made no war with children. Upon this the Faliscans, won by his magnanimity, surrendered to him at discretion, themselves, their city, and their country.’—Arnold, ‘*Hist. of Rome.*’

The most remarkable remains of the ancient Falerii will be found near the **Ponte Terrano** about a mile beyond the castle of Sangallo. The bridge crosses the ravine of the Rio Maggiore by a double arch ; one pier is of rock, the other of Etruscan masonry.

‘The cliffs above and below the bridge are perforated in every direction with holes—doorways innumerable, leading into spacious tombs—sepulchral niches of various forms and sizes—here, rows of squares, side by side, like the port-holes of a ship of war—there, long and shallow recesses, one over the other, like an open cupboard, or a book-case, where the dead were literally laid upon the shelf—now again, upright like pigeon-holes—or still taller and narrower, like the *créneaux* in a fortification. This seems to have been the principal necropolis of the Etruscan city. If you enter any of the tombs

which are in all the faces of the low cliffs into which the ground breaks, you will find one general plan prevailing, characteristic of the site. Unlike those of Sutri, where the door opens at once into the tomb, it here leads into a small antechamber, seldom as much as five feet square, which has an oblong hole in the ceiling, running up like a chimney to the level of the ground above. The tomb itself is generally spacious—from twelve to twenty feet square, or of an oblong form—never circular—mostly with a massive square pillar in the centre, hewn out of the rock, or, in many cases, with a thick partition-wall of rock instead, dividing the tomb into two equal parts. The front of this, whether it be pillar or projecting wall, is generally hollowed out, sometimes in recesses, long and shallow, and one over the other, to contain bodies, sometimes in upright niches, for cinerary urns or votive offerings. Around the walls are long recesses for bodies, in double or triple tiers, just as the catacombs and tombs of the early Christians, forcibly reminding you, by their size, form, and arrangement, of the berths in a steamer's cabin. The door-posts are frequently grooved to hold the stone slabs with which the tombs were closed. The chimney in the ceiling of the antechamber probably served several purposes—as a *spiramen*, or vent-hole, to let off the effluvium of the decaying bodies or burnt ashes—as a means of pouring in libations to the graves of the dead—and as a means of entrance on emergency after the doors were closed. That they were used for the latter purpose is evident, for in the sides of these chimneys may be seen small niches, about a foot or eighteen inches one above the other, manifestly cut for the hands and feet. These chimneys were probably left open for some time, till the effluvium had passed off, and then were covered in, generally with large hewn blocks. Similar trap-doors to tombs are found occasionally at Corneto, Ferento, Cervetri, and elsewhere in Etruria, but nowhere in such numbers as at Civita Castellana and Falleri, where they form a leading characteristic of the sepulchres.—Dennis, *'Cities of Etruria.'*

One of the tombs near the bridge is decorated with a row of niches, five on each side of the doorway; on the next tomb to this is inscribed—'Tucthnu' in Etruscan letters, once filled in with red. Another tomb hard by has an Etruscan inscription of two lines, but much obliterated. Fragments of Etruscan masonry remain here and there along the edge of the cliffs, serving as the foundation of mediæval walls. Wherever you turn around Civita Castellana, the weird ravine seems to pursue you, as if the earth were opening under your feet; so does it twist around the town. But each turn brings a picture more beautiful than the last, and ever and again beyond the rocky avenues, Soracte, steeped in violet shadows appears rising out of the tender, but brilliant, green of the plain. The gorge has been compared to the famous Tajo of Ronda; it has no waterfalls and the cliffs are not as high, but it is quite as full of colour and beauty. The traveller who merely spends a few hours in Civita knows nothing of it. In the early morning the hollows are silver-veins of mist, while the sun lights up here and there a dark crag crested with ilex. Near the bridge a huge block of grey rock divides the valley and stands level at its summit with the surrounding country, from which it must once have been riven,—like an inaccessible eyrie in the midst of the ravine. Up into the town winds the ancient way, a steep zigzag following the curves of the rock, and here are fountains where the dresses of the women who come down to draw water, or to wash at the great basins on the ledge, add bright patches of colour; while upon the face of the rocks and along the edge of paths in the precipices, so narrow now that only goats can follow them, yawn everywhere the open mouths

of emptied sepulchres, the dead formerly pursuing the living up to the very gates of the city. For in the beliefs of old, the soul or ghost dwelt near the remains. Hence the food-offerings, the weapons for use, &c.

About three miles beyond Ponte Terrano, stranded and deserted in the upland plain, so wildly beautiful with its thickets of broom and primaeval oaks, backed by lovely ranges of the Ciminian hills, stands the ruined city of **Falleri**, the city, that is to say, founded by the Romans when they destroyed old Falerii for revolting during the first Punic war. Its inhabitants quitted it in the tenth century A.D. and created the present Civita on the Etruscan site. One of the finest Etruscan tombs is passed on the way thither. It is in a hollow, on the right of the road; presenting a triple-arched portico, with a boldly-cut cornice, sculptured in the rock. Within is an antechamber leading into the principal tomb. Here the flat ceiling is supported by a square pillar, all around are benches for sarcophagi, and the walls and pillars are perforated with niches for urns or ornaments. Several other tombs exist close by, but this may be taken as a good specimen of an Etruscan sepulchre, and perhaps architecturally is more interesting than any of the tombs at Castel d'Asso or Bieda.

Soon after ascending the hill beyond the tombs, Falleri comes in sight, its massive walls and towers rising above the ploughed land, about twenty-five feet in height. They are almost perfect, but there are no ruins standing of the city within them.

‘There is nothing to recommend the site of Falerii, as a strong position. The whole of the northern wall of the city stands only as much above the plain as may be accounted for by the circumstance of having been built upon the earth thrown out of the ditch. In this part of the wall there are nineteen towers, all remaining in a state of great perfection, fifteen or sixteen courses in height; but, from their position, they are of little strength. About nineteen more are on the second side of the triangle, placed on the verge of precipices: the third side is defended not only by walls, but by a rocky descent into a deep glen, watered by a pretty stream, which falls into the Tiber. The vestiges of an ancient aqueduct may be traced from the upper country, and a modern one passes near the stream in the glen below.

‘The walls were of tufa; in some parts twelve courses of blocks are still remaining, and in others as many as fifteen or sixteen. The solidity of the towers is singular; they do not project internally beyond the thickness of the walls, and some of them have no more than five stones at the base, and no empty space within. The distance between them is about fifty yards. Above the parapet the towers were chambered; and being pierced by doors, permitted an uninterrupted walk on the top of the walls behind the battlements. Perhaps no place presents a more perfect specimen of ancient military architecture; its preservation in modern times may be principally ascribed to the seclusion and comparative desertion of the district.’—*Gell, ‘Roman Topography.’*

In the turfy enclosure which the walls encircle stand only the remains of a twelfth century abbey—**S. Maria di Falleri**, with its beautiful church, of the twelfth century, utterly ruined since the roof fell in 1829, and overgrown with rank vegetation, though retaining all the delicate sculpture of its pillars and cornices, evidently constructed of materials taken from the Roman city. It



[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

PORTION OF N. WALL. FALLERI



[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

S. ORESTE FROM SLOPE OF SORACTE

likewise possesses a handsome portico by the Cosmati. The cart-track which diverges from the front of the church leads to **Porta di Giove**, a fine gate well-preserved and flanked by towers. It takes its name from the sculptured head over the key-stone of the arch, though this more probably represents Apollo than Jupiter.

To enjoy Falleri properly, one must make the circuit of the walls, which are nearly triangular, and which, on the side which overhangs the stream, rise almost perpendicular with the tufa rocks. Here and there they are hollowed into tombs and niches, while on the other side of the narrow ravine are cliffs full of small caverned sepulchres. In the distance beyond the broomy upland soars Soracte, ever one of the most beautiful of mountains. Below flows the rivulet Miccino, one of the waters which Pliny describes as having the power of imparting a white colour to cattle. In the southern wall of the city is **Porta del Bove**, so called from the bull's-head upon its key-stone. Near this is a ruined theatre, and beyond it a Piscina. Zonaras, who describes the capture of Falerium Vetus, says that 'the ancient city situated on a steep and lofty height was destroyed, and another built on a site easy of access.' The name of the ancient city was transferred with the inhabitants, and when the town on the earlier site rose from its ruins, in the ninth century, it was with the name of Civita Castellana. The second town was erected by the Romans at a time when Etruscan arts were most admired and copied, and it was probably raised on or near the site of some small Etruscan citadel, to which many of the tombs in its rock-barriers may have belonged.

'This celebrated city, unlike the other rivals of Rome, has preserved entire the circuit of her ancient walls. Not one ancient building is standing within them: they have survived all that they were erected to defend. It is very fine to see the enormous masses of travertine masonry glowing in the rays of the setting sun, and throwing their long purple shadows on the bright fresh green of the spring grass and blossoming thickets. And most of all, where the walls skirting one of the deep glens, are built down even into its depths, presenting a face of solid masonry not less than fifty feet in height. One longs to have a painter there, to catch the warm glow of the great wall, lichened and weather-stained, as it descends into the verdure, and then into the deep shadow of the underlying ravine; then the same is again repeated, but with all the varieties of receding colour, as, promontory after promontory, the defences run up the glen; till at length a barrier of high rocks closes in its head, over which, after a belt of wooded country, rises the graceful group of Soracte, in loveliest, tenderest blue. But no painter can give us the fragrance of the spring flowers which fills the air, nor the gushing notes of many nightingales from the balmy thickets below.'—*Dean Alford*.

On May 1st we drove out from Civita Castellana to spend the day upon Soracte, emerging from the town through an Etruscan cutting in the rock, which is lined with tombs. The excursion is an easy one, though when we first made it the stone bridges in the hollow had all been washed away in a flood, and a man had to be sent forward to help in taking our horses out and in dragging our carriage over a temporary wooden structure.

No drive can be uninteresting with such an object as Soracte before one ever becoming more and more defined. Those who

look at it from Rome have little idea of the majestic character of the mountain as seen from this side, where it rises abruptly in the midst of the rich green plain. Dennis compares it to the rock of Gibraltar. Ampère says that it resembles a blue island in the Aegean Sea. At first it is a sharp blue wedge against the sky, darkened by the woods with which it is covered, then it lengthens out into successive peaks of sharp cliff crowned by white convents and hermitages. The lower slopes are rich and green. They melt gradually into thick olive-groves, which in turn terminate in steeps of bare grey rock, white and dazzling when the sun falls upon them.

It is a mark of a severe winter when Soracte is capped with snow :—

‘Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte—’

—Horace, ‘Od.’ i. 9.

and, thus crested, it is the most beautiful feature in the well-known view from the terrace of the Pamfili-Doria villa at Rome. But all the snow will have melted before the charms of spring have attracted visitors to Civita Castellana, and its lower slopes will be breaking into such a loveliness of tender green as is beyond brush or pen to describe. Though of no great altitude, Soracte (2100 ft.), from its isolation (like Teneriffe), its form, and its glorious ever-changing colour, is far more impressive than many mountains which are five times its height.

‘Athos, Olympus, Etna, Atlas, made
These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
All, save the lone Soracte’s height, displayed
Not now in snow, which asks the lyric Roman’s aid
For our remembrance, and from out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
And on the crest hangs pausing.’

—Byron, ‘Childe Harold,’ c. iv.

Separated from the main mass of the mountain on the Roman side is an attendant rock supporting the picturesque little town of **Sant’ Oreste**, which has given its modern name to Soracte. At the foot of this smaller hill is Civitucola, marking the site of Feronia, where the peasants of the surrounding districts offered their first-fruits to the great goddess, who would seem to have been identical with Proserpine.

‘The most important of all the Italian fairs was that which was held at Soracte in the grove of **Feronia**, a situation than which none could be found more favourable for the exchange of commodities among the three great nations. That high isolated mountain, which appears to have been set down by Nature herself in the midst of the plain of the Tiber as a goal for the pilgrim, lay on the boundary which separated the Etruscan and Sabine lands (to the latter of which it appears mostly to have belonged), and it was likewise easily accessible from Latium and Umbria. Roman merchants regularly made their appearance there, and the wrongs of which they complained gave rise to many a quarrel with the Sabines.’—*Mommsen, ‘Hist. of Rome,’* ch. xiii.

In B.C. 217 the Roman Freedwomen made a gift of money to her temple.

It was narrated by Strabo, that pilgrims to Feronia, possessed

with her spirit, could walk with bare feet, uninjured, over burning coals. The goddess was honoured with such valuable offerings of gold and silver, that Hannibal thought it worth while to turn aside hither, to plunder her famous shrine. Her festival in Rome occurred during the Plebeian games, November 13, and her shrine there was probably near the Circus Flaminius (Palazzo Caëtani, &c.).

A carriage can ascend the mountain as far as S. Oreste, and here we left it near the gate of the town and followed a foot-path, which turns up to the left by a small chapel. It is about two miles' walk to the summit. Most of the convents are in ruins. **S. Lucia** is the first which comes in sight, on the crest of the nearest peak, then **S. Romana** on the eastern slope. Then, by the pilgrims' road, which winds through an avenue of ancient ilexes and elms, we reached the gates of **S. Maria della Grazie**. The long drive, and the steep walk in the great heat, had somewhat exhausted us; and the monks courteously came out with wine, slices of Salsiccia and bread, to a room at the gate (for ladies are not allowed within the walls), and seldom was refreshment more acceptable. There are only ten monks now, who live an active life of charity, and whose advice and instruction are widely sought by the country people around. Those we saw were a representative group: one, a tall and commanding figure with handsome face and flashing eyes, told us of the peace and blessing he derived from his solitary life here, and of the ever-growing interest of the place and its rich associations; another, of a coarse common expression, spoke in querulous tones, and was sceptical about all his own stories, which he wound up always by 'E tradizione;' a third was a venerable man of eighty-six, who had passed his entire life in these solitudes, a life so evidently given up to prayer, that his spirit seemed only half to belong to earth. We spoke to him of the change which was coming over the monastic life, but he did not murmur—'E la volontà di Dio;' only when he talked of the great poverty of the people from the taxation, and of their reduced means of helping them, he lamented a little. He said the people came to him every day, and they asked why they had such sufferings to bear, that they had been quite happy before, and had never wished or sought for any change; and that he urged them to patience and prayer, and to the faith that though outward events might change and earthly comforts be swept away, God, who led His children by mysterious teaching which we could not fathom, was Himself always the same, to-day, yesterday, and for ever.

The three monks went with us to the summit, where the temple of Apollo Soranus, the 'guardian of holy Soracte,' formerly stood, and where the Sabine Hirpini, as his guild of worshippers were called, came to offer their annual sacrifices, and were, on that account, says Pliny, exempted from military service and other public duties. Servius tells the story that in order to ward off pestilence, these Hirpini dressed and ran about like wolves. This seems to point to the wolf as their Totem, or tribe-token. Pliny says that they ran through crackling flames without burning their feet.

'Summe deum, sancti custos Soractis Apollo,
 Quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor acervo
 Pascitur : et medium freti pietate per ignem
 Cultores multa premimus vestigia prunâ ;
 Da, pater, hoc nostris aboleri dedecus armis,
 Omnipotens.'

— *Virgil, 'Aen.' x. 785.*

'Tum Soracte satum, praestantem corpore et armis,
 Aequanum noscens ; (patrio cui ritus in arvo,
 Cum pius arcitenens accensis gaudet acervis,
 Extâ ter innocuos laeto portate per ignes)
 Sic in Apollinea semper vestigia pruna
 Inviolata teras, victorque vaporis ad aras
 Dona serenato referas solemnâ Phoebo.'

— *Sil. Ital. v. 175.*

On the supposed site of the temple, 2270 feet above the level of the sea, perched on the highest points of the crags, stands the monastery of **S. Silvestro**. It is a sublime position, removed from and above everything else. Hawks and swallows circle around its vast cliffs, the only signs of life. On a lower terrace are the church and hermitage of **S. Antonio**, ruined and deserted. To these solitudes came (according to a cunningly disseminated legend) Constantine to seek for Sylvester the hermit, whom he found here in a cave and led away to raise to the papal throne, walking before him as he rode upon his mule, as is represented in the crude frescoes of the SS. Quattro Incoronati in Rome.

'Sylvester, who had been elected bishop of Rome, fled from the persecution, and dwelt for some time in a cavern, near the summit of Soracte. While he lay there concealed, the Emperor Constantine was attacked by a horrible leprosy : and having called to him the priests of his false gods, they advised that he should bathe himself in a bath of children's blood, and three thousand children were collected for this purpose. And, as he proceeded in his chariot to the place where the bath was to be prepared, the mothers of these children threw themselves in his way with dishevelled hair, weeping, and crying aloud for mercy. Then Constantine was moved to tears, and he commanded that the children should be restored to their mothers with great gifts, in recompense of what they had suffered.

'On that same night, as he lay asleep, S. Peter and S. Paul appeared at his bedside, and they stretched their hands over him, and said—"Because thou hast feared to spill the innocent blood, Jesus Christ has sent us to bring thee good counsel. Send to Sylvester, who lies hidden among the mountains, and he shall show thee the pool, in which having washed three times, thou shalt be clean of thy leprosy : and henceforth thou shalt adore the God of the Christians, and thou shalt cease to persecute and oppress them." Then Constantine, awaking from this vision, sent to search for Sylvester. And he, when he saw the soldiers of the Emperor, supposed it was to lead him to death : but when he appeared before the Emperor, Constantine saluted him, and said, "I would know of thee who are those two gods who appeared to me in the vision of the night ?" And Sylvester replied, "They were not gods, but the apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ." Then Constantine desired that he would show him the effigies of these two apostles : and Sylvester sent for the pictures of S. Peter and S. Paul, which were in the possession of certain pious Christians. Constantine, having beheld them, saw that they were the same who had appeared to him in his dream. Then Sylvester baptised him and he came out of the font cured of his malady.'—*Jameson, 'Sacred Art.'*

'Ahi Costantin ! di quanto mal fu matre,
 Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote
 Che da te prese il primo ricco patre !'

— *Dante, 'Inf.' xix. 115.*

The oratory of Sylvester was enclosed in a monastery founded in 746 by Carloman, a son of Charles Martel, and uncle of Charlemagne, and though later buildings have occupied the same spot, and the existing edifice is externally of A.D. 1500, it encloses much of the church of Carloman, and the more ancient hermitage of Sylvester. The walls are covered with mediæval frescoes, fading, but still beautiful. On the right of the entrance is S. Buonaventura; then follow S. Anne, the Virgin, S. Roch, and S. Sebastian, but all have been much injured by the goatherds who used to shelter their flocks here when the church was utterly deserted. The beautiful high-altar is richly carved in stone taken from the mountain. Behind it are a curious holy water basin, and a priest's chamber. A martyr's stone—'Pietra di Paragone'—may be seen embedded in the wall.

Beneath the lofty tribune is the cell of Sylvester, half cut in the mountain itself. It encloses the sloping mass of rock which formed the bed of his hermitage, with his stone seat. Here also is the altar on which, first Sylvester himself, and afterwards Gregory the Great, chanted mass. On the walls are dim frescoes, faintly lighted by rays stealing in above the altar—Christ, S. Sylvester, S. Gregory, and the Archangel Michael. A long inscription in the upper church tells the story of a later beatified monk of Soracte, Nonnosus, who is said to have performed three miracles here. The first was when a monk broke a valuable lamp—'una lampada orientale'—quite into small pieces in this church, and was in despair as to the consequences, when Nonnosus fell on his knees and prayed, and the culprit saw the fragments miraculously joined together again. In the second, the olive-gardens of the convent failed, and the abbot was about to send out to buy up the oil from the *paesani*, when Nonnosus took the convent oil—'il poco che fu'—and it became miraculously multiplied. In the third, he lifted by the force of prayer a large stone, which had fallen, back to its mountain ledge, where it is still pointed to in proof of the power of this saint.

Behind the convent is its little garden, where legend relates that S. Sylvester one day sowed his turnips for the meal of the morrow, and they were miraculously brought to perfection during the night. There is an unrivalled view from this point over the wide-spreading country, with the many-winding Tiber, and the central Apennines. The monks also described to us the beautiful effect created, when on the eve of the Ascension each of the countless villages which can be seen from hence, lights its bonfire.

The last monks who lived in S. Silvestro were Franciscans, and they left it in 1700, because seven of their number were then killed by lightning in a storm. Our monastic friends accompanied us on our return as far as S. Maria delle Grazie, and as we turned to descend the mountain-path, the ancient monk of eighty-six years, standing at the head of the steps, stretched out his hands and solemnly blessed us—'May the blessed Saviour keep and guide you, and may His holy angels walk with you in all your ways.'

As we slowly descended the mountain, we looked down through the woods to S. Romana at its eastern flank, near which are the deep fissures in the limestone called 'di meri,' whence pestilential vapours are said to arise. Pliny mentions these exhalations from Soracte as fatal to birds, and quotes Varro, who speaks of a fountain on Soracte four feet in width, which flowed at sunrise, and appeared to boil, and of which, when birds drank, they died. By Servius a story is told of some shepherds who were sacrificing to Pluto, when the victims were carried off from the very altar by wolves. The shepherds pursuing them came upon the cave whence the pestilential vapours issued, which destroyed all who came within their reach. A malady ensued, and the oracle declared that the only remedy was to do as the wolves did—to live by plunder.¹ Hence they were called Hirpini Sorani—Pluto's wolves, from *hirpus*, which was Sabine for a wolf, and *Soranus*,² another name for Pluto; and, accordingly, robbers there always were on Soracte till the forests which clothed the whole neighbourhood were for the most part cut down in the middle of the nineteenth century. With the robbers the wolves and bears, which abounded on the sides of the mountain, disappeared, many persons being still alive who have had adventurous escapes from them. Cato says that there were also wild goats upon Soracte, of such wonderful activity that they could leap sixty feet at one bound!³

From S. Oreste (1300 feet) one looks across a wooded country to the village of **Rignano**, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. It claims to be the birthplace of Cesare Borgia. Fragments of ancient columns and altars abound there, and in the piazza is preserved a curious primitive cannon, inscribed Magister Franciscus Cueva Fecit. Rignano, which for centuries belonged to the Savelli, gives a title to the eldest son of Duke Massimo. The church of S. Abbondio rests on a line of ancient wall.

Seven miles south-east of Rignano is a hill crested by the ruined church of S. Martino, which occupies the site of the important Etruscan Metropolis **Capena**, the faithful ally of Veii; indeed Cato says that Veii was founded by the Capenates. The citadel was strongly defended by nature, being situated on an insular rock connected with the neighbouring heights by a kind of isthmus, and consequently was almost impregnable. It was never taken by siege, but capitulated to the Romans, after joining with the Falisci in a vain attempt to succour Veii.

'After the fall of Veii, Valerius and Servilius marched to Capena; and, the inhabitants not daring to quit their walls, the Romans destroyed the country, and particularly the fruit-trees, for which it was celebrated.'—*Livy*, v. 24.

¹ *Æn.* xi. 785.

² Deecke considers that Soranus is the equivalent of Soractnus. (Falisker, p. 93.)

³ Cato ap. Varron. *Re Rust.* ii. cap. 3., quoted from Dennis, Vol. I. p. 135.

There are some small remains of the foundations of walls and towers, and of reticulated work, visible here and there amid the thickets of wild-pear, descendants of the fruit-trees mentioned by Livy, which are covered with blossom in spring.

‘Placed, like Alba and Gabii, upon the rim of a volcano, **Capena** assumed the form of a crescent; the citadel was on the highest point westward, and communicated by a steep path with the Via Veientana. This road may be traced in the valley below, running towards the Grammiccia and the natural opening of the crater on the east; and it was only here, as the remains testify, that carriages could enter the city.

‘On ascending from this quarter, a fine terrace is observed, which is evidently placed on the top of the ancient walls. The squared blocks with which the place is strewn, show that these were parallelograms of volcanic stone. They may yet be traced by their foundations round the summit of the hill.

‘Capena has something in it altogether peculiar: the situation, though commanding, seems singularly secluded, the country is once more wholly in a state of nature: nothing of animated life, except here and there flocks of goats or sheep, feeding on some green eminence or in the valleys below, which are spotted with such innumerable patches of underwood, that, were it not for the browsing of these animals, it would soon become a forest. The desolation is complete: *Silvanus*, instead of *Ceres*, is in full possession of the soil.’—*Gell*, ‘*Topography of Rome*.’

‘The view from the height of **Capena** is wildly beautiful. The deep hollow on the south, with its green carpet: the steep hills overhanging it, dark with wood—perhaps the groves celebrated by Virgil: the bare swelling ground to the north, with Soracte towering above: the snow-capped Apennines in the eastern horizon: the deep silence, the seclusion; the absence of human habitations (not even a shepherd’s hut) within the sphere of vision, save the distant town of S. Oreste, scarcely distinguishable from the gray rock on which it stands—it is a scene of more singular desolation than belongs to the site of any other Etruscan city in this district of the land.’—*Dennis*, ‘*Cities of Etruria*.’

The stream of the Gramiccia probably once bore the name of Capenas.

‘Itur in agros,
Dives ubi ante omnes colitur Feronia luco,
Et sacér humectat fluvialia rura Capenas.’

—*Sil. Ital.* xiii. 84.

The site of Capena is best visited on horseback, and may be reached from Rome by leaving the Via Flaminia on the left at the Monte della Guardia. About three miles from Capena, on the Tiber, is **Fiano**, with the fifteenth century castle of the Duke of that name. This village is supposed to mark the site of the Flavinium of Virgil:—

‘Hi Soractis habent arces, Flaviniæque arva,
Et Cimini cum monte lacum, lucosque Capenos.’

—*Aen.* vii. 696.

and the Flavinæ of Silius:—

‘Quique tuos, Flavina, focos, Sabatia quique
Stagna tenent, Ciminique lacum, qui Sutria tecta,
Haud procul, et sacrum Phœbo Soracte frequentant.’

—*Sil.* viii. 492.

Six miles north of Civita Castellana is **Corchiano** (Locanda di Giov. Campana: 1300 inhabitants), on the ancient Via Amerina, a picturesque village occupying an ovoidal Etruscan site, and surrounded, like almost all the towns of Etruria, with mysterious ravines full of now-mutilated sepulchres. One of these, half a mile distant, on the way to Falleri, is inscribed Larth. Vel. Arnies, in Etruscan characters. The private museum of Feliciano Crescenzi is worth a visit. Three miles further is **Gallese** (Locanda Rinaldi: Station $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles), beautifully situated on a rock at the junction of two ravines. Canon Nardoni has written a work to prove that this is the Aequum Faliscum, mentioned by Strabo, Virgil, and Silius. It contains some obscure Roman remains, and there are many Etruscan tombs in the neighbouring valleys. The Palace belongs to the Duca d'Attemps, and the church contains some pictures. In the former Violante Caraffa was murdered by her husband, the Duke of Paliano.

Six miles north-west of Corchiano lies **Vignanello** (Albergo di Luigi Picconi), and four miles beyond it **Soriano** (Surianum), both Etruscan sites.¹ The castle at the latter built by Niccolo III. 1278 is a grand edifice, but now used as a Provincial Gaol.

Dennis believed that he has identified the fragments of a city, half covered with wood, but marked by the ruined church of S. Silvestro ('a mile and a half west of Ponte Felice, on the way to Corchiano'), with the lost town of **Fescennium**, mentioned by Dionysius and Virgil, and celebrated in the history of Latin poetry for the nuptial songs called Carmina Fescennina, to which, according to Festus, it gave its name.

¹ For all these places see Dennis' *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, vol. ii.

CHAPTER XXII

MONTI CIMINI—NEPI, SUTRI, AND CAPRAROLA.

(These most interesting places may be visited from Rome by means of the Roma-Viterbo Railway, or by motor-car, or else by sleeping at Capranica (Albergo Bedini), a healthy spot set on a hill. The old-fashioned route may, however, be still found attractive.)

IT is a delightful drive of about an hour and a half through the forest from Civita Castellana to **Nepi**. The road passes near the picturesque castle and Benedictine church of **Castel S. Elia**, the latter a curious early Christian building, situated on a rock and occupying the site of a temple of Diana, and covered internally with frescoes by the brothers Johannes and Stephanus and their nephew Nicolaus, of Rome.

The exact period in which these artists executed the decorations of **S. Elia** cannot be ascertained; but they were men who combined the imitation of forms and compositions characteristic of various ages of Roman art, with a technical execution which can only be traced as far back as the tenth century. Their work though it has suffered from the ravages of time, and restorers, illustrates a phase hitherto comparatively unknown. They seem to have been men accustomed to mosaics, for they mapped out their colours so as to resemble that species of work. They used, not the thin water-colour of the early catacomb painters at Rome or Naples, but the body colour of the later artists, who painted in the chapel of S. Cecilia in S. Calisto and the figures of Curtius and Desiderius in the catacomb of S. Januarius. On a rough surface of plaster they laid in the flesh tones of a uniform yellowish colour, above which coarse dark outlines marked the forms, red tones the half-tints, and blue the shadows. The lights and darks were stippled on with white or black streaks, and a ruddy touch on the cheeks seemed intended to mark the robust health of the personage depicted. The hair and draperies were treated in the same manner. They were painted of an even general tone streaked with black or white lines to indicate curls, folds, light, and shadow. The result was a series of flat unrelieved figures, which were, in addition, without the charm of good drawing or expression.

In the semidome of the apsis, the Saviour was represented standing with his right arm extended, and in his left hand holding a scroll. On his right S. Paul in a similar attitude was separated from S. Elias by a palm on which the phoenix symbolised Eternity. S. Elias, in a warrior's dress, pointed with his left hand to S. Paul. To the Saviour's left S. Peter, whose form is now but dimly visible, and probably another saint were depicted. A background of deep blue, spotted with red clouds of angular edges, relieved the figures. This was in fact an apsis picture similar to those in the numerous churches of Rome, and in arrangement not unlike that of SS. Cosmo e Damiano. The form of the Redeemer indeed, his head, of regular features, with a nose a little depressed and the flesh curiously wrinkled, his high forehead, and long black hair falling in locks, his double-pointed beard, tunic, mantle and sandals, had a general likeness with those of SS. Cosmo e Damiano. The saints, on

the other hand, in their slender forms, S. Elias with his small head and long body, were reminiscent of later mosaics, whilst their attitude and movement, their draperies, depicted with lines, their defective feet and hands, were not unlike those of SS. Nereo ed Achilleo. The Neo-Greek influence might be traced in other parts of the paintings of S. Elia. Beneath the green foreground, where the four rivers gushed from under the feet of the Saviour, and the Lamb stood pouring its blood into a chalice, an ornament separated the paintings of the semidome from those in the lower courses of the apsis. In the uppermost of these, Jerusalem, and in the intervals of three windows, twelve sheep in triple groups, between palms, were depicted. Bethlehem, no doubt, closed the arrangement on the right, but is now gone. In the next lower course, the Saviour sat enthroned between two angels and six female saints, amongst which S. Catherine in a rich costume and diadem and S. Lucy may still be recognised. The rich ornaments, the round eyes and oval faces, of these female saints, were not without admixture of the foreign element which had left its impress on Rome in the seventh and eighth centuries. Still, the angels with their hair bound in tufts and their flying bands were of regular features. The painters covered the sides of the tribune with three courses of pictures, fragments of which remain. On the upper to the right, the prophets with scrolls, on the second, martyrs with the chalice, on the third, scenes from the Old Testament. On the left the lowest course was likewise filled up with biblical subjects taken from the Revelation. The aisles and nave were also doubtless painted, but the pictures have unfortunately disappeared. The painters inscribed their names as follows beneath the feet of the Saviour in the apsis—Joh. FF. Stefanu frts picto . . e . . Romani et Nicholaus Nepr Johs.

‘The paintings of S. Elia are far more instructive and interesting than those of a later date, and even than the mosaics of the eleventh century at Rome.’—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle*.

The pavement is of the 13th century. The castle is of the 12th, and its restorations of the 16th century. It is now become a national monument.

Nepi, on the consular Via Amerina, is the ancient Nepete. (Alberghi di Giovanni Faggioli and Francesco Crivellari. Carriages from and to Civita Castellana for the railway, 10 lire.) Its position is no higher than that of the surrounding plain, but like other Etruscan sites it is cut off by deep ravines, so as to gain severe insulation. At the entrance of the town the gorge is crossed by a bridge and by a double aqueduct built by Paul III. (1534–50) in the sixteenth century. Below this a rivulet tumbles over the cliffs into the ravine. The walls display remains of the distinct periods: Etruscan, Roman, and sixteenth century. The best portion of the Etruscan stands near the Porta Romana and is built of the local tufo. The piazza at the highest point of the town within has a handsome municipio, with a fountain and a wide portico decorated with Roman altars, inscriptions, and fragments of sculpture found in the neighbourhood. The Duomo (1831) has a fine saracinesque campanile; its first bishop was S. Romanus (A.D. 46), and tradition ascribes the foundation of the see to S. Peter. At the Roman entrance to the town stands the picturesque castle, with a double gateway. Outside this there is a charming spot; the great machicolated towers built by San Gallo for Paul III., hang over the edge of the cliffs, against which rises an old mill, and, below, a waterfall sparkles and loses itself in a mass of luxuriant evergreens. Turning to the right are some grand remains of Etruscan fortifications, probably the same

which were sealed by Camillus (B.C. 382), when he came to avenge the desertion of the city from the Roman alliance to that of Etruria. In B.C. 241 it revolted but was recaptured by the Consul Valerius. In 1798 the French set fire to the town owing to resistance offered them.

Again a drive of two hours, through woods of oaks and deep lanes overhung with golden broom, and then along the plain which is bounded by the Ciminian Hills, upon which Ronciglione and Caprarola gleam afar off in the sunlight, and—crossing the high road from Rome to Siena—we reach **Sutri** (Sutrium) on the Via Cassia. The little town is visible at a great distance, and occupies an isolated crest of tufa (rising in a deep ravine), covering every rocky projection with old walls and houses; for its extent seems to have been limited by the cliffs which formed its natural protection, and once gave it such strength as made it deserve the name of ‘the key of Etruria.’ The Etruscans were prone to build on the edges of ravines.

Sutrium was made a Roman colony soon after the fall of Veii, and was celebrated for its devotion to Rome. This indicates its importance and the intention of the Romans to protect the inhabitants from the fierce Ciminian peoples. In B.C. 389 it was recaptured by the Etruscans, and the whole of its inhabitants were expelled, with nothing but the clothes they wore. Camillus met them with his army as they were escaping toward Rome, and moved by their anguish, bade them be of good cheer, for he would soon transfer their troubles to their conquerors; and this he did, for that very day he reached the town, found it undefended, entered it (so it is said) by the Porta Furia, and the Etruscans were seen to be occupied in collecting the spoil. Before night the rightful inhabitants were restored, and their tyrants driven out. From the rapidity with which his march was effected, ‘ire Sutrium’ became henceforth a proverb for doing anything in a hurry. Soon after the town was again taken by the Etruscans, and again restored by Camillus. In B.C. 310 the old enemy once more besieged it, when the consul Fabius came to the rescue. Three of its ancient gates remain.

As we approach Sutri on the Roman side, the rocks on the left of the road are seen to be honeycombed with tombs. They are cut in the tufa, but many seem to have been fronted with more durable stone-work. The cliffs are crested by grand old oaks and cypresses with luxuriant masses of foliage, unspoilt by the axe. There is no appearance of anything more than this, and it is startling, when one turns aside from the road and crossing a strip of green meadow passes through a gap in the rocks, to find oneself suddenly in an elliptical Roman *Amphitheatre*, perfect in all its forms, almost in all its details, with four ambulacra, staircases, vomitories, and twelve ranges of seats one above the other, not built, but hewn out of the solid rock, all one with the cliffs which outwardly make no sign. It was made by Statilius Taurus, the younger, in the reign of Augustus. The Coliseum is grander, but scarcely so impressive as

this vast ruin in its absolute desertion, where Nature from which it was taken by Art, has once more asserted her rights, and where the flowers and the maiden-hair fern, clambering everywhere up the grey steps and fringing the rock galleries, and the green lizards darting to and fro, are the only spectators which look down upon the turf arena. All around the great ilexes of the Villa of Marchese Savorelli, girdle it in, with here and there the tall spire of a cypress shooting up into the clear air. The silence is impressive, and there is a witchery in the solitude of this place, which nothing leads up to, and yet which bears such tokens of the greatness of those who conceived, and made it, and the crowd that once thronged the ranges of its rock-hewn benches, now so unspeakably desolate. Dennis considers that the amphitheatre of Sutri was 'perhaps the type of all those celebrated structures raised by Imperial Rome, even of the Coliseum itself. For we have evidence that Rome derived her theatrical exhibitions from Etruria. Livy tells us that *ludi scenici*, a new thing for a warlike agricultural people, who had hitherto only known the games of the circus, were introduced into Rome in the year A.D. 390, in order to appease the wrath of the gods for a pestilence then devastating the city, and that *ludiones* were sent for from Etruria, who acted to the sound of the pipe, in the Etruscan fashion.'

Turning to the left, beyond the amphitheatre, a path leads under the south side of the old city. The tufo, glowing from the red and golden colour with which time has stained it, is half rock and half masonry, the natural cliffs being surmounted by ranges of Etruscan walling, and the whole crested by stately mediaeval houses which follow every crevice of the natural formation, and occasionally, where more space is required, are bracketed out from it upon arches.

On the other side of the ravine, the rocky barrier is still fringed with ilex and honey-combed with tombs. A little path attracted us to the entrance of one of these, just beneath the villa Savorelli itself. Over the door is inscribed in Italian:—'Here stay thy step; the place is sacred to God, to the Virgin, and to the repose of the departed. Pray or pass on.' It admitted us to one of the most interesting places we ever entered. Several tombs had apparently been thrown together at an early period of Christianity, and formed a long narrow church, of which the pavement, roof, pillars, and seats were all one, and all carved out of the living rock. From the antechapel or entrance tomb, still surrounded with couches for the dead after the manner of Etruria, one looks down an avenue of low pillars green with damp, and separated from the aisles by rock-hewn seats, to the altar, beyond which, from an inner sanctuary, a single light streams in upon the gloom. On the rock walls are mouldering frescoes—the Annunciation, the Salutation, the last Supper; several saints, and an angel with a face raised in low relief. It is a touching and most unearthly sanctuary, and carries one back to the earliest times of Christian life and Christian suffering more forcibly than the most celebrated Roman catacomb. The church is now

called 'La Madonna della Grotta,' and is still much frequented. A poor woman, while we were there, was kneeling in the dimness so lost in prayer, that she seemed quite unconscious of the strangers wandering about, though they must be rare enough at Sutri. The chapel beyond the altar had a traditional communication with the Roman catacombs, but it has been walled up now, in consequence of stories of persons having been lost there.

A ruin on the cliff near the Villa Savorelli, is shown as the building in which Charlemagne stayed when he was on his way to Rome in the time of his 'great father' Adrian I. In a wood below is the Grotta d'Orlando, a sepulchral chamber to which the great hero of chivalrous romance is supposed to have been lured by the witcheries of a beautiful maiden of Sutri of whom he was enamoured, and where he was shut up by her. Another story says that the Sutri maiden was not the beloved but the mother of Orlando, and that the Paladin was born here.

But tradition is wonderfully alive at Sutri. The house of Pontius Pilate is shown, and to the curse which he brought upon his own people, it is said that the lawless nature is due for which the natives of Sutri have ever since been remarkable. At a corner of the principal street is the head of a horse, which is believed always to be watching the hiding-place of great treasure with its stone eyes, but the authorities of the town, who will not search for it themselves, have forbidden all other enterprise in that direction. It is really placed there against the evil-eye.

Some of the old palaces have beautifully-wrought cressets still projecting from their walls. In a small piazza is a grand sarcophagus, adorned with winged griffins, as a fountain. The **Duomo** has a lofty tower with trefoiled windows, and a Cosmatesque pavement. It contains a portrait of Benedict VII., a native, and of the canonised Dominican, Pius V., who was its bishop or five years.

It is about an hour's drive from Sutri to **Ronciglione**, retracing for some distance the road by which we came. Here the little inn *Aquila Nera* is a tolerable resting-place, and though the rooms are humble, the people are civil and anxious to please. There is a handsome **Duomo**, dating from the eighteenth century, and a large fountain in the upper town. Below the inn is one of the deep ravines so peculiar and apparently necessary to Etruscan cities, perforated with tombs. A ruined castle (*La Rocca*) and an old church (*La Providenza*) cling to its sides.

It is pleasant in these old places to have plenty of time, and no fixed plan to tie one down. The walks in the still evening light along the edge of these wonderful gorges when the goats are being driven to their rocky stables are so inexpressibly charming. Even in the ugly churches, much may be derived either from the decaying, neglected pictures, often so beautiful, or from the numerous inscriptions, for in Italy almost everything is handed down to us about either places or people, indelibly written upon stone. And then it is so pleasant to make friends with the cordial,

open-handed, open-hearted peasantry, who are pleased to be talked to, happily natured, willing to understand a joke, and so merry, while so civil. And if there is rather a stuffy sensation of domestic fog in some of the little inns, it is atoned for by the delicious morning afterwards.

It used to be necessary to try and sleep at Ronciglione from which it is 8 kilometres, in order to have a day at Caprarola, and what is there for which such a day does not even now compensate? Caprarola is alike a climax of nature and of art, certainly one of the most glorious places even of Italy. No view is more singular, more historical, or more lovely. No royal palace in any country of Europe owns such a situation, or has the beauty of this masterpiece of Vignola in its solitude, its desertion, and decay.

We quit Ronciglione by the Viterbo road, leaving S. Egidio to our right, and as soon as we have ascended the hill behind the town, come upon the *Lago di Vico*, the Ciminian lake. Tradition tells that when Hercules was here, the natives asked him to give them a proof of his enormous strength, and that, to please them, he drove an iron bar deep into the earth; but that when they bade him draw it forth again, waters followed, which filled the hollow of the mountain and formed the lake.¹ Beneath its waves the lost city of Succinium was believed to be visible.² Formerly it was surrounded by a forest which was regarded as an impenetrable barrier to preserve Etruria against the attacks of the Romans. It was said that Fabius, after his great defeat of the Etruscans at Sutrium, was the first Roman who dared to enter the Ciminian Forest, and the terror which was excited when his intention of doing so became known at Rome caused the senate to despatch especial envoys to deter him.³

The little lake lies, deep-blue, in the basin of an extinct crater. Part of the hollow is taken up by the water, and the rest by the wooded hill of Monte Venere, which looks as if it had been thrown up by the same convulsion which hollowed the bed of the waters at its foot. Virgil visited it, and speaks of the lake and its mountain, and as we drive through the adjoining forests we think of Macaulay and

‘—the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill.’

It is a long ascent after this; and oh! what Italian scenery. The road is generally a dusty hollow in the tufo, which, as we pass, is fringed with broom in full flower, and all the children we meet have made themselves wreaths and gathered long branches of it, and wave them like golden sceptres. Along the brown ridges of thymy tufo by the wayside, flocks of goats are scrambling, chiefly white, but a few black and dun-coloured creatures are mingled with them, mothers with their little dancing elf-like kids, and old bearded patriarchs who love to clamber to the very end of the most inac-

¹ *Aen.* vii. 697.

² *Amm. Marcell.* xvii. 7, 13.

³ *Livy*, ix. 56; *Florus*, i. 17.

cessible places, and to stand there embossed against the clear sky, in triumphant quietude. The handsome shepherd dressed in white linen lets them have their own way, and the great rough white dogs only keep a lazy eye upon them as they themselves lie panting and luxuriating in the sunshine. Deep down below us, it seems as if all Italy were opening out, as the mists roll grandly away, and range after range of delicate mountain distance is discovered. Volscian, Hernican, Sabine, and Alban hills, Soracte—nobly beautiful—rising out of the soft quiet lines of the Campagna, and the Tiber winding out of rich meadow-lands into desolate wastes, till it is lost from sight before it reaches where a great dome rises solemnly through the mist, and reminds one of the times when years ago, in the old happy-go-lucky *vetturino* days, we used to stop the carriage on this spot, to have our first sight of S. Peter's.

Near a little deserted chapel, a road branches off on the right, a rough stony road enough, which soon descends through chestnut woods, and then through deep clefts cut in the tufa and overhung by shrubs and flowers, every winding affording a picture, till, in about half an hour, we arrive at **Caprarola** (Albergo della Corona, 5100 inhabitants). Belonging to the Counts of Anguillara, it was sold in 1490 to the Holy See, from which it passed to Francesco della Rovere, who sold it again to Alexander Farnese in 1504. As we emerge from our rocky way the wonderful position of the place bursts upon us at once. The main street leads steeply up to the crowning edifice. The grand, enormous palace stands backed by chestnut woods which fade into rocky hills, and it looks down from a terraced platform upon the little golden-roofed town beneath, and then out over it upon the whole glorious rainbow-tinted prospect in which Soracte is the most conspicuous feature. In the buildings every line is noble, every architectural idea stupendous. The design embraces not only the palace itself, but includes the whole platform of the hillside with a series of buildings, ending in a great convent and church, built by Odoardo Farnese. S. Carlo Borromeo, the great patron of idle alms-giving, came hither to see it when it was completed, and complained that so much money had not been given to the poor instead. 'I have let them have it all little by little,' said Alessandro Farnese, 'but I have made them earn it by the sweat of their brows.'

'Cardinal Farnese would have everything in his Palace of **Caprarola** arranged after the designs and invention of Jacopo Barozzi, the architect Vignola. Nor was the judgment of the prelate in selecting so good an architect less remarkable than his greatness of mind in constructing so noble and magnificent an edifice, which is not indeed in a position to be much enjoyed by the public, being in a remote and solitary district, but is nevertheless admirably placed for one who desires to escape for a time from the toils and vexations of cities.

'The edifice has the form of a pentagon: it is divided into four parts, exclusive of the principal front, wherein is the great door, behind which is a loggia eighty palms long by forty broad, and at one end of the same is a spiral staircase the steps of which are ten palms in width, while the space in the centre, which gives light to the whole, is of twenty palms. This spiral stair ascends from the ground to the third or uppermost floor, it is supported on double columns, and adorned with rich and varied cornices: at the lower

end we have the Doric Order which is followed successively by the Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite, all richly decorated with balustrades, niches, and other fanciful ornaments, which render it very graceful and beautiful.'—*Vasari*.

'Vignola's great work is the palace of Caprarola. The plan is unique, or nearly so, being a pentagon, enclosing a circular court. Each of the five sides measures 130 feet on plan, and the court is sixty-five feet in diameter, while the three stories are each about thirty feet in height, so that its dimensions are very considerable, and certainly quite sufficiently so for palatial purposes. The object of adopting the form here used, was to give it a fortified or castellated appearance, as all citadels of that age were pentagons, and this palace is accordingly furnished with small sham bastions at each angle, which are supposed to suggest that idea of defensibility. Above the terrace formed by these bastions and their curtains, the palace rises in two grand stories of "Orders," the lower arched in the centre, the upper including the stories of windows. This last is certainly a defect, but in spite of this, the whole is so well designed, the angles are so bold, and the details are so elegant, that it is one of the finest palaces in Italy, and we may admire the ingenuity of the architect the more, because the pentagonal form is singularly unfavourable to architectural effect externally, or to commodious arrangements inside, and the site also is such that from most points it looks too high for its other dimensions. But all these defects have been overcome in a manner that makes us regret that its architect was not more employed on the great works of his day.'—*Fergusson*.

There is an aspect of strength and imperviousness to time in the rock-like bastions upon which the almost deserted renaissance palace stands. As it is pentagonal, from every view of it you have another angle, and the effect is very singular. When you ascend the balustraded terraces and cross the bridge you are admitted to an open circular court, whence a magnificent spiral staircase leads to the upper chambers, decorated by the brothers Zuccari, by Tempesta, and Vignola, with pictures chiefly relating to the power and achievements of the Farnese, uninteresting perhaps elsewhere, but here, where all is suggestive of them, most striking and curious. In the great hall are a fountain and a grotto, like those in the Villa d' Este at Tivoli, yet roofed in and not appearing too large in this vast chamber. 96,000 lbs. of lead, comprising the works of this and many other fountains, were sold in the last century by a dishonest steward, who also took advantage of the constant absence of the owners to make away with the old furniture and tapestries. The walls of the hall display frescoes of the towns which belonged to the Farnese:—Parma, Piacenza, Castro, Vignola, Scarpellino, Capo-di-monte, Canina, Ronciglione, Fabrica, Isola, and Caprarola. The chapel has windows of old stained glass, and between them are frescoes of the apostles, with S. Gregory, S. Stephen, and S. Laurence. The design of the elaborate ceiling is curiously repeated in the pavement. The next hall is an epitome of Farnese history. The marriage of Orazio Farnese is represented (1652) with Diana, daughter of Henry II. of France,¹ and that of Ottavio with a

¹ In this picture, besides the portraits of Diana and Orazio, there are those of Queen Catherine de' Medici; of Margaret the King's sister; of the King of Navarre; the Constable; the Dukes of Guise and Nemours; the Prince de Condé, Admiral of France; and the younger Cardinal of Lorraine; with those of another Guise, who had not then been made a Cardinal; of the Signor Piero Strozzi; of Madame de Montpensier; and of Mademoiselle de Rohan.

daughter of Charles V.¹ Pietro and Raniero Farnese are made captains-general of the Florentines. Then Alessandro and Ottavio Farnese are seen accompanying Charles V. on a campaign against the Lutherans; and the three Zuccari carrying a canopy over Charles V., who is riding with Francis I. on one side, and Cardinal Farnese on the other. Paul III., who took such unbounded care of his family, is shown appointing Pietro Farnese commander of the Papal army,² and Orazio governor of Rome.³ Ranutio Farnese is receiving the golden rose from his uncle. And there are many scenes from the life of the great Pope himself: how he presided at the Council of Trent; how he made peace between Francis I. and Charles V.; and how Charles kissed his feet on his return from Africa; how he gave the lucky hat to four cardinals who afterwards all became popes. We see one of these again, Julius II., when he is receiving the city of Parma from Ottavio and Alessandro, the kneeling nephews of his predecessor, and restoring it to them. There is also a portrait of Henry II. of France—'conservator familiae Farnesiae.' All these pictures are described at the utmost length by Vasari. Many other rooms are very interesting: the private study and bedroom of the Cardinal with his secret staircase for escape; the room covered with huge maps like the gallery of the Vatican, and with the wonderful fresco of the 'Mora,' for which 12,000 scudi have been refused; the room with the frescoes of the appearances of S. Michael the Archangel to Gregory the Great at Rome, and to the shepherds of Monte Gargano; and then all the family are represented again and again, and their attendants, down to the dwarfs, who are painted as if they were just coming in at imaginary doorways.

Are we really in Arcadia when the old steward opens the door from the dark halls where the Titanic forms of the frescoed figures loom upon us to the garden where brilliant sunshine is lighting up long grass walks between neglected clipped hedges, adding to the brilliance of the marigolds upon the old walls, and even gilding the dark spires of the ancient cypresses? From the upper terraces we enter a wood carpeted with flowers—yellow orchis, iris, lilies, saxifrage, cyclamen, and Solomon's seal. And then we pause, for at the end of the avenue we meet with a figure of Silence, with his finger on his lips. Here an artificial cascade tumbles sparkling

¹ In the centre is Pope Paul III. The picture also contains portraits of Cardinal Farnese the younger; Cardinal di Carpi; the Duke Pier Luigi; Messer Durante; Eurialo da Cingoli; Giovanni Riccio of Montepulciano; the Bishop of Como; the Signora Livia Colonna; Claudia Mancina; Settimia; and Donna Maria de Mendoza.

² Here are portraits of the Pope; Pier Luigi Farnese; the Chamberlain; the Duke Ottavio; Orazio, Cardinal of Capua; Simonetta; Jacobaccio; San Jacopo; Ferrara; the Signor Ranuccio Farnese, who was then a youth; Giovo; Molza, and Marcello Cervini, who was afterwards Pope; the Marquis of Marignano; the Signor Giovan Battista Castaldo; Alessandro Vitelli; and the Signor Giovan Battista Savelli.

³ Here also are numerous portraits, including the Cardinal Jean Bellay, Archbishop of Paris; with Visco, Morone, Badia Sfondrato, Ardinghelli, and Cristofano Madruzzo, the prince-bishop of Trent.

down the middle of the hillside path, through a succession of stone basins, and between a number of stone animals, who are sprinkled with its spray, and so we reach an upper garden before the fairy-like casino which was also built by Vignola. Here the turfy solitudes are encircled with a concourse of decaying stone figures, in every variety of attitude, a petrified population. Some are standing quietly gazing down upon us, others are playing upon different musical instruments, others are listening. Two Dryads are whispering important secrets to one another in a corner; one impertinent Faun is blowing his horn so loudly into his companion's ears, that he stops them with both his hands. A nymph is about to step down from her pedestal, and will probably take a bath as soon as we are gone, though certainly she need not be shy, as drapery is not much the fashion in these sylvan gardens. Above, behind the Casino, is yet another water-sparkling staircase guarded by a vast number of huge lions and griffins, and beyond this all is tangled wood, and rocky mountain-side. How we pity the ex-King and Queen of Naples, the actual possessors, but who can never come here now. Gazing through the stony crowd across the green glades to the rosy-hued mountains, one dreads the return to a world where Fauns and Dryads are still supposed to be mythical, and which has never known Caprarola.

The vases of glazed pottery carried on their heads by the women here, are remarkably decorative in both design and colour. But one is taxed for them on reaching the Dogana at Rome.

The Church of S. Maria with a Carmelite convent, contains a S. Antonio by Paolo Veronese, and a S. Silvestro by Guido.

CHAPTER XXIII

VITERBO AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

(Trastevere Station, Roma—Viterbo, via Bracciano. Albergo dell' Angelo, Grandoro, Tre Re : all rough ; but they have satisfactory Restaurants.)

ON descending the Ciminian Hill toward Viterbo, one overlooks the great plain of Etruria, once crowded with the populous cities of that gloomy and debauched nation, but now deserted and desolate. It is a deeply interesting historical view, second only to that on the other side of the hill.

'With what pride must an Etruscan have regarded this scene two thousand five hundred years since. The numerous cities in the plain were so many trophies of the power and civilisation of his nation. There stood Volsinii, renowned for her wealth and arts, on the shores of her crater-lake—there Tuscania reared her towers in the west—there Vulci shone out from the plain, and Cosa from the mountain—and there Tarquinii, chief of all, asserted her metropolitan supremacy from her cliff-bound heights. Nearer still, his eye must have rested on city after city, some in the plain, and others at the foot of the slope beneath him ; while the mountains in the horizon must have carried his thoughts to the glories of Clusium, Perugia, Cortona, Vetulonia, Volaterrae, and other cities of the great Etruscan Confederation. How changed is now the scene ! Save Tuscania, which still retains her site, all within view are now desolate. Tarquinii has left scarce a vestige of her greatness on the grass-grown heights she once occupied ; the very site of Volsinii is forgotten ; silence has long reigned in the crumbling theatre of Ferentum ; the plough yearly furrows the bosom of Vulci ; the fox, the owl, and the bat, are the sole tenants of the vaults within the ruined walls of Cosa ; and of the rest, the greater part have neither building, habitant, nor name—nothing but the sepulchres around them to prove they ever had an existence.'—*Dennis, 'Cities of Etruria.'*

The sun was near setting and the distant hills were of deep plum-colour, as we drove down the long descent of the Ciminian forest, and entered **Viterbo**. Over the gate the figure of Santa Rosa holding her crucifix stood out grey against an opal sky. Viterbo, which the old chroniclers called 'the city of beautiful fountains and beautiful women,' is now rightly known as 'the Nuremberg of Italy.' Every street is a study. Such wonderful old houses, with sculptured cornices, Gothic windows, and heavy outside staircases resting on huge corbels ! Such a wealth of sparkling water playing around the fountains, and washing the carved lions and other monsters which adorn them ! The town, which is built for the most part of a dark tufaceous stone called 'Serena,' is paved in the

manner of Florence. Old women sit sewing at their doors ; and coppersmiths' shops still ring with lusty blows on the red metal, pots of which shine above their shop doors. And indeed we are fortunate in the sunset, for the glow has now lighted up the old walls and towers with ruddy gold. Even the bats flittering about seem to be tinted red : and the obscurer streets are softened by the effect. As we reach the Piazza, the gate of the Palazzo Pubblico, which is open, lets through a flood of splendour, as through a sluice ; and the fountain within its open court drips fire. People stand about in groups, gossiping, hands behind back. Loungers loaf ; students pass arm in arm ; women sit at their windows ; dogs sit and wait for their masters, below ; while donkeys pass by. The Palazzo in two storeys rises above an arcade of round arches. At each corner of the Via di S. Lorenzo, a lion on a column guards the way, and here and there is seen a fine balcony. The Palazzo was commenced in 1264 on the site of the ancient cemetery of S. Angelo and it contained a Hall called Sall d' Ercole in token of the reputed founder of the city. In 1448 it was taken down with the exception of the Portico, and refashioned according to the prevailing style. The exterior was finished under Sixtus IV., whose 'stemma' appears on the façade : the interior remained for his nephew, Julius II., to complete. The Hall was called 'Accademia,' was frescoed by Lorenzo Romano (1486). In 1574, a wing was thrown out toward the Via della Pescheria, on the north side ; while, later, in 1624, the court was amplified, and adorned with the Loggia and a fountain by Caparozzi.

In the Palace, besides its valuable archives, are preserved the forgeries by which Fra Giovanni Nanni, commonly called Annio di Viterbo, claimed for his native city an antiquity greater than that of Troy, and a marble tablet, inscribed with a pretended edict of Desiderius, the last of the Lombard kings, decreeing that 'within one wall shall be included the three towns, Longula, Vetulonia, and Terrena, called Volturna, and that the whole city thus formed shall be called Etruria or Viterbum.'

Some rooms on the ground floor have been converted into a *Museum*. Here are Etruscan sarcophagi of peperino, recumbent figures, tiles, and sacrificial dishes, removed from sepulchres at Castel d' Asso and Civita Musarna in the neighbourhood. The *Pictures*, for the most part, are of no artistic value. There are, however, a few ruined gems amongst them.

An early Madonna in fresco, from S. Maria dei Gradi, by Ant. da Viterbo.

A portrait of S. Bernardino da Siena.

Sebastiano del Piombo. The Flagellation—a replica of his picture in S. Pietro in Montorio at Rome. Removed from the Chiesa di S. Maria del Paradiso ; painted in 1525 ; and ruined by restorers.

Jacopo da Norcia, or the Perugian *Orlandi*, who was assistant to Sinibaldo Ibi.¹ The Nativity (attributed to Pinturicchio), from the Chiesa degli Osservanti.

Sebastiano del Piombo. The Dead Christ. The Madonna is watching the dead body of Christ through the moonlit night—a striking and thought-

¹ Crowe and Cavalcaselle, iii. 297.

inspiring picture. Until 1839 it decorated the Cappella Botonti in S. Francesco.

'The works of Sebastiano having been exalted to great, or rather infinite, reputation by the praises lavished on them by Michelangelo, to say nothing of the fact that they were in themselves beautiful and commendable, there was a certain Messer, I know not who, from Viterbo, who stood high in favour with the Pope, and who commissioned Sebastiano to paint a dead Christ, with our Lady weeping over Him, for a certain chapel which he had caused to be erected in the Church of S. Francesco in Viterbo; but although the work was finished with infinite care and zeal by Sebastiano, who executed a twilight landscape therein, yet the invention was Michelangelo's, and the cartoon was prepared by his hand. The picture was esteemed a truly beautiful one by all who beheld it, and acquired a great increase of reputation for Sebastiano.'—*Vasari*.

'The figure of Christ, which has, apparently, been drawn from nature, is nearly black; it is extended on a white winding-sheet, with the shoulders raised, and the head drooping back, admirably drawn. The difficulties of the position are completely surmounted. The Madonna, behind, clasping her hands in an agony of grief, strongly expresses the deep, passionate, overwhelming affliction of a mother weeping for her child in a despair that knows no comfort. This is its charm: there is nothing ideal, nothing beautiful, nothing elevated. She is advanced in life; she is in poverty; she seems to belong to the lower order of women—but there is nature in it, true and unvitiated, though common, and perhaps vulgar—nature that speaks at once to every heart.'—*Eaton*, 'Rome.'

On the opposite side of the Piazza del Comune raised high against the wall of the church of *S. Angelo in Spata*, is a Roman sarcophagus sculptured with a representation of the Calydonian Hunt, and said to contain the remains of the fair, but alas, mythical, Galiana, whose beauty made her the cause of a war between Viterbo and the Romans, in which the latter only consented to raise the siege of her native city on condition of her showing her face from the battlements, and allowing the besiegers once more to gaze upon her charms. There are various embroideries to the fable. Her epitaph calls her:—

'Flos et honor patriae, species pulcherrima rerum.'

Though not so old as the mendacious Dominican, Nanni, would make out, there is nothing new, and nothing small, in Viterbo, whose very name, *Vetus Urbs* (the reverse of Orvieto) indicates its antiquity. Every wall, every doorway, every sculpture, is large of its kind, and almost every design is noble. In 1207 (temp. Innocent III.) it was placed at the head of S. Peter's Patrimony, and for four centuries it greatly flourished. The **Duomo** (S. Lorenzo) stands in the lower part of the town, on a rising ground, and the site was once occupied by a temple of Hercules, and was called 'Castellum Herculis' as late as the thirteenth century. It is first referred to in a document of A.D. 805. It was made a cathedral in 1193. The interior has been rendered mean and repellent by modern restorations. Except for its tall black and white campanile S. Lorenzo is a sore disappointment. Within a door between chapels 4 and 5 in the left aisle, is seen the tomb and effigy of John XXI. But even this belongs to a much later date than the thirteenth century, when that unfortunate Portuguese Pontiff died here. The cathedral stands in a kind of close, and is almost surrounded by different

fragments of the half-demolished **Palace** where many Popes of the thirteenth century resided. In the great hall which still exists, met the conclaves at which Urban IV. (1261), Clement IV. (1264), Gregory X. (1271), John XXI. (1276), Nicholas III. (1277), and Martin IV. (1281), were elected. The cardinals spent six months over the election of Gregory X., and made Charles of Anjou, who was then at Viterbo, so impatient, that he took off part of the roof of their council-chamber so as to force them to a decision, and they, in a kind of bravado, dated their letters of that time from the 'roofless palace.' This council-hall is surrounded by memorials of all the Popes who were natives of Viterbo, or who lived there. Adjoining it is another hall, still roofless, in which Pope John XXI. (Pedro Juliani) was killed by the fall of the roof in 1277. This room is supported by a single stout pier standing in the open space below, which projects through the floor so as to form a fountain.

'John XXI. was the man of letters, and even of science; he had published some mathematical treatises which excited the astonishment and therefore the suspicion of his age. He was a churchman of easy access, conversed freely with humbler men, if men of letters, and was therefore accused of lowering the dignity of the pontificate. He was perhaps hasty and unguarded in his language, but he had a more inexpiable fault. He had no love for monks or friars: it was supposed that he meditated some severe coercive edicts on these brotherhoods. Hence his death was foreshown by gloomy prodigies, and held either to be a divine judgment, or a direct act of the Evil One. John XXI. was contemplating with too great pride a noble chamber which he had built in the palace at Viterbo, and burst out into laughter: at that instant the avenging roof came down on his head. Two visions revealed to different holy men the Evil One hewing down the supports, and so overwhelming the reprobate pontiff. He was said by others to have been, at the moment of his death, in the act of writing a book full of the most deadly heresies, or practising the arts of magic.'—*Milman, 'Hist. of Latin Christianity.'*

Owing to the vandalism to which it has been treated, there is not much to see in the cathedral, beyond a curious font, pictures of several of the native popes, and the tomb (belonging to a later century than his), of John XXI. close to the door. Interesting to Englishmen from the murder in it (March 13, 1271) of Prince Henry d'Almaine, son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and nephew of Henry III., is the little forlorn church of S. Sylvestro, now Gesù. He was returning from the crusade at Tunis with Charles of Anjou and Philip III. of France, and was met here by his cousins Guy and Simon de Montfort, who stabbed him while kneeling at the altar in the little church of San Sylvestro. The murderers were leaving the church boasting of their vengeance to their friends, when one of them reminded Guy that the body of his father, Simon de Montfort, had been shamefully dragged in the dust after the battle of Evesham; upon which, returning to the altar, and seizing the dying prince by the hair, he dragged him up and down the church. The tragedy is commemorated by Dante, who alludes to the fact that his sorrowing father enshrined the heart of Henry of Almaine in London, and who sees the murderer in the

seventh circle of hell, plunged up to his neck in a river of boiling blood.

‘ Poco più oltre il Centauros’ affisse
 Sovra una gente, che fino alla gola
 Pareva che di quel bulicame uscisse.
 Mostrocci un’ ombra dall’ un canto sola
 Dicendo : Colui fesse in grembo a Dio
 Lo cuor che in sul Tamigi ancor si cola.’

—*Inferno*, xii. 115.

The body was boiled in wine ; the heart sent to Westminster, the bones to Hayles Abbey in Gloucestershire ; and the rest was buried in S. Maria dei Gradi. The assassins rode away by the Val di Faul to Sorano where their brother-in-law, Count Rosso d’Anguillara, sheltered them in his castle.

Quite at the other end of the town, close to the Florentine gate, stands the mediaeval castle called La Rocca. It was founded in 1354 by the celebrated Cardinal Albornoz, the legate of Clement VI., and queller of the tyrants of Romagna. Urban V. rested here in 1367 on his return from Avignon. The present building dates from a reconstruction in 1457. In front of it is a beautiful fountain (1566) approached by many steps. The neighbouring Church of S. Francesco (1225) has an outside pulpit. It contains several beautiful thirteenth-century tombs, especially that resplendent with delicate sculpture and mosaic, perhaps by Vassalletto, of Pope Adrian V. (1276), who was one of three popes elected within three years after the death of the holy and wise Gregory X. He was Ottobuoni Fieschi, nephew of Innocent IV. He answered his relations who came to congratulate him on his election—‘ Would that ye came to a cardinal in good health and not to a dying pope.’ He was not crowned, consecrated, or even ordained priest, and only lived long enough to choose his name and to redeem his native Genoa from interdict.¹ Dante numbers this pope amongst the covetous. In is in the mouth of Adrian V. that he places some of the most beautiful lines in the *Divina Commedia*.

‘ Un mese e poco piu prova’ io come
 Pese ’l gran manto.’

Another tomb represents a cardinal who is erroneously said to have died on the very day of his election—Visdomino Visdomini of Piacenza, a relation of Gregory X. His epitaph concludes with the lines—

‘ Ferre vices Domini sors huic dedit improba, verum
 Una Petri solium lux, feretrumque dedit.’

A second handsome Gothic tomb is that of the Milanese Cardinal Landriano (1445) with angels drawing a curtain over his sleeping figure.

To this church also has been moved from S. Maria dei Gradi, in 1885, the tomb of Pope Clement IV. (Guy Foulques of S. Gilles,

¹ See Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*, vol. v. 94.

1265–1269), the zealous ally of Charles of Anjou, and implacable enemy of Manfred, whose pontificate saw the battles of Benevento and Tagliacozzo and the tragic deaths of Manfred and Conradin. It is recorded to the credit of this pope, that, having two daughters, born before he took orders, he was so free from nepotism, that he left their husbands in obscurity.

‘Clément IV. est enterré à Viterbe, au couvent des dominicains de Gradi. A en juger par sa statue, il avait une physionomie assez froide, assez dure, mais calme et honnête. C’était un jurisconsulte couronné. Son tombeau crouplit dans un état de dégradation extrême ; les enfants en arrachent les mosaïques pour jouer, et l’incurie des moines ne s’oppose point à ces dégâts. Lorsqu’on leur en parle, ils disent avec beaucoup de sang-froid, *n’importe.*’—*Alexis de Saint-Priest, ‘Hist. de la Conquête de Naples.’*

In the left transept are remains of the tomb of Pietro di Vico, the bitter enemy of Clement IV., perhaps by Pietro di Oderisio. He left to the Church of S. Maria dei Gradi, whence this tomb also was brought, the bell of his castle at Vico, and ordered his body to be cut up into seven portions in record and penitence for the seven greater vices he had committed during his life.

Next to S. Francesco, the most interesting church in Viterbo is that of **S. Maria della Verità**, outside the gate of this name. The interior was once painted all over with frescoes of the rare master *Lorenzo di Viterbo*, who spent twenty-five years upon the work, completing it in 1469. The church was used as a hospital during the plague, after which it was thought necessary to whitewash it all over, only a greatly revered figure of the Virgin and one or two saints being preserved in the body of the church. But the chapel of the Virgin was uninjured. It stands the second on the right of the nave, from which it is separated by a screen of wrought-iron, and it is covered all over with frescoes depicting the story of the Madonna. In the picture of the Nativity, her figure, kneeling in a long white veil, is perfectly lovely. The oblong fresco of the Sposalizio, crowded with figures, is most interesting, not only as a memorial of thirteenth-century art, but of all the persons living in Viterbo at that time, as every figure is a portrait. Few who visit the church will agree with the following criticism, yet it is not without interest.

‘The preservation of the name of Lorenzo is due to the vanity of a citizen of Viterbo, Niccola della Tuccia, who having compiled a book of the annals of his native place, could not resist the temptation of inserting a passage in it relative to himself. He described how Nardo Mazzatosta, having caused a chapel in S. Maria della Verità, outside Viterbo, to be painted by Maestro Lorenzo di Pietro Paolo, that artist took him for a model in his fresco of the Presentation in the Temple, “on the 25th of April, 1469.”

‘On the walls of the chapel of Nardo Mazzatosta, the curious of our day will see, in a lunette, the Procession of Mary and her parents to the temple, with the Sposalizio in a lower course ; in a second lunette, a Virgin and angel annunciate with saints, and the Nativity below ; in a third, the Burial and Assumption of the Virgin ; finally, in the ceiling, the symbols of the evangelists, prophets, fathers of the Church, and confessors, the venerable Bede amongst them.

‘Nothing can be more clear than the imitation of the manner and concep-

tion of Piero della Francesca and Melozzo in the Presentation and Spozalizio. Lorenzo not only designs with the examples of Piero in his mind, he endeavours also to reproduce his architecture and perspective. In some portraits his realism is not without power; but vulgarity and affectation are striking. He is not correct as a draughtsman. His colour is cold and dull. His perspective is false, his forms rigid. These features are, however, more striking in the Nativity than in the Annunciation, which recalls Benozzo. Nor are the reminiscences of that master confined to one subject. They are produced with equal force in the ceiling, in which a head like that of the venerable Bede seems a caricature of the Florentine in tricky tone as well as in features.

'The initials of Lorenzo, and the date 1469, confirm the annals of Niccola della Tuccia, but Lorenzo was busy in other parts of S. M. della Verità, besides the chapel of Nardo Mazzatosta: and an Annunciation, a Marriage of S. Catherine, and a Madonna giving suck to the infant Saviour, all of them completed before 1455, betray the same rude hand, and the influence of Gozzoli.'—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle*.

The convent of the **Osservanti del Paradiso** has been converted into barracks by the Government. Adjoining is a beautiful Gothic cloister, in peperino, with round arches rising from coupled columns. A lunette on the outside of the church, representing the Virgin and Child between S. Jerome and S. Francis, is attributed to *Lo Spagno*.

No one should omit to visit the *Church of S. Rosa* (reconstructed 1850), to look upon the incorruptible patroness of the town. There was no sign of her when we first entered the church, where the people, in loud voices, were singing 'Benediction,' but the service being over, we were directed to ring a bell, when a wooden screen drew up, and a nun appeared behind a grille, pointing to a blackened mummy by her side, in a gilded shrine and crowned with roses. The dead face wears a calm, rather touching, expression. A number of country people had flocked to the grille with us, most of whom knelt. We all received from the nun a gift of a small piece of knotted cord—'Disciplina'—which had been laid upon the holy body, and roses were given to those especially favoured.

Santa Rosa was not a professed nun, but a member of the Third Order of S. Francis. In the thirteenth century she was as conspicuous for her eloquence as for her charity, and for the extraordinary moral influence she exercised over the people of Viterbo. She obtained her position as patroness of the city rather through politics than piety. By her fiery addresses she excited her fellow-citizens to rise against Frederick II. They were defeated, and she was driven into exile, but lived to return triumphantly when the Emperor died (1250), and after her own death (May 8, 1261) she was canonised by the Pope she had served, and invoked by the party she had advocated.

'A Viterbe, dans les dernières années du règne de Frédéric II., vivait une jeune fille, un enfant, qui, à l'âge de dix ans, revêtu de l'habit du tiers ordre de Saint-François, parcourait naguère les rues, les places publiques, s'élevant contre les impériaux et appelant la colère céleste sur les vices et sur les crimes dont assurément une inspiration particulière pouvait seule lui donner l'idée. Elle se nommait Rose. Le bruit de sa sainteté s'était répandu au loin. Par une de ces faiblesses ou de ces tristes nécessités que l'irritation conseille à un

pouvoir menacé, l'empereur Frédéric avait banni la jeune fille avec toute sa famille. C'était la désigner d'avance à la canonisation. Il y avait peu d'années qu'elle était morte, lorsque les habitants de Viterbe virent un jour le pape Alexandre IV. s'avancer processionnellement, suivi du sacré collège, vers le couvent de Santa Maria in Poggio, où Rose reposait ensevelie. Averti par une vision, trois fois répétée, le pape fit ouvrir le tombeau et transporter le corps, en grande pompe, à l'église qui s'honore aujourd'hui des reliques et du nom de la sainte. Selon quelques écrivains ascétiques, elle fut canonisée de son vivant par le pape Innocent IV. Le fait n'est pas vraisemblable ; mais les informations si multipliées que l'Eglise apporte aux canonisations n'étaient pas encore soumises à des formalités très-sévères. Quoiqu'il en soit, un culte public fut rendu spontanément à Rose de Viterbe. Ce n'était pas une sainteté traditionnelle, une mémoire des anciens jours ; les concitoyens de Rose l'avaient vue naître, parmi eux, et partir pour l'exil avec ses parents. D'autres cités avaient entendu sa voix enfantine et recueilli sa parole prophétique. A Suriano, devant le peuple assemblé, elle s'était arrêtée au milieu de son discours, puis avec un sourire elle s'était écriée : " Fidèles, réjouissez-vous, l'ennemi de Dieu n'est plus, vous le saurez dans peu de jours." En effet, à l'heure même où la jeune vierge parlait au peuple, bien loin de là à Fiorentino, l'empereur Frédéric rendait son dernier soupir.—*Alexis de Saint-Priest, 'Hist. de la Conquête de Naples.'*

'We paid a visit, at her own convent, to Santa Rosa, a very surprising woman, "Cowards die many times before their death," but this saint has died once since hers.

'She originally died, it seems, in the thirteenth century ; but after lying dead a few hundred years, she came to life one night when her chapel was on fire, got up and rang the bell to give notice of it, and then quietly laid down and died again, without anybody knowing anything of the matter. The chapel, however, was burnt down, though she had got out of her grave and rung the bell to prevent it ; all her fine clothes, too, were burnt off her back, and her very ring was melted on her finger ; but she remained unconsumed, though her face and hands are as black as a negro's. However, they say she was very fair four hundred years ago, before she was singed, and that she never was embalmed even after her first death, but was preserved solely in the odour of sanctity. This remarkable saint began, with praise-worthy industry, to work miracles as soon as she was born, by raising a child from the dead, while she was yet a baby herself ; and miracles she still continues to perform every day—as the nun who exhibited her informed me. On inquiring what kind of miracles they were, I was informed that she cures all kinds of diseases, heals sores, and even re-establishes some lame legs ; but she does not, by any means, always choose to do it, thinking it proper that the infirmities of many should continue. I have no doubt that the nun, who related her history to me, really and truly believes in it all. She knelt before the saint in silent devotion first, and then gave me a bit of cord, the use of which perplexed me much ; and while I was turning it round and round in my fingers, and wondering what she expected me to do with it, a troop of dirty beggars burst into the church, together with some better dressed, but scarcely less dirty people : and the whole company, having adored the saint, received from the nun, every one, bits of cord like mine. I inquired the use of them, and was told they had been round the body of the saint, where they had acquired such virtues that, tied round any other body, they would save it from "molte disgrazie."—*Eaton, 'Rome.'*

The frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli in this church were destroyed by the restorers of the building in 1632.

Another convent, **S. Caterina**, is interesting from its connection with the beautiful Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa di Pescara, who retired here in 1541, prompted by the wish of retirement from worldly life. Here she held her principal residence until the last year of her life (1546), taking part in the education of the younger nuns. Of the sonnets which she composed here, one may be given as a

specimen, and especially as showing her spirit of constant preparation for death.

'Would that a voice impressive might repeat,
 In holiest accents to my inmost soul,
 The name of Jesus ; and my words and works
 Attest true faith in Him, and ardent hope ;
 The soul elect, which feels within itself
 The seeds divine of this celestial love,
 Hears, sees, attends on Jesus ; Grace from Him
 Illumes, expands, fires, purifies the mind ;
 The habit bright of thus invoking Him,
 Exalts our nature so, that it appeals
 Daily to him for its immortal food.
 In the last conflict with our ancient foe,
 So dire to Nature, armed with Faith alone,
 The heart, from usage long, on Him will call.'

—*Translation by J. S. Harford.*

The streets of Viterbo are full of old palaces. The **Palazzo Farnese** is very curious. The loggia is covered with faded frescoes. Several of the chimney-pieces are sculptured with lilies in low relief. The tapestry which hung here, has been removed to Rome by its owner, Marchese Patrizi. The tall tower is now so ruinous that its ascent, by a series of ladders, is almost dangerous, but it has a splendid view. It is a resting-place for innumerable pigeons, who do not belong to the inmates, but are allowed a home here and provide for themselves. Here was born Alessandro Farnese.

The irregular streets and mysterious old courts of Viterbo abound with the picturesque. Arches, escutcheons, fountains, inscriptions, and towers, occur everywhere ; and everywhere is the sound of falling water or of bells, and certainly the women often have uncommonly beautiful eyes. But more peculiar (if not so attractive), than the ordinary sights in Viterbo, is the mediaeval quarter known as **San Pellegrino** from the church of that saint. Here may be seen the conditions of existence as they were seven hundred years ago in a Papal town of the first order. Only instead of the peaceful inhabitants of modest condition and the comparatively quiet streets, we must people it with the bizarre costumes of the armed Lords and their retainers, Guelf and Ghibelline, whose blood so often and for so many centuries stained these tortuous narrow alleys and gloomy courts. The Piazza of San Pellegrino itself, gives two of its sides to form the melancholy but fascinating Palazzo degli Alessandri with its half-ruined towers and huge arched balcony. On the smoke-stained houses opposite remain several fourteenth century escutcheons and corbel-tables. As Cesare Pinzi says, "these relate to dependents of the baronial mansion opposite. The Alessandri were a noble and fighting family of the Guelfic faction closely intermarried with the Galeschi. Within those walls, and on this street outside them, the blood of citizens has often and freely flowed, and the three towers half-fallen, which rise hard-by, belonged to three separate families, hostile to one another, who battled fiercely, kindling civil strife which spread

like flame from that centre. Now the place is dwelt in by humble and quiet agriculturists quite ignorant of the tumultuous scenes of bloodshed, which have taken place in it as well as of its artistic and historic value."

Four miles from Viterbo is the **Palazzo S. Martino**, on the declivity of Monte Cimino, whence there is a splendid view. It is worth visiting on account of its connection with Olympia Pamfili, the famous 'papessa,' sister-in-law of Innocent X. She was born at Viterbo in 1594, of the noble but ruined family of the Moidalchini, and was destined by her parents for a convent, but insisted upon marrying a Count Pamfili, nineteen years older than herself. The attraction to this alliance was the fact that her husband had a brother, over whom she obtained unbounded ascendancy, and who rose under her guidance to obtain a cardinal's hat in 1629, and the papal tiara in 1644. Her husband being then dead, Donna Olympia took up her residence at the Vatican, and employed the eleven years of her brother-in-law's life in the sale of benefices, appointments, and offices of every description, for which she did not hesitate to drive the hardest bargains possible.

'Olympia establishes herself in the Vatican as its mistress! No step of domestic government or foreign policy decided on, no grace, favour, or promotion accorded, no punishment inflicted, was the pontiff's own work. His invaluable sister-in-law did all. He was absolutely a puppet in her hands. The keys of S. Peter were strung to her girdle; and the only function in which she probably never interfered, was blessing the people.'

'One day a large medal was conveyed into the Pope's hands, on the obverse of which was represented Olympia, with the pontifical tiara on her head, and the keys in her hand: while the reverse showed Innocent in a coif, with a spindle and distaff in his hands. Another day a report was brought to him from England that a play had been represented before Cromwell, called "The Marriage of the Pope:" in which Donna Olympia is represented rejecting his addresses on account of his extreme ugliness, till, having in vain offered her one of the keys to induce her to consent, he attains his object at the cost of both of them. The Emperor again had said to the Papal Nuncio, "Your Pope, my Lord, has an easy time of it, with Madame Olympia to put him to sleep."—*T. A. Trollope*.

Innocent X. died January 7, 1655, by which time Olympia had amassed, besides vast estates, and an immense amount of uncoined gold and precious stones, more than two millions of golden crowns. The succeeding Pope, Alexander VII., demanded from her an account of the State moneys which had passed through her hands, and restitution of the valuables she had taken away from the Vatican; but this was never carried out, the pestilence which appeared in Italy drew away the attention of every one, Olympia herself was among its first victims, and her son Camillo, who had been allowed to resign his cardinal's hat and released from his Orders by Innocent, and married to the rich Princess Rosano, succeeded to all her treasures, and founded the great family of the Pamfili-Doria. Many relics of their notorious ancestress are still preserved in the palace of the Doria family at San Martino, especially her portrait, her slippers, and her bed with its leather hangings. The present Prince is refurnishing the Palace with the intention of living therein.

There is another even more interesting palace in this neighbourhood, that of Duke Lante at Bagnaja. It is the perfect ideal of a Roman villa and garden. We leave Viterbo by the Porta Fiorentina, close to La Rocca, outside which there is a public garden, crowded toward evening, like the Pincio, with gaily-dressed ladies and cavalry officers in their smart uniforms.

A straight road, a mile in length, leads from the gate to the famous sanctuary of **La Quercia**. In the square before it two ancient fairs are held, which are of great antiquity, the first founded in 1240 by Frederick II., beginning on the 22nd of September, and ending on the 6th of October; the second, founded in 1513 by Leo X., beginning at Pentecost, and lasting for the fifteen days following. The front of the great church of **La Madonna della Quercia**, and its stately tower, are splendid works of *Bramante*. Over the central door is a fine representation of the Madonna surrounded by angels, and over the side doors S. Joseph and S. Stephen, S. Dominic and S. Peter Martyr, by *Andrea della Robbia*. The monks of the adjoining convent are devoted to education, and when we visited the church its vast aisles were peopled with large groups of children, whom the friars in their white robes were teaching. The vault is gilded and very magnificent, recalling that of S. Maria Maggiore. Behind the altar, in a kind of recess, is preserved the famous relic, the Madonna which miraculously grew out of an oak on that spot. The branch of the tree is preserved as evidence! But the great charm of the place is its glorious cloister and fountain, with the inscription, 'He who drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but he who drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.' It was in this church that the Père Lacordaire and the Père Requedat made their profession. Alexandrine de la Ferronays thus describes the scene to M. de Montalembert:—

'Les cloches sonnaient, l'orgue jouait triomphant dans cette belle église. . . . Je m'étais mis à genoux, baissant la tête. En la relevant, je vis près de moi deux dominicains étendus la face contre terre : c'étaient les frères Lacordaire et Requedat. Ils se sont bientôt relevés et ont écouté, assis, le discours que leur a fait celui qui ce jour-là occupait la place du supérieur. Ce discours a été excellent. Il leur a parlé de ce que devait être leur vie, obéissante et mortifiée ; de tous les différents pays de la terre où ils pouvaient être appelés à aller ; de ce qu'ils ne devaient rien s'attribuer—ce qui ne voulait pas dire qu'ils dussent ignorer les talents qu'ils possédaient, lorsqu'ils en avaient, mais que, s'ils mourraient martyrs avant d'avoir pu faire autre chose, rien ne serait mieux.—A ce mot, Pauline a vu un sourire de béatitude sur la figure de M. Requedat. Puis ils ont fait profession entre les mains du supérieur, qui les a très-tendrement embrassés. Tout a été bien vite fini, et on nous a menés voir la madone miraculeuse conservée dans le chêne.'—*Récit d'une Sœur*.

Two miles further, a tall tower and a quaint castle guarding a little village announces **Bagnaja**. The castle was an old residence of the Lante family, and though neglected now and let out to poor people, it still retains much that is interesting. A steep street leads up to the iron gate of the later villa, which is the entrance to a beautiful garden, designed by *Vignola* at the same time with the villa itself. It is a paradise. In the centre of the

clipped box-walks is a large fountain decorated with Florentine figures—and beyond it a silvery cascade glitters and dances down through green depths from a series of fern-fringed grottos. On either side stand the buildings of the villa, one for the family, the other for the guests. They were begun by Cardinal Riario, and finished by Cardinal Gambara. The great hall has fine frescoes by the Zuccari brothers, and the real comfort and elegance of the rooms attest the frequent presence of the present Duchess, who is of American birth.

Beyond the villa the walks are of indescribable beauty: gigantic plane-trees; terraces, where water is ever sparkling through stone channels; mossy grottos overhung with evergreens; woods of ancient ilexes, which have never known the axe, and which cast their deepest shade in the hottest summer weather; peacocks strutting up and down the long avenues and spreading their tails to the sun; and, here and there, openings toward the glorious mountain distances or the old brown town in the hollow.

But the great object of our stay at Viterbo was to see the **Etruscan remains** in its neighbourhood, to which three hard-worked days must be devoted, for distance and difficulty make it utterly impossible that any traveller can satisfactorily visit **Castel d'Asso**, **Norcia**, and **Bieda**, in a shorter time. It is best to make headquarters at Viterbo, as we did, and drive out each day, for though Vetralla is nearer the scene of action, at the two latter places the Locanda is so perfectly miserable, we should not advise anyone to attempt it. **Castel d'Asso** (Axia, of Cicero) is five miles from Viterbo, on the edge of the great plain of Etruria, but the place is so little visited, and the track across the fields so constantly changed, that it is difficult to find.

As usual, on most subjects connected with Etruria, the accounts of Mrs. Hamilton Gray, and Dennis, by whom these valleys were first described to the English public are interesting. The place does not present any sublimities; it has not any of the natural advantages of scenery which render many of the Etruscan sites peculiarly attractive, but it is curious, and the antiquarian, or the lover of historical detail, will not find it unworthy of a visit.

'Here is a site abounding in most imposing remains of the olden time, bearing at every step indisputable traces of bygone civilization, scarcely six miles from the great thoroughfare of Italy, and from Viterbo, the largest city in all this district: and yet it remained unknown to the world at large until the year 1808, when Professor Orioli, of Bologna, and the Padre Pio of Viterbo, had their attention directed to the wonders of this glen. The general style of these monuments, their simplicity and massive grandeur, and strong Egyptian features, testify to their high antiquity. They may safely be referred to the days of Etruscan Independence. This ancient cemetery clearly implies the existence of an Etruscan town in its neighbourhood. Here, accordingly, besides numerous remains of the Middle Ages, to which the Castle wholly belongs, may be traced the outline of a town almost utterly destroyed, indeed, but on one side, toward the east, retaining a fragment of its walls in several courses of rectangular tufo blocks uncemented, which have every appearance of an Etruscan origin. The site is worthy of a visit for the fine view it commands of the tomb-hewn cliffs opposite. The extent of the town was very small, about half a mile in circuit. This shews it could

never have been more than a mere fortress. At the mouth of the wide glen of Castell d'Asso is a mass of rock, hewn into a sort of cone, and hollowed into a tomb with a flight of steps cut out of the rock at the side, leading to the flat summit of the cone. About a mile off is a very spacious tomb with a decorated front called Grotta Colonna, which is near enough to have formed part of this same 'Necropolis.' It is seventy feet long by sixteen feet wide. It contains a double row of coffins sunk in the rock, with a passage down the middle.'—Dennis, Vol. i. pp. 182-5 '*Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*.'

The best time for a visit to Castel d'Asso is the winter; in the summer, the tombs (such is their size!) are almost entirely concealed by the brushwood. The guide Fanali, at Viterbo, will be found useful and intelligent.

The road to Castel d'Asso descends into the great plain of Etruria from the Porta Romana, and then turns to the left, at the foot of the hills. It is an excellent carriage-road as far as the hot sulphureous baths of the **Bulicame**, mentioned by Dante, and interesting as a surviving relic of the decayed volcanic energies which have moulded these regions.

' Tacendo divenimmo là ove spiccia
Fuor della selva un picciol fiumicello,
Lo cui rossore ancor mi raccapriccia.
Quale del Bulicame esce il ruscello
Che parton poi tra lor le peccatrici;¹
Tal per l'arena giù sen giva quello.'

—*Inferno*, xiv. 76.

Soon after leaving the Baths, the road becomes a rough track in the wilderness, but can still be pursued in a carriage with a careful driver. It is necessary to take almost all turns to the left, and as far as possible to keep in sight the tower of Castel d'Asso, else the various glens will bewilder one. At length (five miles) we arrive upon the edge of a narrow side-gorge just opposite the ruin. Here we must leave the carriage, tether the horse, and fight our way through the thick wild roses and honeysuckle into the main glen. Before we reach it, the moulded doors of the tombs begin to appear on the right of the way, and continue to follow the face of the cliffs along the principal ravine. Small as they appear, those at the entrance of the side glen are the best specimens. The face of the cliffs is everywhere smoothed away by art, leaving the decorations of the sepulchres in high relief. These decorations are almost of Egyptian character, each tomb-face being marked by bold band-mouldings which denote the outline of a door, the real entrance being deep below. Occasionally the mouldings are engraved with inscriptions, generally the names of those within, but occasionally with the addition of other words, especially of *Ecasu*, which is sometimes interpreted 'Rest in peace,' sometimes 'Adieu,' though, as the learned Orioli of Bologna says, 'we really know nothing about it, and our wisest plan is to confess our ignorance.' There is no variety in the sculpture. The low opening at the base of the tombs admits

¹ Cf. C. Pinzi, *Storia di Viterbo*.

to the interior, consisting generally of two chambers. All the tombs have been rifled, but are strewn with broken pottery; brass arms and scarabei have been found there.

'The doors of the tombs have been engraved high up on the rocks in the Egyptian form, that is, smaller at the top than at the bottom, and they have a broken and defaced, but perfectly visible, rock-cornice above them. These rock-sepulchres joined one another in a continued series; there was indeed fully a mile of them, thirty of which we counted, and the castle valley is met by another towards its centre, and directly opposite the ruin, in which we saw sepulchres in the cliffs on both sides. They were like a street, the dwellings of which correspond to each other. We found beneath each engraved door, if I may use such an expression, an open one, six or eight feet lower, which led into the burial-chamber. It would appear that these cavern-mouths had formerly been covered up with earth, and that nothing remained above-ground but the smooth face of the rock, with its false Egyptian door and narrow cornice.'—*Mrs. Hamilton Gray, 'Sepulchres of Etruria.'*

The difficulties of finding the way to the sepulchres of Castel d'Asso are not to be compared to those of reaching the famous temple-tombs of **Norchia**, which is about fourteen miles S.W. from Viterbo. A carriage may be taken for about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles beyond the picturesque mediaeval town of **Vetralla** (Forum Cassii) which stands finely on an outlying spur of the Ciminian Hills, and on the ancient Via Cassia. Travellers occasionally pass the night there, but the inn (Albergo di Domenico Ovidi) is rough, and it is better to return to Viterbo and to set out again in the early morning. The site of the Forum Cassii is about a mile from Vetralla, and is now marked by the church of **S. Maria in Forcassi**, called 'Filicassi' by the natives.

The Etruscan sites of Norchia and Bieda (both on the ancient Via Clodia) are, the former ten, and the latter six, miles from Vetralla. The road to Norchia leads WNW. through a forest of brushwood, and though a vast number of tombs exist, they are at intervals from one another, and are difficult to discover. We had taken a guide from Vetralla to direct us to the temple-tombs, and at first, when we left the carriage, he marched on so confidently, that we dared to have faith in his knowledge. After a long hot walk we reached a little ruined Romanesque church, occupying the end of a promontory between two ravines, and marking the site of an ancient village, called Orle in the ninth century, a name which has been supposed to come from Hercules, who was worshipped by the Etruscans as Erle. The church was ruined and the village pulled down at an early period, the place becoming deserted on account of the malaria, while the inhabitants removed to Vitorchiano. To our dismay, our guide began to try to persuade us that the ruins of the church were the famous Etruscan monument. He had been here hundreds of times, he said, 'this was where all travellers stayed, here they held up their hands in admiration, here they expatiated on the grandeurs of Etruria, all around were the *scavi*, the *pozzi*, of that ancient people; why were we not satisfied?'

Despairing of our 'guide,' we then engaged two *contadini* who were at work in a corn-field and set out again, struggling through the thick thorns and brambles on the hillside, sliding down the

almost perpendicular banks of tufa, and wading up to our waists in the high corn and grass, reeking with wet below from late thunderstorms, though the sun was pouring down upon us with full force, and the whole valley steaming under its influence.

At last, when we actually found, in the valley to the right of the church, a tomb on which two human heads were sculptured, they would search no further. The *contadini* declared that we must now have seen sufficient of these freaks of nature (*scherzi della natura*), for such (they persisted) the sepulchres must be, and the Guide now changed his tone, and swore that though the temple-tomb had certainly existed,—he had forgotten it at first, but remembered it now perfectly—it had fallen down with a piece of the rock years ago, and not a vestige of it remained.

We left the ladies of our party to rest at Vetralla, with an old blind musician seated on a chair, playing on the mandolin to a song, each refrain of which ended in an invocation to 'Il Dio Cupido,' to soften the hearts of the *belle donne*, and two of us set off for Bieda, taking donkeys, *such* donkeys, who alternately kicked, and fought, and brayed, and ran away for the whole four miles which separate the two villages, like so many demons. Bieda (ancient Blera) is quite as well worth seeing as Castel d'Asso; and though the Etruscan remains are 'exaggerated,' the natural scenery of the place is very beautiful. The road is only a stony, sandy track across rough uplands, with occasional steps in the tufa. After crossing a bridge, it becomes a mere ledge in the face of the precipice, and Bieda is seen hanging, eyrie-like, a nest of old worn houses crowning the edge of a tongue of rock between two glens, which is furrowed beneath with ranges of rude sepulchres, for the most part mere caves and devoid of ornament. Deep below a little stream murmurs. As the Etruscan city of Blera, this place was of considerable importance, and though unapproached by any road, it continued to be so through the middle ages. Two Popes, Paschal II. and Sabinianus, were natives of Blera. The town has still an old gateway, and there is a beautiful well with the arms of the Counts of Anguillara in its little piazza. The church was once a cathedral, and there were fourteen Bishops of Blera who also ruled over Civita Vecchia and Toscanella. Over its west door is a little figure of the local saint, the 'Divus Viventius,' who was a native of the place, where he officiated first as priest and then as bishop. His shrine is in the crypt (now entered by steps in front of the altar, but once approached by two side staircases), which is supported by curious old fluted marble columns, apparently from a pagan temple. In a side chapel is *Annibale Caracci's* fine picture of the Flagellation, displaying wonderful power of muscular drawing. In proof of the healthiness of Bieda, the tomb is shown of 'Joannes Samius,' who died here in his hundred and eighth year, having been parish-priest for seventy-eight years. As we came out of the church, three little children were sitting in the old Roman sarcophagus in the portico, pretending it was a boat, and a number of country people were collected round our donkeys, curious to see the unwonted

strangers, and forming the most picturesque groups with their bright costumes. Several had brought coins and curiosities of different kinds dug up in the neighbourhood, in the hope of selling them. Our arrival had made such a sensation that it was declared to be quite impossible that we could leave without visiting the great person of the palace, the Conte di San Giorgio—the very idea raised quite a clamour, and to his palazzo our new friends accordingly accompanied us in triumph. We found the young Count in his garden, decorated with beautiful vases and *amphorae*, found in his own *scavi*, and with all the shrubs clipped into patterns after the fashion of this neighbourhood. With the purchase of the estate of Bieda, the family of San Giorgio have acquired feudal rights in the place, but their tenure obliges them to reside here at least six months of every year, six months of exile from all civilised life, for it was fifteen years, the Count said, since any strangers had visited Bieda. He had occupied the time in making a small museum of Etruscan curiosities found on the property. Opposite the Palazzo S. Giorgio, which is a mere country villa, are the remains of the stately tower of the Anguillara, destroyed by the people three hundred years ago, and its lord murdered, because he insisted on an old baronial right which allowed him to forestall every bridegroom on his estates.

A steep path, a mere cleft in the tufa, leads from the gate near this tower to a famous bridge, the '*Ponte del Diavolo*,' built of huge blocks of tufo. The bridge is gone, and only its three arches remain, formed of huge stones, fastened together without cement. The whole is now overgrown with shrubs and most picturesquely overhung with smilax and ivy.

'The central arch was a true semicircle thirty feet in space; the side-arches were only ten feet wide and stilted. It has been split throughout its entire length, probably by an earthquake: the blocks, being uncemented, have been much dislocated, but few have fallen. It is clear that this split occurred at an early period; for in crossing the bridge, passengers have been obliged to step clear of the gaps, which in some parts yawn from one to two feet wide, and, by treading in each other's footsteps, have worn holes far deeper than pious knees have done in the steps at A' Becket's shrine, or in the Santa Scala at Rome. They have worn a hollow pathway almost through the thick masses of rock, in some spots entirely through—a perpendicular depth of more than three feet.'—Dennis, '*Cities of Etruria*.'

The cliffs beyond the bridge rise to a great height, and the valley is exceedingly beautiful. The rock above a cave close to the bridge is covered with bullet-marks, for by old feudal custom every inhabitant of Bieda on returning successful from the chase is compelled to discharge his gun against this rock, in order to warn his lord, the Conte di San Giorgio, who then descends from the height to claim his tithe of the boar's thigh. Without returning into the town, one may follow a path along the hollow where there is another old bridge. Here, beneath the houses, the cliff is perfectly honey-combed with tombs, many of them used now as pigsties or goat-sheds.

'Here are rows of tombs, side by side, hollowed in the cliff, each with its gaping doorway; here they are in terraces, one above the other, united by

flights of steps carved out of the rock ; here are masses split from the precipice above, and hewn into tombs, standing out like isolated abodes—shaped, too, into the very forms of houses, with sloping roofs culminating to an apex, overhanging eaves at the gable, and a massive central beam to support the rafters. The angle of the roof is that still usual in Italian buildings—that angle which, being just sufficient to carry off the rain, is naturally suggested in a climate where snow rarely lies a day. On entering any one of the tombs, the resemblance is no less striking. The broad beam carved in relief along the ceiling—the rafters, also in relief, resting on it and sinking gently on either side—the inner chamber in many, lighted by a window on each side of the door in the partition-wall, all three of the same Egyptian form—the triclinial arrangement of the rock-hewn benches, as though the dead, as represented on their sarcophagi, were wont to recline at a banquet—these things are enough to convince one that in their sepulchres the Etruscans, in many respects, imitated their habitations, and sought to make their cemeteries as far as possible the counterparts of the cities on the opposite heights.—*Dennis.*

We did not reach Viterbo on our return from Bieda till nine P.M. Early next morning we received a visit from an antiquity vendor of Viterbo, a grandiloquent gentleman, who declared that he had himself made excavations, and was enthusiastic as to having lately discovered several fine sarcophagi—‘mi sono detto, questi sono per l’ Inghilterra, così gli ho destinato.’ He produced a little bronze ornament from a chandelier of the seventeenth century, an amorino, and swore that it was ‘Cupido,’ the ancient God of the Etruscans, upon whose image the warriors struck their weapons when they went forth to battle, and he protested that some scratches in the metal figure had been left by the clashing of their swords. Nevertheless, as his report of their continued existence coincided with our own opinion, we were beguiled into believing him when he vowed that he knew Norchia intimately, and that he had seen the temple-tombs hundreds of times, and so, tired as we were, we actually ordered the carriage again, and retraced the long fatiguing drive to Vetralla, and on to the copses of Norchia, taking him with us. He roused our hopes by leading us, after we left the carriage, exactly in the opposite direction to that in which we had been the day before. After long wanderings, we reached the bank of a river, which we had to wade through, and then to follow more valleys in the tufo, half choked up with brushwood. He, and all the natives, were fully convinced that we had come to Norchia to look for a hidden treasure of which he fancied we had discovered the whereabouts. ‘You know—of course you have read in history,’ he said, ‘that the Etruscans, when they emigrated to England, took with them documents (*pergamena*), telling of an immense treasure buried at Norchia, and at intervals ever since the English have come, of course you know it, to seek for these riches.’ Hour after hour we wandered, vainly affirming that the temple-tombs were all that we cared for, and when at length in despair we insisted that we must be near the place, the guide began—‘Oh sì, Signori, mi pare che deve essere qui, o almeno deve essere qua,’ pointing in exactly opposite directions, and—it turned out that he knew nothing whatever about it, had never seen the temple-tombs in his life, had not the faintest idea what they meant, and that all he had said was

a lie. For hours we searched fruitlessly, sending the so-called guide in other directions, till at length in one of these excursions a shepherd encountered 'questa spia,' as he called him, and returning with him to us, declared that he really knew of a 'facciata sculta' in a distant valley, and could find the way to it. All our hopes were renewed by this intelligence, our fatigues melted away, and we set out again, but it was a long round of six miles.

For the benefit of travellers we may say that if they turn to the right across both fields and woods from the place where the carriage has to be left, they may eventually arrive at the tombs; but the safest way would be to make straight for the ruined church, beneath which a number of valleys unite. Looking hence (*away* from the path already traversed), the tombs are on the further side of the first collateral valley on the right.

'Nothing can be more dreary than this scenery, on a dull November day. The bare, treeless, trackless moor has scarcely a habitation on its broad melancholy expanse, which seems unbroken until one of its numerous ravines opens suddenly at your feet. At length we turned a corner in the Glen, and lo, a grand range of monuments burst upon us. There they were—a line of sepulchres, high in the face of the cliff which forms the right-hand barrier of the glen, some two hundred feet above the stream—an amphitheatre of tombs. This singular glen is perhaps the most imposing spot in the whole compass of Etruscan cemeteries. Various are the opinions of archaeologists as to the date of these monuments. All are agreed on one point, that both the architecture and sculpture are decided imitations of the Greek.'—*Dennis*, c. 18.

It was a triumphant moment, when, wearied, wet, footsore, torn with brambles, and covered with mud, we first came in sight of the famous sepulchres. A featureless glen, smaller than the others, had opened from one of the main valleys; banks covered alternately with fragments of rock, and shrubs of wild pear and cistus, sloped up on either side to the low ranges of tufa rock which separated it from the flat plain around, and here, on turning a corner, we saw two sculptured Doric sepulchres, which recalled the monuments of Petra in extreme miniature. It is, as it were, a double tomb, with two massive projecting entablatures, but one encroaches on the other which is cut away to receive it, so that they are evidently not of the same date. The tombs are much alike, and have been covered with sculptures in the boldest relief. Half of one of the pediments has fallen down, but on the tomb and a half which remain, though much worn by time, the forms of warriors are distinctly visible. One figure seems to have fallen, and others are fighting over him; a winged genius is also discernible; and there are remnants of colour over the whole, the groundwork apparently was red. The pediments end on either side in a volute within which is a gorgon's head. There are traces of columns having once supported the heavy entablatures. On the mass of tufo below the pediments are traces of more figures, probably once painted, with the armour in low relief. Orioli attributes the monuments to the fourth or fifth century of Rome. The interiors of the tombs are devoid of ornament, mere quadrangular chambers hewn in the tufo.

Mutilated and ruined as they are, the massive sculptures of the temple-tombs will ever make them among the most impressive of Etruscan remains while in connection with their lost history, and their lost language, it is impossible to look upon them without profound interest. We, however, were unable to linger long on the rugged slopes before their portals; night was fast closing in, and it was so late when we reached Viterbo, that we met people coming out with lights to look for us, when we were two miles from the town-gate.

Three miles south along the Via Cassia, near Capannaccie, are remains of **Vicus Matrini**, a tower and walls, destroyed in the eighth century.

Eight miles from Vetralla on the same road in the direction of Sutri is **Capranica** (junction for Ronciglione, Albergo E. di Bodini, 3400 inhabitants), an Etruscan site, but of limited interest.

‘The women here wear the skirt of their gowns over their heads for a veil, like Teresa Pansa and other Manchegas, and being very brightly arrayed, are always picturesque.’—*Dennis*, p. 79, c. 5.

In the Church of **SS. Lorenzo and Francesco**, behind the altar is an early fifteenth century tomb, with two statues erected in honour of Francesco and Nicolo, Counts of Anguillara.

CHAPTER XXIV

MONTEFIASCONI AND BOLSENA

A carriage from **Viterbo** to **Montefiascone** costs eight lire with one horse, and the drive is beautiful—Albergo, Aquila Nera, near the Gate.

IT is an interesting drive across the Etruscan plain from Viterbo to Montefiascone. On the left of the road, five miles from Viterbo, are the ruins called *Le Casacce del Bacucco*, consisting of baths and other buildings of imperial date. The largest ruin is now popularly called *La Lettighetta*, or the litter. Considerably to the east of this, stranded in the wide plain, are the ruins still called *Ferento*, of the Etruscan city Ferentinum, which Horace perhaps alludes to (?) when he says:—

‘ Si te grata quies et primam somnus in horam
Delectat ; si te pulvis strepitusque rotarum,
Si laedit caupona ; Ferentinum ire jubebo.’

—*Epist.* i. 17.

From this it appears to have been a quiet country town, but Suetonius speaks of it as the birth-place of the Emperor Otho, and Tacitus as the site of a temple of Fortune. It continued to exist in mediaeval times, and was the site of an episcopal see, but was utterly destroyed in the eleventh century (A.D. 1014) by the people of Viterbo, because its citizens had committed the heresy of representing the figure of Christ upon the cross with the eyes open (as they are in Byzantine frescoes), instead of closed.

In the area of the town, mediaeval remains are mingled with early Roman foundations and polygonal blocks of basaltic pavement. The principal ruin is the **Theatre**, which is finely placed on the edge of a ravine. It has seven entrances, and the stage-front is a hundred and thirty-six feet in length, built of rectangular blocks without cement.

‘ Ferentum, though small, and probably at no time of political importance, was celebrated for the beauty of its public monuments. Vitruvius cites them as exhibiting “the infinite virtues” of a stone hewn from certain quarries, called “Anitanae,” in the territory of Tarquinii, and especially in the neighbourhood of the Volsinian Lake. This stone, he says, was similar to that of the Alban Mount in colour, *i.e.* it was grey like *peperino* ; it was proof alike against the severity of frost and the action of fire, and of extreme hardness and durability, as might be seen from the monuments of Ferentum, which were made of it. “For there are noble statues of wonderful workmanship,

and likewise figures of smaller size, together with foliage and acanthi, delicately carved, which, albeit they be ancient, appear as fresh as if they were but just now finished." The brass founders, he adds, find this stone most useful for moulds. "Were these quarries near the city, it would be well to construct everything of this stone." Pliny speaks of this stone in the same laudatory terms, but calls it a white *silex*.—Dennis, *Cities of Etruria*."

About four miles east of Ferento, by a path difficult to find, is **Vitorchiano** (Vicus Orclanus), a village (910 ft.), on an Etruscan site, which still possesses the curious monopoly of supplying the servants of the Roman senators. It is said that this was granted when a native of the place successfully extracted a thorn from the foot of one of the emperors. Every forty years the principal families draw lots for their order of service, each sending one of its members, or selling the privilege at a price which is fixed by custom. "The validity of the privilege was put to the test some years since, and the Vitorchianesi came off with flying colours." The resemblance in the costume of the servants at the Capitol to our 'Beef-eaters,' as Dennis remarked, is considerable. It extends even to their hats. The Senate of Rome conceded this favour in consequence of the Vitorchianesi keeping faith with it during the siege of Viterbo. A great deal of linen is made by the women here. The railroad is reached at Grotte S. Stefano.

Still further east, twelve miles from Viterbo, by the direct road, is **Bomarzo**. Two miles from the modern village, which has an old castle of the Orsini (1525) with a museum, is Mugnano, the site of an Etruscan town, supposed to be Moeonia. There are few remains above-ground, but several interesting tombs. One with a single pillar in its centre, is known as the *Grotta della Colonna*. Near it is the *Grotta Dipinta*, decorated with very curious frescoes of dolphins and other monsters, some of them with semi-human faces. The temple-shaped sarcophagus, adorned with snakes, now in the British museum, was found in this tomb. In the Borghese Gallery in Rome is a bi-lingual (Greek and Etruscan) Tazzetta di Bomarzo.

As we continue along the road to **Montefiascone**, the town is exceedingly effective from a distance, cresting a hill, and crowned by the handsome dome of a cathedral, designed by San Michele and dedicated to S. Margaret. The hill, always celebrated for its wine, probably derives thence its name—*fiascone* signifying a large flask. Dennis considers that it occupies either the site of the Etruscan city Oenarea, or, more probably, that of the Fanum Voltumnae, the shrine where the princes of Etruria met in council to deliberate on the affairs of the confederation. No Etruscan remains, however, exist save a few caverned tombs, now turned into the hovels of the inhabitants.

'Well may this height have been chosen as the site of the national temple! It commands a magnificent and truly Etruscan panorama. The lake (of Bolsena) shines beneath in all its breadth and beauty—truly meriting the title of "the great lake of Italy": and though the towers and palaces of Volsinii have long since ceased to sparkle on its bosom, it still mirrors the white cliffs of its twin islets, and the distant snow-peaks of Amiata and Cetona. In every

other direction is one "intermingled pomp of vale and hill." In the east rise the dark mountains of Umbria; and the long line of mist at their foot marks the course of "the Etruscan stream"—

"The noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome."

The giant Apennines of Sabina loom afar off, dim through the bazy noon; and the nearer Ciminian, dark with its once'dread forests, stretches its triple-crested mass across the southern horizon. Fertile and populous was the country, numerous and potent the cities, that lay beneath the confederate princes as they sat here in council; and many an eye in the wide plain would turn hitherward as to the ark of national safety. The warriors gathering at the sacred lake in defence of their children's homes and fathers' sepulchres, would look to the great goddess for succour, the augur on the distant arx of Tarquinii or Cosa, would turn to her shrine for a propitious omen—the husbandman would lift his eye from the furrow, and invoke her blessing on his labours; and the mariner on the bosom of the far-off Tyrrhene, would catch the white gleam of her temple, and breathe a prayer for safety and success.—*Dennis, 'Cities of Etruria.'*

The principal sight of the place is the wonderful old *Church of S. Flaviano*, which dates from the eleventh century, but was restored by Urban IV. in 1262. It is inscribed:—

'Annis millienis currentibus atque tricenis
Binis adjunctis, ostendit pagina cunctis,
Hoc templum factum denuo virtutibus aptum,
Strage jacens bina, vetere confluenta ruina,
Ad quod mirandus fundandum subito Landus
Se dedit.
Cui Deus assistat, semper qui talibus instat,
Et pater hic Sanctus Flavianus nomine tantus,
At laudem cujus fundavit limines hujus
Templi gens montis Flauconis.
Virque magistralis, intende nomine talis,
Construxit totum subtilis candide notum.'

The church is a most curious building, and highly picturesque outside, with a broad balconied loggia over a triple entrance. Within, it is one of the most remarkable churches in Italy, by no means 'subterranean,' as sometimes described, nor has it even a crypt, but the triforium is of such breadth that it almost forms a second church, and contains a second high-altar, and a bishop's throne, approached by staircases on either side of the high-altar which covers the remains of S. Flaviano in the lower church. The pillars are of enormous size, and with curious capitals sculptured with intricate patterns. Some of the side chapels are almost in ruins. The whole building was once covered with frescoes, which are now only visible where a whitewash coating has been removed. In a chapel on the left of the entrance they are more perfect, and exquisite specimens of Umbrian Art. The chief subject is the massacre of the Innocents; a beautiful head, probably of the unknown artist, is introduced in the frieze. In the centre of the ceiling is seen Christ surrounded by Angels.

An incised grave-stone (1493) before the high-altar representing a bishop with a goblet on either side of his head, is interesting as that

of Bishop Johann *Fugger*, one of the financial family who burnt the pledges of the debts of Charles V., and lived in princely splendour in the old palace at Augsburg now known as the inn, 'Drei Mohren.' The bishop loved good wine beyond everything, and travelled over all distant lands in search of it. He was so afraid of the price rising on his advent, that he sent on his wine-taster before him, to sample the wine at the places he came to, and if he found it good to send back the word 'Est.' The valet came to Montefiascone and found the wine so absolutely enchanting that he wrote the sign three times—'Est, Est, Est' (like Bass's double XX). The bishop arrived and drank so much that he died, desiring with his last breath that a barrel of wine might annually be upset upon his grave, so that his body, after the manner of certain of the ancients, might still sop in the delicious fluid, and bequeathing a sum of money to Montefiascone on this condition. The bishop's wishes were carried out annually till 1813, but the price of the cask of wine is now applied to charity. On the bishop's sepulchral slab is the epitaph placed there by the valet.

'Est, Est, Est
Propter nimium est,
Joannes de Foueris
Dominus meus
Mortuus est.'

It was in the castle of Montefiascone that (1370) the ecstatic S. Bridget of Sweden forced her way into the presence of Pope Urban V. and forbade him to leave Italy, threatening him with death if he disobeyed her.

From the ridge above Montefiascone we look down over the lonely lake of **Bolsena**, with which we have already made acquaintance from the top of Soracte. It is more than twenty-six miles round, and encircled by hills. Two rocky islets break the expanse of breezeless water; on the larger, **Bisentina**, stands an interesting church built by the Farnesi to commemorate the miraculous escape of S. Cristina from drowning: in the smaller island, **Martana**, may be seen the staircase which led to the bath where the Gothic Queen Amalasontha (daughter of Theodoric) was strangled by her cousin Theodatus. The lake is full of fish, especially eels: Pope Martin IV. died from eating too many of them:

'E quella faccia
Di là da lui, più che le altre trapunta,
Ebbe la Santa Chiesa in le sue braccia
Dal Torso fu, e purga per digiuno
Le anguille di Bolsena e la vernaccia.'

—*Purgat.* xxiv.

'The lake is surrounded with white rocks, and stored with fish and wild-fowl. The younger Pliny (Ep. xi. 95) celebrates two woody islands that floated on its waters: if a fable, how credulous the ancients! if a fact, how careless the moderns! yet, since Pliny, the islands may have been fixed by new and gradual accessions.'—*Gibbon*, v. 128.

As we approach Bolsena, situated on the Via Cassia, the valley is hemmed in to our right by curious basaltic rocks, formed by

rows of columns closely imbedded together, as at the Giant's Causeway, and at Dunstanborough in Northumberland. Since railways have diverted the traffic, there has been only a very humble inn in the little walled town of Bolsena, the Stella, though artists may obtain lodgings there, or at the Alleanza. They will find plenty of fascinating work in its old streets, full of beautiful doorways, and charming subjects of vine-covered loggias before the old houses, with views of the blue lake beneath the twining branches.

Outside the northern gate is a sort of little piazza, round which are ranged some altars and capitals of columns, relics of the city of Volsinii, which the Romans built on the site of the earlier Etruscan city of Volsinium, celebrated in the pages of Livy. It was taken and destroyed by Fulvius Flaccus, B.C. 263. Sejanus, the treacherous favourite of Tiberius, was born at Volsinii, and the poet, Festus Avienus, A.D. 390 (?)

That which alone saves Bolsena now from sinking into utter insignificance, is the fame of S. Cristina, for though her legend is rejected by the authorities of the Church, her fame continues to be great through the whole of central Italy, and as the little town of Tiro, where she was born, on the shore of the lake, has been swallowed up by its waters, the pilgrimages in her honour are now devoted to Bolsena, where she is buried.

Her legend, as given in the *Perfetto Legendario*, represents her as the daughter of Urbanus, a Roman patrician, and governor of the city. He was an idolater, but his daughter, who had been early converted to the faith of Christ, called herself therefore Cristina. "One day, as she stood at her window, she saw many poor and sick, who begged alms, and she had nothing to give them. But suddenly she remembered that her father had many idols of gold and silver: and, being filled with the holy zeal of piety and charity, she took these false gods and broke them in pieces, and divided them amongst the poor. When her father returned and beheld what had been done, no words could express his rage and fury! He ordered his servants to seize her and beat her with rods, and throw her into a dark dungeon: but the angels of heaven visited and comforted her, and healed her wounds. Then her father, seeing that torments did not prevail, ordered them to tie a mill-stone round her neck, and throw her into the lake of Bolsena: but the angels still watched over her; they sustained the stone, so that she did not sink, but floated on the surface of the lake; and the Lord, who beheld from heaven all that this glorious virgin had suffered for His sake, sent an angel to clothe her in a white garment, and to conduct her safe to land. Then her father, utterly astonished, struck his forehead and exclaimed, "What meaneth this witchcraft?" And he ordered that they should light a fiery furnace and throw her in; but she remained there five days unharmed, singing the praises of God. Then he ordered that her head should be shaved, and that she should be dragged to the temple of Apollo to sacrifice: but no sooner had she looked upon the idol, than it fell down before her. When her father saw this his terror was so great that he gave up the ghost.

"But the patrician Julian, who succeeded him as governor, was not less barbarous, for, hearing that Cristina in her prison sang perpetually the praises of God, he ordered her tongue to be cut out, but she only sang more sweetly than ever, and uttered her thanksgivings aloud, to the wonder of all who heard her. Then he shut her up in a dungeon with serpents and venomous reptiles: but they became in her presence harmless as doves. So, being wellnigh in despair, this perverse pagan caused her to be bound to a post, and ordered his soldiers to shoot her with arrows till she died. Thus she at

length received the hardly-earned crown of martyrdom ; and the angels, full of joy and wonder at such invincible fortitude, bore her pure spirit into heaven."—*Jameson, 'Legendary Art.'*

The beautiful *Church of S. Cristina* stands near the Roman gate. In front of it is a splendid sarcophagus, with Bacchic bas-reliefs. The doors have ornaments by *Lucca della Robbia's* school. Within, is the shrine of the saint, with three scenes from her prolonged martyrdom—the cutting off of her breasts, her being roasted in a furnace, and her being shot with arrows. It is comforting to read that all these horrors were of no avail, and she was, according to one account, thrown into the lake and drowned.

A dark chapel on the **left** is famous as the scene of the **Miracle of Bolsena**, portrayed by Raffaele on the walls of the Stanze, when, to convert an unbelieving priest, the consecrated wafer bled at the moment of elevation. The institution of the festival of Corpus Domini by Urban IV. is often attributed to this story, but really resulted from the visions of S. Julienne, abbess of Mont Cornillon, near Liège. The miracle of Bolsena has, however, a still nobler memorial in the Cathedral of Orvieto.

'The story of the miracle of Bolsena presents one of the most singular examples of the acceptance, and intensely-felt influences in the popular mind, of the miraculous, admitted without any such proofs or investigations as modern intellect would demand. And the two versions of the same story are essentially different. A German priest, troubled in conscience for having doubted, not (it seems) the doctrine of a *real*, but of a *carneal* Presence, in the Eucharist, set out for Rome, with the hope of securing the intercession of the chief Apostle, for the solving of his doubts or pardoning of his errors. Resting one day on the shores of the beautiful lake of Bolsena, he celebrated mass in the church of S. Cristina ; and after the consecration, whilst holding the sacred Host in his hands, with mind earnestly bent, as was natural, on the mysterious question that had led him to undertake his pilgrimage, beheld blood issuing from the consecrated species, and staining the linen corporal ; each stain severally assuming the form of a human head, with features like the "*Volto Santo*," or supposed portrait of the Saviour ! Such is one version ; but different indeed are even leading details in the other—namely, that the priest merely let fall some drops of consecrated wine on the corporals, and when endeavouring to conceal this by folding up the linen, found that the liquid had passed through all the folds, leaving on each a red stain, in circular form like the Host ! The rest of the story is given without discrepancies, and is perfectly credible. Too much awe-stricken to consume the elements, that priest, now for ever cured of scepticism, reverentially reserved both those sacramental species ; proceeded to Orvieto, and threw himself at the feet of the Pope, confessing his doubts, and narrating the miracle. Urban IV. immediately sent the Bishop of Orvieto to bring thither the Host and the corporals ; and himself, with all the local clergy, went in procession to meet the returning prelate, at a bridge some miles distant, where he received the sacred deposit from his hands. It was soon afterwards, in 1264, that Urban IV. published at Orvieto the bull instituting the Corpus Domini festival, and commissioned S. Thomas Aquinas, who was then giving theological lectures in that city, to compose the office and hymns for the day.'—*Hemans, 'Hist. of Mediæval Christianity.'*

Three stones '*insanguinati*' are enclosed in the altar, and beneath it is another relic, the stone which was tied to the feet of S. Cristina, that she might sink in the lake, but which miraculously bore her up like a boat, and on which her holy foot-marks

may still be seen. In the sacristy is a predella telling the story of S. George.

We were amused by the curious sense of proprietorship manifested by the little children who surrounded us while we were drawing at Bolsena. 'You think that those roses in your hand are beautiful, don't you?' said one little child of six years old to another; 'you should see the roses in *my* vigna.'

'Ah, tu hai una vigna!' exclaimed the little listener with wide jealous eyes.

'Oh, *altro*!'

Most lovely is the ascent from Bolsena into the vine-clad hills, where, between the garlands hanging from tree to tree, one has glimpses of the broad lake with its islands, and the brown castle and town rising up against it in the repose of their deep shadow. Finally the direct road to Orvieto is reached.

Seven miles to the right of it, but accessible from this road, stands the picturesque mediaeval **Bagnorea** (*Balneum Regis*) (*Albergo Barili*), by the Torbido, in a wild volcanic district, and occupying a lofty hill-top, only approached by narrow ridges across great depressions which separate it from the table-land, on the right bank of the Torbido. This remote town was the birth-place (1221) of Giovanni da Fidanza, the 'Seraphic Doctor,' who obtained his name of **S. Buonaventura** from the exclamation of S. Francis, 'O buona ventura,' when, during a severe illness, he awoke from a death-like trance in answer to the prayers of his great master. He died in 1275, leaving behind him a vast number of mystic works, bearing such names as — 'The Nightingale of the Passion of our Lord fitted to the Seven Hours,' 'The six wings of the Cherubim and the six wings of the Seraphim,' and 'The Soul's Journey to God.' Dante introduces him as singing the praises of S. Dominic in Paradise:—

'Io son la vita di Bonaventura
Da Bagnoregio, che ne' grandi uffici
Sempre posposi la sinistra cura.'

—*Par.* xii. 127.

His festival is held here on July 14.

CHAPTER XXV

THE PONTINE MARSHES (PALUDI PONTINI)

(This district may be visited from Velletri, or direct from Rome. Carriages may be engaged at Velletri for the whole excursion, going the first day to Terracina, with a divergence of some hours to Ninfa; the second day remaining at Terracina and visiting S. Felice and the Monte Circello; the third day diverging to Piperno and Fossanuova and returning to Velletri or Rome; or, it may be better to sleep the third day at Piperno, when Sonnino may be visited.)

IT is a dull descent from Velletri toward the levels. The road runs through low woods of oaks, once much frequented by brigands—even indeed from classical times:

‘Interdum et ferro subitus grassator agit rem,
Armato quoties tutae custode tenentur
Et Pomptina palus et Gallinaria pinus.
Sic inde huc omnes tanquam ad vivaria currunt.’

—*Juvenal*, ‘*Sat.*’ iii. 305.

About nine miles from Velletri we reach **Cisterna**, the *Cisterna Neronis* of the Middle Ages, but not, as is often said, the *Three Taverns* (Tres Tabernae) of the New Testament, which is better placed at S. Gennaro.

‘And so we went towards Rome. And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns; whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage.’—*Acts*, xxviii. 15.

The Three Taverns, probably three wayside Osterie for travellers by the Via Appia, are frequently mentioned by Cicero and other classical authors. But S. Gregory the Great in one of his letters (to John, Bishop of Velletri), says that no remains existed in his time of Appii Forum, or that if any such did exist, the Pontine Marshes had made them inaccessible; he adds that the Three Taverns were identical with the place then known as Cisterna.

The town of Cisterna clusters around the vast, gloomy, *Palace of the Caëtani*, built at intervals, and without regularity of design, around their old machicolated tower. The whole of this district still belongs to the Caëtani, whose Duchies, and Principalities, and Countships, with the cities, lands, and castles belonging to them, would at one time have made a very considerable kingdom. Their name is supposed to have been assumed when the absolute

sovereignty of Caieta was conferred upon them by the Greek Emperor Basil.

Besides Gaeta their southern Signories included Itri, Teano, Sessa, S. Germano, Sperlonga, Telesco, Rocca Guglielma, S. Donato, Garigliano, Avella, Aquino, Calvi, Castiglione, Castroforte, Cerreto, Dragone, Fondi, Gioja, Cajazzo, Arezze, Matalone, Pontecorvo, the Principality of Caserta, the Countship of Mucrone, the Duchy of Trajetto, the Principality of Altamura, of the cities of Monte Peluso, Minervino, and Mottola, and of the lands of Piedemonte, Grottula, Masafro, Monterodune, and Maccia, &c.

In the plain to the right of Cisterna, in the direction of Porto d'Anzio is *Campo Morto*, where the Papal generals Malatesta and Riario gained a victory in 1482 over the troops of Naples and Ferrara commanded by Alfonso Duke of Calabria.

A short distance beyond Cisterna, a road on the left turns off two miles to the mysterious ruined city of Ninfa, and strikes off on another to **Sermoneta**, six miles further, superbly occupying the summit of a spur projecting from the mountains, separated from them on one side by a beautifully wooded ravine, and overlooking marsh, plain and forest. At the foot of the hill we pass on the left an old *Basilica*, with a fine rose-window, interesting as having been built in fulfilment of the vow of Agnesina Caëtani (a sister of Marc Antonio Colonna and wife of Onorato Caëtani), that if her husband returned in safety from the battle of Lepanto, she would build and endow a church in honour of S. Francis, on the spot where she met him.

The earliest mention of Sermoneta is in 1222, in a bull of Honorius III. In 1297 it was bought from the Annibaldeschi by Pietro Caëtani, Count of Caserta, nephew of Boniface VIII. In 1500 Alexander VI. besieged and took the town, putting to death Monsignor Giacomo Caëtani, and Bernardino Caëtani, who was only aged seven. Till this time there were no titles in Italy, the great personages were only 'Seigneurs' of their own lands, but with the Spanish Borgia this was changed, and Alexander VI. made his own son Duke of Sermoneta. In his time the prisons here were erected, and were well filled. When Julius II. came to the throne, he restored Sermoneta with all their other confiscated possessions to the Caëtani, and also bestowed upon them the title which his predecessor had attached to the property. The Caëtani retained their complete feudal rights, even the power of life and death, until the present century.

The mediæval castle is exceedingly imposing externally, and encloses a vast courtyard. Ricchi, writing in the beginning of the last century, dilates upon the splendours of its furniture, but the Duke of Sermoneta who lived in the time of the great French Revolution was so dreadfully afraid of an attack, that he voluntarily opened his gates for pillage, and invited all the townspeople to come in and help themselves; which they did, leaving nothing whatever behind them. Only a small part of the building is now habitable. There are one or two fine old chimney-pieces, but the

parts of the castle in best preservation are the prisons, which were built by the Borgia, and which occupy an entire wing, one below another, beginning with well-lighted rooms, and ending in dismal dungeons. The prison walls in it contain plenty of graffiti made by the ill-fated captives. Permission to visit it must be obtained at Palazzo Caëtani in Rome. There is a fine view from the top of the tower and the promenade. The little town was the birthplace of the painter Girolamo da Siciolante (1504), and it is supposed that Aldus Manutius, the greatest of early printers, was also born here. There are several large convents on the neighbouring hills: that of the Bernardins belonged to the Knights Templars.

We now enter the Pontine Marshes.

‘Ceux qui n’ont pas vu les Marais Pontins se représentent une vaste étendue de marécages stériles et nauséabondes, aussi désagréable aux yeux que répugnante à l’odorat. Rien n’est plus loin de la vérité. Les marais Pontins sont un des plus beaux pays de l’Europe, un des plus riches, un des plus charmants, durant les trois quarts de l’année.

‘Figurez-vous une longue plaine bordée d’un côté par la mer, de l’autre par un rang de montagnes pittoresques. Les montagnes sont cultivées avec soin et plantées sur tous leurs versants: c’est un grand jardin couvert d’oliviers dont le feuillage bleuâtre semble en toute saison baigné d’une vapeur matinale. Les premiers versants protègent des bois de vieux orangers bien portants. La plaine se partage en forêts, en prairies, et en cultures. Les forêts, hautes et vigoureuses, attestent l’incroyable fécondité d’un sol vierge. Elles nourrissent les plus beaux arbres de l’Europe et les lianes les plus puissantes. La vigne sauvage et l’eglantier grimpant colorent et parfument le feuillage toujours vert des lièges.

‘Les prairies sont peuplées de troupeaux innombrables: on n’en trouverait d’aussi beaux que dans l’Amérique ou dans l’Ukraine. Des bandes de chevaux demi-sauvages galopent en liberté dans des enclos immenses; les vaches et les buffles ruminent en paix l’herbe haute et touffue. Les gardiens de ce bétail, cloués sur la selle de leurs chevaux, le manteau en croupe, le fusil en bandoulière, la lance au poing, vêtus de velours solide et guêtres jusqu’au genou d’un cuir épais et brillant, galopent autour de leurs élèves. Les jeunes poulains, haut perchés sur leurs pattes grêles, décomptent à l’horizon leurs silhouettes fantastiques.

‘Les cultures son rares, mais gigantesques. Au printemps on voit jusqu’à cent paires de bœufs occupés à labourer le même champ. A la fin de juin, il n’est pas rare de rencontrer une pièce de blé qui dore une lieue de terrain. Les blés sont beaux, les maïs sont si grands qu’un homme à cheval y est aussi invisible qu’une perdrix dans nos sillons. Les foins, partout où l’eau ne fait pas foisonner le jonc et le carex, sont bien longs, bien sains et bien parfumés. La culture maraîchère trouve même une place dans cette fécondité de toutes choses. C’est dans les Marais Pontins qu’on cultive, par pièces de plusieurs hectares, ces artichauts demi-sauvages dont le peuple de Rome se nourrit en été.

‘Cependant tout n’est pas fait pour les Marais Pontins, puisqu’ils ne sont point habitables. La population qui les cultive descend des montagnes, laboure, fauche ou moissonne et s’enfuit aussitôt, sous peine de mort.

‘C’est d’abord que les eaux ne s’écoulent pas assez vite. Il faudrait quelques canaux de plus.

‘C’est aussi que les détritès de matières végétales qui composent ce sol fécond subissent, dans les grandes chaleurs, une fermentation terrible. Il s’en dégage des poisons subtils, insaisissables à l’odorat, mais funestes à la santé. La décomposition des produits animaux est fétide, mais inoffensive et presque salubre; tandis que ces prairies embaumées engendrent la peste. Quand le soleil de juillet a mis en liberté les gaz délétères qui couvaient sous l’herbe de ces campagnes, le vent les emporte où bon lui semble, et l’on voit à dix lieues de distance, dans la montagne, en pays naturellement sain, les hommes mourir empoisonnés.’—*About, ‘Rome Contemporaine,’* p. 307.

Under the hills between Norba and Sermoneta stands the beautifully situated abbey of **Valvisciola**, at the end of Val Carella (xiii. c.).

There is an Osteria at **Foro Appio**, of Pauline memories. It is also the place where Horace took the canal-boat :—

‘Inde Forum Appi,
Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis.’

—‘*Sat.*’ 1. v. 3.

The great canale della Bolte runs parallel with the Appia Nuova here.

The next Osteria, **Mesa**, is supposed to mark the station *Ad Medias*¹ on the Via Appia. Near it are a tomb and an ancient mile-stone of Trajan’s date. Beyond the next post-house, of *Ponte Maggiore*, we cross a river formed by the union of the *Uffente* and *Amaseno*.

‘Many people imagine that the **Pontine Marshes** are only marshy ground, a dreary extent of stagnant, slimy water, a melancholy road to travel over: on the contrary, the marshes have more resemblance to the rich plains of Lombardy; yes, they are like them, rich to abundance; grass and herbage grow here with a succulence and luxuriance which the north of Italy cannot exhibit.

‘Neither can any road be more excellent than that which leads through the marshes, upon which, as on a bowling-green, the carriages roll along between unending alleys of trees, whose thick branches afford a shade from the scorching beams of the sun. On each side the immense plain stretches itself out with its tall grass, and its fresh, green marsh-plants. Canals cross one another, and drain off the water which stands in ponds and lakes covered with reeds and broad-leaved water-lilies.

‘On the left hand, in coming from Rome, the lofty hills of Abruzzi extend themselves, with here and there small towns, which, like mountain castles, shine with their white walls from the grey rocks. On the right the green plain stretches down to the sea where Cape Circello lifts itself, now a promontory, but formerly Circe’s Island, where tradition lands Ulysses.

‘As I went along, the mists, which began to dissipate, floated over the green extent, where the canals shone like linen on a bleaching-ground. The sun glowed with the warmth of summer, although it was but the middle of March. Herds of buffaloes went through the tall grass. A troop of horses galloped wildly about, and struck out with their hind feet, so that the water was dashed around to a great height; their bold attitudes, their unconstrained leaping and gambolling, might have been a study for an animal painter. To the left I saw a dark monstrous column of smoke, which ascended from the great fire which the shepherds had kindled to purify the air around their huts. I met a peasant, whose pale, yellow, sickly exterior contradicted the vigorous fertility which the marshes presented. Like a dead man arisen from the grave, he rode upon his black horse, and held a sort of lance in his hand with which he drove together the buffaloes which went into the swampy mire, where some of them laid themselves down, and stretched forth only their dark ugly heads with their malicious eyes.

‘The solitary post-houses, of three or four stories high, which were erected close by the road-side, showed also, at the first glance, the poisonous effluvia which steamed up from the marshes. The lime-washed walls were entirely covered with an unctuous grey-green mould. Buildings, like human-beings, bore here the stamp of corruption, which showed itself in strange contrast with the luxuriance around, with the fresh verdure, and the warm sunshine.’
—*Hans Christian Andersen*, ‘*The Improvisatore*.’

Three miles before reaching Terracina, we pass the site of that fountain of **Feronia**, which Horace describes as the place where

¹ Midway between Foro Appio and Terracina.

weary travellers quitted the canal through the marshes, and began the tiresome ascent to Anxur.

‘Quarta vix demum exponimur hora ;
Ora manusque tua lavimus, Feronia, lympha.
Milia tum pransi tria repimus, atque subimus
Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur.’

—*Sat. I. v. 24.*

The sacred grove of Feronia (a Sabine goddess), much visited by slaves who hoped for freedom, is mentioned by Virgil :—

‘Viridi gaudens Feronia luco.’

—*Aen. vii. 800.*

The situation of **Terracina** (Albergo della Posta, della Marina, and Nazionale Caffè Centrale) is most picturesque and beautiful, one portion of it occupying the rocky hill, and the Borgo, the sea front.

‘Close before me stood Terracina in the fertile, Hesperian landscape. Three lofty palm-trees, with their fruit, grew not far from the road. The vast orchards, which stretched up the mountain-sides, seemed like a great green carpet with millions of golden points. Lemons and oranges bowed the branches down to the ground. Before a peasant’s hut lay a quantity of lemons, piled together into a heap, as if they had been chestnuts which had been shaken down. Rosemary and wild dark-red gillyflowers grew abundantly in the crevices of the rock, high up among the peaks of the cliffs, where stood the magnificent remains of the castle of Ostrogothic king Theodoric (Temple of Jupiter Anxur), and which overlook the city and the whole surrounding country.

‘My eyes were dazzled with the beautiful picture, and, quietly dreaming, I entered Terracina. Before me lay the sea—the wonderfully beautiful Mediterranean. It was heaven itself in the purest ultramarine, which like an immense plain was spread out before me. Far out at sea I saw islands, like floating clouds of the most beautiful lilac colour, and perceived Vesuvius where the dark column of smoke became blue in the far horizon. The surface of the sea seemed perfectly still, yet the lofty billows, as blue and clear as the ether itself, broke against the shore on which I stood, and sounded like thunder among the mountains.’—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

The Volscian name for their capital Terracina was **Anxur** (‘the Proud’), but it was always known as Tarracina to the Romans. The ancient name is used by the Latin poets, because ‘Tarracina’ could not be introduced in verse, but Livy and Cicero speak of Terracina.

The town is first mentioned in history B.C. 509. It was taken from the Volscians, B.C. 406, but was temporarily reconquered by them. In B.C. 329, it was secured by a Roman colony. Horace says that the ancient Anxur stood upon the rock at the foot of which the present town is situated. Ovid calls it Trachas :—

‘Trachasque obsessa palude.’

—*Metam. xv. 717.*

but the Greek derivation of Strabo from *Τραχινή* (from its precipitous situation) is a mere etymological fancy. Porphyryon says the old town was standing ruined in his day.

It was colonised by Rome, to which it became of importance as a naval port. The Latin poets constantly extol its beauty and

position, and the abundant remains of villas attest Roman appreciation.

'Jamque et praecipites superaverat Anxuris arces.'

—*Lucan*, iii. 84.

' . . . scopulosi verticis Anxur.'

—*Sil. Ital.* viii. 392.

' . . . arcesque superbæ
Anxuris.'

—*Stat. 'Silv.'* i. 3.

'Seu placet Aeneae nutrix, seu filia Solis,
Sive salutaris candidus Anxur aquis.'

—*Mart. 'Ep.'* v. 1. 5.

'O nemus, o fontes, solidumque madentis arenae
Littus, et aequoreis splendidus Anxur aquis.'

—*Id. 'Ep.'* x. 51. 7.

'Scarcely had we congratulated ourselves at the sight of the rock-built Terracina, than we came in view of the sea beyond it. Then, on the opposite side of the mountain city, a new vegetation was presented to us! The Indian figs were pushing their large fleshy leaves amidst the grey-green of dwarf myrtles, the yellow-green of the pomegranates, and the silvery-green of the olives. Many new flowers and shrubs grew by the wayside. In the meadows the narcissus and the adonis were in flower. For a long time the sea was on our right, while close to us on the left ran an unbroken range of limestone rocks.'—*Goethe*.

The whole circuit of the ancient port can still be traced, and also that of the town walls of 'opus incertum' and polygonal.

The **Duomo**, with square campanile (S. Pietro e Cesareo) is thought to stand on the site of an area dedicated to Roma and Augustus adjoining the Forum. The latter preserves its original pavement. The Porch displays ten fluted columns, and other fragments are enclosed within its buildings. The columns rest upon crouching lions. A Roman basin is shown as the bath of boiling oil in which some Christian martyrs suffered. The pulpit is inlaid with mosaics and supported by pillars also resting on lions. In the sacristy is shown a mediaeval 'cassone,' of wood. The first bishop is said to have been S. Epaphroditus, a disciple of S. Peter, A.D. 46. Two other churches are interesting. We know from a letter of Gregory the Great to Agnellus, Bishop of Terracina, that paganism lingered long in this locality.

'Now as to those who worship idols and trees: we have heard that certain persons there (it is a shame even to speak of it) pay worship to trees, and perform many other rites blasphemous to the Christian faith, and we wonder why you, my brother, have delayed to visit them with condign punishment. Wherefore by this letter I exhort you to make diligent search concerning them, and when you know the truth to visit them with such a vengeance that their punishment may appease the divine wrath, and be an example to others. We have written also to Maurus, our lieutenant, to bid him give your Reverence every assistance in the matter, if so be that you can find no sufficient excuse for clemency.'—*Greg. Mag. Ep.* viii. 20.

The great rocks overhang Terracina most picturesquely. On the summit (750 ft.) of the cliff juts out an immense pile of opus incer-



PLATFORM OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER ANXUR. TERRACINA



PORTO D'ANZIO

[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

tum ruins of the so-called *Palace of Theodoric*, i.e. the platform of the **Temple of Jupiter Anxur**. The path is difficult to find, but the ascent repays the fatigue, with a magnificent view of M. Circeo and the islands on one side, with the plain of Fondi, and the promontory of Gaeta, with Ischia (in clear weather) on the other. Out in the valley behind are seen lines of polygonal walls.

The ill-fated Emperor Galba was born in a villa near Terracina. The narrow pass beyond the town, between the cliffs and the sea, is *Lautulae*, occupied by the Roman troops who mutinied after the 1st Samnite war and intended marching to Rome, when their insurrection was quelled by Valerius Corvus. The defile was secured by Fabius Maximus in the second Punic war to prevent Hannibal from advancing by the Appian Way.

A little beyond Terracina, the high-road to Naples passes through the arched gateway called *Portella*, which was once the frontier of the Neapolitan kingdom.

An excursion should certainly be made (Via Torre Badino) from Terracina (2 hours drive) to the isolated **Circean Mount** (Monte Circello), which, in distant view, resembles Capri, and which is always so grand a feature, looming like an island (which geologists say it never was) above the long flat lines of the marshes.

‘Vedi quel monte, ove si digiuna
Circe più volte fece i suoi incantesmi
Al lume del sole, e della luna.’

—*F. degli Uberti.*

A road of twelve miles leads to **S. Felice**, a small town on the southern slope of the promontory, and the rest of the ascent must be accomplished on foot. There is a good road up to the Semaforo.

The origin of the actual town of *Cerceii* is uncertain, but it stood on the site now occupied by S. Felice, under which its polygonal walls and drains can be traced. It is first mentioned in the account of Tarquinius Superbus, who colonised it at the same time as Signia. It was taken by Coriolanus and restored to the Volsci. In B.C. 340 it formed one of the cities of the Latin league. After it fell again into the hands of the Romans, it was never very faithful to them. At the time of the second Punic War it had declined, and was one of the cities which declared themselves unable to contribute to the supplies of the army. It is called a small town (*πολιχριον*) by Strabo, as it now is. Many wealthy Romans however resorted to it under the Empire, and both Tiberius and Domitian owned villas here, remains of which can be seen. Its oysters, if not the best, were celebrated.

‘Ostrea Circaeis, Miseno oriuntur echini.’

—*Horace, ‘Sat.’ II. iv. 33.*

‘Circaeis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu,
Et semel aspecti littus dicebat echini.’

—*Juvenal, ‘Sat.’ iv. 140.*

The triumvir Lepidus was exiled hither by Augustus, after his deposition.

Until A.D. 1118 the Roman city of Rocca Cercea existed, and was then considered to be the strongest fortress in the possession of the Church. It belonged to the Frangipani from 1185 to 1203, but soon after that time must have perished, when S. Felice arose in its place. This was sold to Pietro Caëtani, nephew of Boniface VIII., by the Annibaldeschi in 1301, was confiscated by Alexander VI. in 1500 with other Caëtani properties, but was restored to the family in 1506 by Julius II. In 1713 it was sold to Prince Ruspoli by Duke Michelangelo Caëtani.

Behind the town one must ascend the hill (1775 ft.) to visit the impressive remains, which are supposed to belong to the city of Circe the Enchantress, but in reality are the enclosing walls of a Roman fortress against the Volsci. Few places in Italy are more romantic, very few situations more striking; none have been more frequently celebrated by the Latin poets. Toward the sea the promontory ends in a great limestone precipice, towards the Pontine Marshes. Several ancient writers considered that it had been an island, and Homer so represents it, if indeed this place was in his mind when he related the adventures of Ulysses. Many authors mention that the tomb of Elpenor, a companion of Ulysses, was shown upon the Circean Mount, and Strabo relates that the cup of Ulysses (from which when his companions drank, they were changed into beasts) was preserved here as a relic. Dionysius says it continued to be shown even in the age of Augustus.

At the summit are remains locally supposed to belong to a Temple of the Sun. Here was also supposed the abode of Circe, described by Virgil:—

‘ Proxima Circeae raduntur litora terrae :
Dives inaccessos ubi Solis filia lucos
Assiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas.
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iraeque leonum
Vincula recusantum et sera sub nocte rudentum :
Saetigerique sues, atque in presepibus ursi
Saevire, ac formae magnorum ululare luporum.’

—*Aen.* vii. 10.

A quarry-cave called Grotta della Maga still preserves the memory of Circe. Her priestesses are said to have kept a number of dried herbs gathered on the mountain (the flora of which is very rich), in the portico of the temple, for the cure of the bites of venomous serpents, which are, however, rare here.

‘ Nec me latere fluentes
Arboribus succi Funestarumque potestas
Herbarum, quidquid letali germine pollens
Caucasus, aut Scythicae vernant in gramine rupes,
Quas legit Medea ferox, et callida Circe.’

—*Claudian, ‘In Rufin.’* i. 150.

Aristotle seems to have heard of the Circean Mount as producing some deadly poison, but Strabo wisely says that the descriptions of the poisonous herbs here are probably invented to confirm the claim of the promontory to have been the abode of the witch Circe.

The port of Circeii was probably to the north of the promontory, at the spot called *Porto di Paolo*, where are the remains of an extensive town with temples, exedrae, and great piscinae.

Immediately under the promontory of this (N.W.) side begins the long **Lago di Paolo**, shut in by the sea-dunes. The tower called *Torre di Paolo* was built by the Caëtani under Pius IV. (xv. c.).

On the other side, Monte Circello is the point of a bay which is closed at the other end by Gaeta. It is the 'Sinus Amyclanus' of Pliny, and formed the southern boundary of Latium.

The number of sea-birds about Monte Circello forms an attraction to ornithologists.

In returning to Velletri, or Rome, a divergence should be made from **Foro Appio** (a public conveyance runs in connection with the diligence) to **Sezze Romano** (L. Nazionale), the *Setia* of the Volscians, which is beautifully situated on a hill above the marshes. Some ruins here (besides interesting polygonals) are shown as those of a temple of Saturn. The women of Sezze have very pretty and peculiar costumes.

From the base of the hill of Sezze (1046 ft.), a road to the right leads (six miles) to **Piperno** (490 ft.), named from the ancient *Pri-vernum* (1½ miles N.), a picturesque place, with many fragments of Gothic domestic architecture, and a charming piazza adorned with old wine and orange-trees, and a cathedral. It has been celebrated in all ages for its brigands. In the early history of Rome, it made common cause with Fondi, was conquered, and its rascally chief, Vitruvius Vacca, was beaten to death at Rome. His house on the Palatine was razed, and according to some the neighbourhood of its site received the name of Campo Vaccido (?) The views toward the castled heights of Rocca Gorga and Maenza, over the vale of Amaseno are grand.

Three miles north lies the famous monastery of **Fossanuova**, which was founded by Benedictines, and existed in the IXth. c. In 1135 it passed to the Cistercians, who were succeeded by Carthusians, after the suppression under the French. In the twelfth century the monastery was restored by Frederick Barbarossa, and in the thirteenth century it was rebuilt under his grandson, Frederick II. (1208). The façade of Italian Gothic is extremely handsome, the interior is exceedingly simple and pure, like that of Casamari. Over the crossing rises an octagonal tower.

Hither S. Thomas Aquinas, 'the great Angelical,' came on his way from Naples to the General Council at Lyons in 1274, and here he died. He lay sick for some weeks, and during his last illness dictated a commentary on the Song of Solomon. When the last Sacrament was brought to him he desired to be taken from his bed and laid upon ashes strewn on the floor. His body

was taken hence, first to Fondi, then to Toulouse, except the head, which is preserved in the cathedral of Piperno. On that which was intended for his tomb is inscribed :

‘Occidit hic Thomas, lux et fax amplior Orbi,
Et candelabrum sic Nova Fossa foret ;
Editus ardenti locus est, non fossa lucerna,
Hanc igitur Fossam, quis neget esse Novam ?’

‘Entering the monastery of Fossanuova, he went first to pray before the Blessed Sacrament, according to his custom. Passing thence into the cloister, which he never lived to go out of, he repeated these words : *This is my rest for ages without end.* He was lodged in the abbot’s apartment, where he lay ill for nearly a month.

‘While lying ill, he had continually in his mouth these words of S. Austin. “Then shall I truly live, when I shall be quite filled with you alone, and your love ; now I am a burden to myself, because I am not entirely full of you.” In such pious transports of heavenly love he never ceased sighing after the glorious day of eternity. In his last moments one of the monks asked him by what means we might live always faithful in God’s grace. He answered, “Be assured that he who shall always walk faithfully in His presence, always ready to give Him an account of all his actions, shall never be separated from Him by consenting to sin.” These were his last words to man, after which he only spoke to God in prayer.’—*Alban Butler.*

‘In his last illness, the monks, notwithstanding his feeble condition, could not refrain from asking him to expound to them the *Canticle of Canticles*, which has wholly to do with the mystic marriage of the soul with Christ. The Angelical looked at them with unutterable gentleness and said, “Get me Bernard’s spirit, and I will do your bidding.” Finally, he gave way to them, and surrounding the bed on which he lay, they heard from the lips of the dying Theologian how there is no strength, or peace, or light for man, in earth or heaven, without the charity of Christ and the merits of His Cross.

‘Growing weaker, Thomas became conscious that his hour was drawing very nigh. He sent for Reginald, his *socius*, and with deep contrition, made a review of his entire life, which in reality was simply a manifestation of the abiding and angelic purity of his heart and spirit. Having done this, he begged the brethren to bring him the body of our Lord, and the Abbot, accompanied by his community, proceeded to the chamber of the dying man, bearing the Blessed Sacrament. Immediately the great Angelical perceived his Master’s presence, with the help of the brethren he rose from his pallet, and, kneeling upon the floor, adored his King and Saviour. When the Abbot was on the point of administering to him he exclaimed : “I receive Thee, the price of my soul’s redemption, for the love of whom I have studied, I have watched, and I have laboured ! Thee have I preached, Thee have I taught, against Thee have I never breathed a word, neither am I wedded to my own opinion. If I have held aught which is untrue respecting this Blessed Sacrament, I subject it to the judgment of the Holy Roman Church, in whose obedience I now pass out of life.” Then as the Abbot lifted up the spotless Element he uttered his favourite ejaculation : “Thou, O Christ, art the King of glory ; Thou art the Everlasting Son of the Father !”

‘He was taken from exile on the early morning of March 7, 1274, in the prime of manly life, being scarcely eight-and-forty years of age.

‘It is but natural, it is but beautiful, that he, who in early boyhood had been stamped with the signet of S. Benedict, should return to S. Benedict to die. He had gone forth to his work and to his labour in the morning, and he returned home to his brethren in the evening-tide.’—*Vaughan, ‘Life of S. Thomas Aquinas.’*

‘If we now hear the name of scholasticism we think not unjustly of a labyrinth which a prosaic, petty, and musty understanding, dissecting things and classifying them again, has built up in centuries of barren leisure. Who would now dive into the “*Summa Theologiae*” of Thomas Aquinas ? who would venture into this dark forest of spirits, in the midst of which lies the

Aristotelian-Christian Minotaur of thought? This colossal edifice of philosophy we look upon now as an astonishing antiquity, and its hair-splitting distinctions, its moral and speculative investigations, its problems which lie far away from every object of life, no longer occupy a race which has grown more practical or material, or freer and more simple in thought. But let us not forget that even those systems were foundations for the science of thought, besides which we must confess that man in the nineteenth century is just as helpless, with regard to the highest problems which the mind can propose, as a scholastic of the middle ages, or as the first man in paradise.'—*Gregorovius*.

The valley of Fossanuova is watered by the *Amasena*, the *Amasenus* of Virgil:—

'Ecce, fugae medio, summis Amasenus abundans
Spumabat ripis; tantus se nubibus imber
Ruperat; ille, innare parans, infantis amore
Tardatur, caroque oneri timet.'

—*Aen.* xi. 547.

It is only four or five miles from hence to **Sonnino** (1410 ft.), in a most picturesque situation beyond the line, beside which will be noticed the ancient road.

'Sonnino se voit de loin sur la pointe d'un rocher. Les bâtiments sont uniformément gris, couleur de ruines. On distingue la base de quelques tours à moitié démolies; c'est tout ce qui reste de l'enceinte fortifiée. Deux ou trois constructions neuves, d'un blanc cru, font tache dans le paysage et troublent l'harmonie triste du lieu. La route elle-même me parut sinistre, quoiqu'elle fût toute en fleurs. Les oliviers, les vignes, les clématites, les ronces, les genêts, fleurissaient à qui mieux mieux; les boutons du myrte allaient s'ouvrir, et pourtant ce luxe vigoureux d'un printemps d'Italie ne vous parlait ni d'amour ni de plaisir. Nous sondions la profondeur des ravins qui bordaient l'escarpement des rochers arides, nous plongeons dans l'épaisseur impénétrable des halliers. Quelques champs larges comme la main, appuyés sur les contreforts de pierres sèches, nous expliquaient la vie nouvelle des indigènes, leur travail opiniâtre et le maigre fruit de leurs sueurs. Ça et là sortait de terre une poignée de froment, d'avoine ou de maïs: mais la principale culture est celle des oliviers, et l'œil se promenait tristement sur leur feuillage bleuâtre.'—*About*, '*Rome Contemporaine*,' p. 312.

'Le Cardinal Antonelli est né dans un repaire. Sonnino, son village, était plus célèbre dans l'histoire du crime que toute l'Arcadie dans les annales de la vertu. Ce nid de vautours se cachait dans les montagnes du midi, vers la frontière du royaume de Naples. Des chemins impraticables à la gendarmerie serpentaient à travers les mâquis et les halliers. Quelques forêts entrelacées de lianes, quelques ravins profonds, quelques grottes ténébreuses, formaient un paysage à souhait pour la commodité du crime. Les maisons de Sonnino, vieilles, mal bâties, jetées les unes sur les autres et presque inhabitables à l'homme, n'étaient que les dépôts du pillage et les magasins de la rapine. La population, alerte et vigoureuse, cultivait, depuis plusieurs siècles, le vol à main armée et gagnait sa vie à coups de fusil. Les enfants nouveau-nés respiraient le mépris des lois avec l'air de la montagne, et suçaient, avec le lait de leurs mères, la convoitise du bien d'autrui. Ils chaussaient de bonne heure les mocassins de cuir croust, ces cloches (*cioccié*) avec lesquelles on court légèrement sur les rochers les plus escarpés. Lorsqu'on leur avait enseigné l'art de poursuivre et d'échapper, de prendre et de n'être point pris, la valeur des monnaies, l'arithmétique des partages et les principes du droit des gens tel qu'il se pratique chez les Apaches ou les Comanches, leur éducation était faite. Ils apprenaient tout seuls à jouir du bien conquis et à satisfaire leurs passions dans la victoire. En l'an de grâce 1806, cette race appétente et rusée, gratifia l'Italie d'un petit montagnard appelé Jacques Antonelli.'—*About*, '*La Question Romaine*,' p. 139.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE LATIN SHORE

(Anzio, Albergo Milano, comfortable. The hotels lay themselves out for the Roman summer and take too little pains with spring visitors.)

AFTER quitting Albano, the line runs at first through a richly-cultivated plain, leaving the hill of Monte Giove (Corioli) on the right: but soon it reaches a wilderness of asphodel, which eats up the country for many miles. The latter part of the drive is through cork and oak forest, here and there swampy and abounding with charcoal-burners, whose chains of mules laden with large burdens of the marketable carbon are encountered like caravans. The coach-road, if preferred, is excellent the whole way, and the descent upon the white houses of **Porto d' Anzio**, ranged along the blue sea, and backed by undulating green lands, reminds one of a quiet English watering-place. On entering the town, we pass, on the left, the Villa of the Aldobrandini.

Xenagoras, a Greek writer quoted by Dionysius, ascribes the foundation of Antium to Anthias, son of Circe and Ulysses: Solinus refers it to Ascanius. It was one of the Latin cities which united against Rome before the Battle of Regillus, but was afterwards taken by the Volscians, under whom it rose to great power and wealth, and continued irreconcilable with Rome. Hither Coriolanus retired when banished, and here he is said to have died. Dionysius speaks of Antium as 'a most splendid city of the Volscians.' Camillus succeeded in taking the town in B.C. 468, and it became a Roman colony. Revolting one hundred and thirty years later, it was recaptured in a sea-fight, and the beaks (Rostra) of its few ships were carried in triumph to the Capitol and used as ornaments for the 'suggestum,' or platform, for the orators in the Forum. During the latter days of the Republic, and under the Empire, Antium was most prosperous, and it became the favourite resort of the emperors. Cicero had a villa here, and amused himself by 'counting the waves.' Here Augustus received the title of 'Pater Patriae,' and here Caligula was born. Nero, who was also born at Antium, was greatly devoted to it, and constructed a magnificent port, together with a palace, and several temples. He was staying at Antium when he received the gratifying news of the burning of Rome. Antoninus Pius built an aqueduct for the town, and Septimius Severus added largely to the imperial palace. The place declined

with the Empire, and became a prey to the Goths, and, later, to the Saracens. It has been much injured of late years by the filling up of its port, which is useless now except for vessels of two hundred tons burthen.

The existing Roman remains of Porto d' Anzio are obscure, and offer only suggestions of its former grandeur. But it must clearly be borne in mind that the early Antium lay on commanding high ground, while the later Roman Antium was adjoining the sea. The traces of the former will be found by crossing the vineyards beyond the railway to Nettuno, half a mile to the N.E. There is no trace of the temple of Equestrian Fortune, commemorated by Horace, who invokes the favour of the goddess for the expedition of Augustus to Britain; it is also alluded to by Martial:—

'Seu tua veridicæ dicunt responsa sorores,
Plaua surburbani qua cubat unda freti.'

—*Ep.* v. 1.

Her oracle responded by casting lots, 'Sortes Antiatiinæ.'

A temple of Æsculapius was famous as the place where the Epidaurian statue rested on its way to Rome. The statue of this god now in the Vatican was found here.

Ovid speaks of a temple of Apollo:—

'Et tellus Circeæ, et spissi littoris Antium.
Huc ubi veliferam nautæ advertere carinam
(Asper enim jam pontus erat), Deus explicat orbes,
Perque sinus crebros et magna volumina labens,
Templa parentis inquit, flavum tangentia littus.'

—*Metam.* xv. 718.

The *Villa of Nero* (opposite the modern barracks), has never, within the memory of man, presented more than some brick walls, scarcely projecting above the turf; yet here was found the Borghese Gladiator of the Louvre. The size of Antium is attested by the marble columns and fragments scattered over the fields for miles around, and by the opus-reticulatum which often lines and fills the cliffs near the sea-shore. Projecting far into the sea, worn and caverned by the waves, are the picturesque remains of the two moles of Nero, which enclosed the ancient harbour.

The town itself is very small, merely a knot of modern houses grouped around a square (in which stands the church of S. Antonio), with a few more ancient fishermen's cottages. These line one side of a pier, constructed by the architect Zinaghi, for Innocent XII., at a cost of 200,000 scudi, upon one of the old moles of Nero, of which he filled up the arches, and thus caused the accumulation of sand which has destroyed the harbour. The lighthouse at the end of the pier is picturesque. Behind the town are open downs, strewn here and there with fragments of ruin. The sands in either direction are delightful for walking, and the views towards Nettuno are most attractive, the cliff being crowned with successive villas.

'When you sit in the window of your chamber, before which the Neapolitan fishermen are seated on the white sands mending their nets, the whole of the glorious gulf stretches before you, and you see the lovely shore as far as the Circean promontory. On the coast near Anzio rises the noble villa of Prince Borghese in a wild park of ilexes and olive-trees; further off are the castle and town of Nettuno, brown and picturesque, built into the sea, and celebrated through all the world for the beauty of its women, and their splendid costume. The lines of the coast become now ever softer, more delicate, and more drawn out, till, at the end, a little white-glimmering castle rises in the dreamy distance. This castle lends a melancholy tone to shore and sea, such as the Circean cape sheds over the Homeric poetry. To the eyes of every German it has a magical attraction, and his heart is moved to sorrow and tears, for it suggests one of the greatest landmarks in the history of his fatherland. It is yet the same tower of Astura, whither Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufens, fled after the lost battle of Tagliacozzo, and where the traitor Frangipani took him prisoner, and delivered him into the hands of the bloodthirsty Charles of Anjou. At that tower the sun of the Hohenstaufens sank into the sea.'—Gregorovius, *'The Latin Shore.'*

The fishing boats and the fishing operations are a great amusement to those who stay long at Porto d' Anzio.

'It is the custom of the fishermen to go out towards Ave Maria, and to fish through the night. That which is caught will be brought with the morning into the straw-roofed sheds, but in the evening it will be registered and packed up, and by night it will be carried in carts to Rome. Evening brings with it an exciting scene. The clerks sit at a table with a lantern and register the fish; all around fishermen are occupied in bringing in fish in baskets, while others pound pieces of ice, and lay the fish upon this frozen surface. The variety and wonderful forms of these creatures of the sea are astonishing. There is the long *Grongo*, the great and handsome *Palombo*, the beautiful spotted *Murena*, the flounder-like prickly *Ray*, the great multitude of glittering *Triglie* and *Sardines*, and the well-tasting *Merluzzo*. Sometimes a dolphin is brought up, and once I saw in a fish-basket two *Pesce-cane*, which had been found here. They were from eight to ten feet long, their black-steel blue colour had something uncanny about it.'—Gregorovius.

To the left of the town, the cliffs are covered with *Mesembryanthemum*, hanging in festoons with flowers like sea-anemones, making masses of purple colour. Aloes form the hedges of the villa-gardens.

'Precious marbles of every kind are found here. One might fill carts with gleaming wave-polished marble, which is sprinkled over the shore, go as far as one will. One can pick up Verde Antico, Giallo Antico, the gorgeous oriental Alabaster, Porphyry, Pavonazzetto, Serpentino, and blue Smalt. Wherever these rare stones exist, a glance into the waves tells us where they come from. For out of the sea rise the foundations of ancient Roman water-palaces, and at a quarter of an hour's distance from Antium, the shore is nothing less than a ruin of continuous masonry. They look like masses of rock and the overthrowings of a cliff, and if one examines one finds that they are simply Roman walls of peperino stone, and the imperishable Pozzolano, and delicate Roman reticulated work. Now the whole weird coast yawns with grottos and halls or old baths and villas, and the foundations of temples and palaces crop up along the line of the shore. Here stood once the beautiful marble villas of the Emperors. Here Caligula besported himself, who particularly liked Antium, and had even formed a plan of making it his residence; here he celebrated his nuptials with the beautiful Lollia Paulina. Here Nero, who was born in Antium and planted a colony there, held his *Bacchanalia*; here he made his triumphal entry with white horses after his return from his debut in Greece.

'Also in earlier days Antium was the beloved holiday resort of the Romans:

Atticus, Lucullus, Cicero, Maecenas, and Augustus, had here their villas; and where, on what charming hill, on what lovely Italian shore, had not these lucky fellows their villas! How this shore must once have shone with all the stones, the historic fragments, which the waves have constantly been tossing to and fro for centuries. These ruins bring a singular elegiac-historical character into the delightful Idyll of Antium, and the voice full of memories which here everywhere accompanies the wanderer, heightens not a little the attractions of the shore. . . . In Italy one cannot give oneself up to the quiet influence of Nature, without a grave spirit of the classical past taking possession of the soul, and leading one to meditate upon the recollections of its great men. So that one can sit upon the ruined palaces of the Romans, and, the waves murmuring round, may exclaim with Horace:—

“O diva, gratum quae regis Antium,
Praesens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos!”

And again the sight of the beautiful Cape of Circe leads to the song of Homer, while the ever-conspicuous but distant Astura draws one to other associations and poems; so that three periods of the world's poetry and the world's culture surround one, Homer, Horace, and the Hohenstaufen poet Wolfram von Eschenbach.—*Gregorovius*.

A chief feature in the views from Porto d'Anzio is the wonderfully picturesque little town of **Nettuno** which juts out into the sea about a mile and a half to the south. A broad road beside the railway lined with trees leads to it from Porto d'Anzio, but the pleasantest way is to follow the shore as far as the sea allows, and then clamber up the cliff by the winding path beneath the Villa Borghese. Another way of reaching it is by boat, and the full beauty of the coast can be appreciated in no other manner.

'Porto d'Anzio possesses scarcely even a remnant of female beauty and no national costume, because it is made up of a growing and miscellaneous population. But both noble female beauty and unique national character adorn the little town of Nettuno, which stands picturesquely upon the eastern shore, the black walls of its castle sinking down into the waves. One reaches it in three quarters of an hour, by a straight well-made road from Porto d'Anzio, one of the most beautiful on this coast. On the pleasantly wooded shore, half-way between the two villages, stands the handsome villa of Prince Borghese, who is the feudal lord of all the land in the district. In the far distance rise the Volscian hills, and the Cape of Circe soars up in its still shining form so enchantingly painted in light and shadow, that it would recall in its outline and appearance the most beautiful rocks in Europe—the island of Capri and the mountain of San Pellegrino near Palermo.'—*Gregorovius*.

At the entrance of **Nettuno** by road, stands a machicolated but now decaying fortress with four bastions, begun by Alexander VI. and finished by Alexander VII. (1663). The town has been supposed on too little evidence to occupy the site of the ancient Caeno mentioned by Dionysius as a dependent port of Antium. Nettuno is full of picturesque nooks and corners, and fragments, perhaps of the temple of Neptune, whence its name is derived. The earliest mention of it is in 1163 A.D., when it belonged to the monks of Grotta Ferrata. The number of women passing with brazen *conche*

upon their heads guided us to a quaint well, near which is a beautiful gothic house, with spiral columns dividing its windows, and a Boar on the coat of arms which adorns it. Beneath the town a wave-beaten terrace forms a wall only accessible in calm weather; in storms the waves beat almost against the old houses themselves.

The picturesque costumes of gold and silver tissue still surviving here are seldom to be seen now. The people were persuaded that a visitation of cholera was a judgment from Heaven for their barbaric costume, and it was left off temporarily by universal consent! Andrew Sacchi, the painter (17th cent.) was a native of Nettuno.

‘Single and married women wear scarlet cloth, rimmed with gold lace, and violet when in mourning; widows black; their habit is like that of the Moorish ladies, and they are very tenacious of it; insomuch that it was not without considerable difficulty that Gregory XIII. induced them in some measure to lengthen their dresses, and leave off their Moorish boots, for which they have substituted slippers of rich silk or gold embossed leather, with cork soles two inches thick.’—*‘Latium,’* p. 116 (Cornelia Knight, 1805).

It is a dull drive (15 lire) from hence (7 miles) to **Astura**, but for pedestrians the walk is somewhat dangerous owing to the artillery practice.

After passing the stream called Il Foglino, we reach the ruins called Grottoni. Other remains break the surface of the sea. Astura is now perceived to be united to the mainland only by a bridge. The tower of the Frangipani rises from other remains.

The shore is lined by the forest—arbutus, juniper, phillyrea, tall flowering heath, and myrtles which have grown into great trees, and are all tangled together with garlands of smilax and honeysuckle.

‘But now all sign of civilised life ceases with Nettuno, for immediately behind the town begins the Pontine wilderness. The brushwood extends from this to Terracina. Not a single human dwelling exists again upon the coast, only solitary towers rise out of the romantic solitude, at distances of about two miles from one another. The melancholy desolation of this shore and the impressiveness of its time honoured solitude is great. One feels as if one were no longer on the classic shore of Italy, one seems to be wandering on the wild coasts of the Indian America. The constant murmur of the sighing sea-waves, the summer breeze breathing over the ever-smooth, ever-white-sanded shore, the endless deep green wood, which follows the sea on and on at a hundred paces distant, the shrill cry of the hawks and falcons the quiet and high-hovering eagle, the stamping and bellowing of the herds of wild cattle, air, colour, sound, every existence and element is in unison with the most entire impression of an old-world wilderness.’—*Gregorovius*.

Cicero, who had a favourite villa at Astura, describes it, in writing to Atticus, as ‘a pleasant place, standing in the sea itself, and visible both from Antium and Circeii.’ Nothing can be more



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NETTUNO FROM THE ROAD TO PORTO D'ANZIO



[*F. F. Tuckett, Esq.*]

AT NETTUNO

picturesque or romantic than this utterly solitary wave-beaten castle; nothing more melancholy than its associations. Hither, in November, B.C. 44, Marcus Cicero fled from his Tusculan villa, upon hearing that his name was upon the proscription-list of the Triumvirate, hoping to join Brutus in Macedonia. His brother Quintus accompanied him. They were carried in litters, and conversed as they went. On the way they remembered that they had not taken sufficient money with them, and Quintus, as being least in danger, returned to Rome to fetch it. He was there taken and put to death with his son. Marcus Cicero embarked at Astura in safety, but sea-sickness induced him to land for the night at Formiæ (Mola di Gaeta), where he had another villa, and there, while endeavouring to escape, he was murdered within a mile of his own house. Augustus Caesar is said to have been first attacked at Astura by the illness—a dysentery—of which he died (August, A.D. 14) at Nola. Strange to say, it was also at the fatal Astura that his successor Tiberius was stricken with his last illness. Strangest of all, Caligula also received at Astura the fatal omen of his approaching end, when about to sail thence to his native Antium.

But these ancient associations of Astura are less tragic than those which cling to the octangular mediaeval tower, which was built by the family of the Frangipani upon Roman foundations. Hither (1268), after the lost battle of Tagliacozzo, fled Conradin of Hohenstaufen, with his faithful friends Frederick of Baden, Count Lancia and his sons, and the two Counts of Gherardesca. The people of Astura gave Conradin a vessel in which his party embarked in safety for Pisa, when the Lord of Astura, Giovanni Frangipani, returning to his castle, heard what had happened, and roused by the hope of a reward from Charles of Anjou, pursued them in a larger vessel, captured and brought them back. Conradin implored Frangipani, who had received great benefits and even the honour of knighthood from his father, not to deliver him up to Charles. He even promised to give his hand to the daughter of Frangipani if he would permit him to escape.

But the Lord of Astura, unmoved by the misfortunes of the prince, began at once to propose terms for his surrender to Robert of Lavena, who soon appeared before the walls to demand the prisoners for Charles, and only concealed them in a remote tower that he might make better terms. Conditions were soon after agreed upon with the Cardinal of Terracina, and Conradin and Frederick of Baden, bartered for large estates in the principedom of Benevento, were hurried away through the hills to the castle above Palestrina, and thence to Naples, where they were cruelly executed, Conradin, with his last breath, saying: 'I cite my judge before the highest tribunal; my blood shed on this spot shall cry to Heaven for vengeance.'

The Frangipani did not long enjoy their ill-gotten gains, and the only son of Giovanni perished in the same castle of Astura, where he had betrayed his friend.

'En 1286, quatre ans après les Vêpres Siciliennes, un amiral de Jacques d'Arragon emporta Astura, qu'il réduisit en cendres. Les biens des Frangipani furent ravagés: Jacob, le fils de Jean, périt dans le combat. Sa postérité s'éteignit, et, de cette branche, dont le blason était taché du sang royal, il ne reste qu'un souvenir de déshonneur.'—*Cherrier*, iv. p. 212.

The castle afterwards became a fortress of the Caëtani, then of the Malabranca, the Orsini, and of a Colonna, who restored it and whose arms still appear on its walls. He sold it to Clement VIII. in 1594. It now belongs to the Borghese, and its little garrison of eight spend a life of isolation like that on a desert island, while a single cannon is mounted upon the ramparts.

Near the castle the little *Fiume Conca*, formerly called the Astura, descending from Velletri, flows into the sea. On its banks the last great battle between the Romans and Latins was fought in B.C. 338, when C. Maenius the consul totally defeated the united forces of Antium, Lanuvium, Aricia, and Velitrae.

Three miles (N.) inland from Astura is a Roman tomb called *Il Toraccio*. It has been supposed, without foundation, to be the tomb of Tullia, daughter of Cicero, who died at Astura.¹ It consists of a square stylobate from which rises a round tower, which, in turn, is crowned by a circular tempietto.

The shore beyond Astura, towards Circeo, is girt by the strip of forest and sand-dunes which divide it from the Pontine Marshes. The Caëtani territory begins at Foce Verde, 6 kil. further south. Three picturesque lakes, abounding with wild-fowl, break the inland expanse of marsh and macchia—the Lago di Fogliano, the Lago di Caprolace, and the Lago di Paolo. They are much frequented by the peasants for the fishing they afford. Travellers instead of continuing along the coast, will usually go round by Terracina in order to visit the Circean Promontory, which rises so gloriously out of the blue waters beyond.

Between Foce Verde and Fogliano (where the Duke of Sermoneta has a residence with a charming garden bordering the long lake), are traversed eight miles of well-cared-for forest, with here and there long meadows containing grimy herds of buffalo, often up to their necks in the pools. Near the Torre di Fogliano (a xvii. cent. watch-tower on the coast), are remains of a villa with a colonnade. At **Porcareccia** (2 m.) are extensive remains of a Roman piscicultural establishment. Hence may be visited by the privileged traveller the grand artificial **Fosso di S. Martino** (120 ft. wide and 60 ft. deep), made by the ancients in order to drain the marshes. It runs up (E.) through a beautiful old forest (which also now drops down into and fills it) to **Passo S. Donato**. Nothing can well exceed the spring-loveliness here in the great silent woodland. In the Fosso, under great trees, often standing in the pools, are seen beds of iris and lilies; while its steep sides are clothed with oak and blossoming

¹ Middleton (*Life of Cicero*, vol. ii. 365), on authority of Plutarch, says she died in the orator's house at Rome.

genista. The voices of birds of all kinds are heard at varying distances, and nightingales, merry woodpeckers, querulous jays, hoarse crows, and the incessant wren—smallest of all; while the sunshine is often seen only in the upper boughs as we ride following along it for miles. In the rare openings, **Sezze**, up on the mountain-side, can be seen, with its white road zig-zagging up toward it.

A ride of ten miles southward from Fogliano, entirely through forest, and wading many small streams, leads to the little lake of **Caprolace**, about two miles long. Before reaching it some men with guns put these down and ran away at our approach; an action explained by the fact that they mistook us for the police, and lacked licences to carry weapons.

The larger lake of **Paolo**, which extends to the base of Circeo, is referred to in the chapter on Terracina. The ancient Via Severiana passed behind the lake to S. Felice (Circeum).

At Porto d' Anzio on Good Friday, the town was illuminated, every fisherman's hut along the pier lighting its rows of tiny earthenware lamps, whose rays were reflected a thousandfold in the waters of the bay. Then, when all was ready, the church doors were thrown open, and amid a clash of music, and loud chanting of priests, the dead Christ was borne through the town, followed by the figure of 'Our Lady of Sorrow' and the images of all the favourite local saints, surrounded by flashing torches. The streets were thronged, cannon fired, and all the people knelt as the procession passed, many praying, some weeping.

The coast between Porto d' Anzio and Ostia is difficult to visit except on horseback. The greater part of the way leads through the immemorial forest of Silva Laurentina, part of which was sacred to Picus and Faunus, where the spirit of Virgil still seems to pervade the silent depths of the wood, and where, while the buildings have passed away and the very sites of the towns whose foundation he describes are forgotten or disputed, Nature remains absolutely unchanged—the same pines raise their vast umbrella-like heads to the stars, the same thickets of brambles and impervious brushwood are ready to mislead the wanderer, the same springs sparkle in its deep recesses.

The easiest way of reaching Ardea is from Cecchina station, or by the Via Ardeatina, from Rome itself. The former leads by paths among vineyards for three hours' walking. The traveller who follows the track of the charcoal-burners near the coast from Porto d'Anzio will in turn pass the old watch-towers, Torre Caldara, Torre di S. Anastasia, Torre di S. Lorenzo, and Torre della Moletta. Then, without crossing the Incastro, he at length sees Ardea rising before him crowning a rock, three miles from the sea, over the Tenuta Salzara.

Desolate and forlorn as this property of the Sforza-Cesarini is now, and almost totally deserted by its two hundred inhabitants during the summer months, **Ardea** was once one of the most important as

well as one of the wealthiest cities of Latium. Tradition ascribes its foundation to Danaë, the mother of Perseus.

‘Protenus hinc fuscis tristis dea tollitur alis
Audaces Rutuli ad muros : quam dicitur urbem
Acriseoneis Danaë fundasse colonis,
Praecipiti delata Noto. Locus Ardea quondam
Dictus avis ; et nunc magnum manet Ardea nomen.’

—*Virgil, ‘Aen.’ vii. 408.*

Livy and Silius Italicus mention the tradition of Ardea having largely contributed to the foundation of the Spanish Saguntum :—

‘ . . . misit largo quam dives alumno,
Magnanimis regnata viris, nunc Ardea nomen.’

—*Sil. Ital. i. 293.*

In the story of Aeneas, Ardea appears as the capital of the Rutuli and the residence of King Turnus, who was dependent on the Latin monarch, Latinus, though holding a sovereignty of his own. It was during a siege by Tarquinius Superbus and his sons that the tragedy of Lucretia occurred, which led to the overthrow of the monarchy, and the liberation of Ardea.

‘Cingitur interea Romanis Ardea signis,
Et patitur lentas obsidione moras.’

—*Ovid, ‘Fast.’ ii. 721.*

At Ardea Camillus took refuge in his exile ; and its people are said to have contributed not a little to victories which the Romans gained over the Gauls. From those times Ardea decayed, and it was one of the twelve towns which declared themselves unable (B.C. 209) to furnish supplies of provisions and men to Rome during the second Punic war. In the civil wars it suffered at the hands of the Marian party. The unhealthiness of the situation hastened its decay. Martial alludes to it :—

‘Ardea solstitio, Castranaque rura petantur,
Quique Cleonaeo sidere fervet ager.’

—*Epig. iv. 60. 1.*

Many great Romans, however, had villas here, among them Atticus the friend of Cicero ; and the town spoken of as ‘castellum Ardeae,’ in the Middle Ages, has never quite ceased to exist, but has continued to occupy the rocky platform, which perhaps gained its name from Ardua—the cliff-girt. It was sold to the Cesarini by the Colonnese in 1564.

The existing village and its castle occupy an isolated rock, evidently the ancient citadel, which is joined by a narrow neck of land to a larger platform, still called *Civita Vecchia*, and once covered by the ancient city, of which few vestiges remain. The citadel was surrounded by walls built of tufo in blocks of regular *opus quadratum*.

‘The isthmus (uniting the citadel to the town), having been cut through in a very singular manner, has left three deep and broad ditches, separated by two piers of natural rock. This is the more curious, as it does not appear that these piers could have served as a bridge to the citadel, on account of

their distance from each other ; and though the ditch added to the strength of the fortress, yet this cannot be supposed to have been completely separated from the city. Moreover, the rock of the citadel is much higher than these two natural piers.

Two streams, one of which is evidently derived from the Lake of Nemi, had, long before Ardea was built, worn valleys, which had left an eminence between them as a site for the city. At the western side of the city, these valleys approach each other, leaving a narrow isthmus for the entrance to the city from the east ; this isthmus is considerably strengthened by a high mound, or agger, extending from valley to valley, which supported, or rather backed, a wall, whence, in all probability, the idea of the Roman agger of Servius Tullius was originally taken. A gap or cut exists, through which was the ancient entrance to the city ; and in this is the ruin of a tower, fixing the site of the gate towards Aricia. Still more distant from the city is another similar mound, stretching also from valley to valley. These mounds are so high that when the sun is over the Mediterranean they are distinguishable from Albano by the naked eye.—*Sir W. Gell.*

Ardea boasts few remains. The mediæval gate was built in 1194 by Cencio Savelli.

Half a mile from Ardea, in the direction of the sea, at a spot called *Rudera*, the rock is full of caverns, and is supposed to have been the necropolis of the ancient Rutulian city. There are no remains of the temple of Juno mentioned by Pliny, who describes it as adorned with ancient paintings of great beauty, so much esteemed that the artist, a Greek—‘ Marcus Ludius Elotas Aetolia oriundus ’—was rewarded with the freedom of the city. Not far from Ardea, probably in the direction of Antium, was the Aphrodisium or shrine of Venus, mentioned by Strabo and Pliny. The site of the *Castrum Invi*, or of Pan, is identified by the name *Fosso dell’ Incastro* applied to the chief stream which flows by Ardea direct to the sea. Martial mentions it, in the lines already quoted, and Silius Italicus :—

‘ Sacra manus Rutuli, servant qui Daunia regna,
Laurentique domo gaudent, et fonte Numici,
Quos Castrum, Phrygibusque gravis quondam Ardea misit.’

—viii. 359

There are remains of buildings on each side of its mouth among the sandhills and bushes.

On leaving Ardea we pass through the country where Juvenal says that the Roman emperors used to keep their elephants (cf. *Sat.* xii. 104 for the shows, &c.).

‘ Elian gives an account of the elephants bred and disciplined in the Roman territory. “ They marched in troops into the amphitheatre, scattering flowers, and were, to the number of six of each sex, feasted in public on splendid triclinia, their food being spread on tables of cedar and ivory, in gold and silver dishes and goblets. Piny (*Nat. Hist.* viii. 2) says, that four of them even carried on a litter a supposed sick companion, walking like a dancer upon a rope.”—*Sir W. Gell.*

Four miles and a half from Ardea, at the church of **Santa Procula**, the road crosses the frequently dry bed of the *Rio Torto*, which has been identified with the Numicius, on the banks of which the great battle was fought between the Trojans and Rutulians, in which Aeneas fell, and whose waves are supposed to have carried away

his body, which, like that of Romulus, was never found. The descriptions which the poets give answer to the present appearance of the river. In the *Metamorphoses*, Ovid says :—

‘Littus adit Laurens, ubi tectus arundine serpit
In freta flumineis vicina Numicius undis.’

—xiv. 598.

and Silius Italicus :—

‘Haud procul hinc parvo descendens fonte Numicus
Labitur, et leni per valles volvitur amne.’

—*Punic.* viii. 179.

Near the coast the Numicius still spreads into a marsh—the Stagna Laurentia of Silius. On its banks Aeneas was honoured in a temple under the name of Jupiter Indiges.

‘Impiger Aenea, volitantis frater Amoris,
Troia qui profugis sacra vehis ratibus,
Jam tibi Laurentes assignat Jupiter agros,
Jam vocat errantes hospita terra Lares.
Illic Sanctus eris, cum te veneranda Numici
Unda Deum coelo miserit Indigetem.’

—*Tibullus*, ‘*El.* ii. 5.

The *Sughereto*, which flows into the Rio Torto, is believed to be the stream in which Anna, the unhappy sister of Dido, is said to have been carried away, when flying from the palace of Aeneas, and to have been borne into the ‘horned Numicius.’¹

‘Corniger hanc tumidis rapuisse Numicius undis
Creditor, et stagnis oculuisse suis.

Ipsa loqui visa est, “Placidi sum Nympha Numici :
Amne perenne latens Anna Perenna vocor.”’

—*Ovid*, ‘*Fast.*’ iii. 647.

Here also stood a great Federal Temple of Venus, of which Silius speaks.

Eight miles from Ardea we reach *La Solfarata* (fifteen miles from Rome), with sulphur springs, identical with the ‘Fons in Ardeatino,’ which Vitruvius mentions as cold, sulphureous, and of an unpleasant smell. It is possibly also the site of the oracle of Faunus consulted by Latinus, king of Laurentum, on the coming of Aeneas, who is hardly likely to have gone so far as the Albunea near Tibur.

‘At rex sollicitus monstrorum, oracula Fauni,
Fatidici genitoris adit, lucosque sub altâ
Consulit Albunea : nemorum quae maxima sacro
Fonte sonat, saevamque exhalat opaca mephitim.’

—*Virgil*, ‘*Aen.*’ vii. 81.

Hitherto we have followed the *Via Laurentina* from Ardea, the polygonal selce of the ancient road remaining in many places. From hence it turns off inland toward Rome, by the Ponte della Chiesaccio, till it joins the *Via Ostiense* near S. Paolo fuori le Mura.

¹ From its windings.

The Via Ardeatina, however, can be reached by making for Falcognano, and so to Castel di Leva.

A road practicable for carriages leads from La Solfarata, passing the church of S. Petronella and through a forest, to **Prattica di Mare**, the ancient Lavinium, seventeen miles from Rome, and three from the sea-coast.

According to the tradition, the city of Lavinium was founded by Aeneas, shortly after his landing in Italy, and was called by him after the name of his wife Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus. This, from a resemblance of names, has been confused with Lanuvium, now Civita Lavinia, on the Albans, where an absurd tradition, as usual regardless of geographical impossibilities, shows, fixed in a wall, the iron ring to which the vessel of Aeneas was attached.

'The coast of Latium is a sandbank, where nothing grows but stunted ilex ; and Aeneas might well be sorry that his fate had brought him to so poor a country. But he was reminded of the oracle, that his colony should be guided, like those of the Sabellians, by an animal to its promised abode, when a pregnant sow designed for sacrifice broke loose, and escaped to the bushes on a more fruitful eminence. Here it farrowed thirty young ones, and thus not only signified the spot where Lavinium was to be built, but also the number of years that were to elapse before Alba became the capital in its stead, as well as the number of the Latin townships.

'At the founding of Lavinium the gods gave signs of their presence. The forest on the site of the future city caught fire of itself. A wolf was seen bringing dry sticks in his mouth to feed the flame : an eagle fanned it with his wings. But along with them came also a fox, that dipped its tail in water, and tried to extinguish the fire : and it was not till they had driven him away several times, that the other two were able to get rid of him. This indicated that the people, whose mother city was building, would have hard struggles to establish their power against its obstinate enemies. Bronze images of the three fated animals were set up in the market place of Lavinium.'—Niebuhr, '*Hist. of Rome.*'

When, thirty years after its foundation, Ascanius, the son of Aeneas, removed the political centre of the Latins to Alba, the household gods persistently returned at night to their old dwellings, so that he was obliged to allow them to remain there, and to send back their priests to the number of six hundred (?) Thus Lavinium not only continued to exist, but grew to be regarded as a kind of religious metropolis, its gods, to a late period, being regarded as equally the property of Rome and of all Latium.

Dionysius speaks of Lavinium as the 'metropolis of the Latins.' Tatius, the Sabine colleague of Romulus, was killed by the cooks with their spits during a solemn sacrifice at Lavinium, in revenge for depredations which his Sabine followers had made upon the Lavinian territory. Collatinus, the husband of Lucretia and the first Roman consul, retired with all his family to Lavinium, when he was banished from Rome on account of his parentage, being grandson to Aruns the brother of Tarquinius Priscus. Lavinium was besieged and taken by Coriolanus. Trajan united Laurentum and Lavinium in one commune, owing to their sparse population.

'Strabo speaks of Lavinium as presenting the mere vestiges of a city, but still retaining its sacred rites, which were believed to have been transmitted

from the days of Aeneas. Dionysius also tells us that the memory of the three sacred animals—the eagle, the wolf, and the fox—which were connected by a well-known legend with the foundation of Lavinium, was preserved by the figures of them still extant in his time in the forum of that town; while, according to Varro, not only was there a similar bronze figure of the celebrated sow with her thirty young ones, but part of the flesh of the sow itself was still preserved in pickle and shown by the priests.¹ . . . We learn from a letter of Symmachus that Lavinium was still existing as a municipal town as late as A.D. 391, and still retained its ancient religious character. Macrobius also informs us that in his time it was still customary for the Roman consuls and praetors, when entering on their office, to repair to Lavinium to offer certain sacrifices there to Vesta and the Penates—a custom which appears to have been transmitted without interruption from a very early period. The final decay of Lavinium was probably produced by the fall of paganism, and the consequent extinction of that religious reverence which had apparently been the principal means of its preservation for a long while before.’—*Smith, ‘Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography.’*

It is probable that malaria, as at Ardea, proved a potent cause of its decline.

It is situated, like that town, upon an almost isolated hill, united to the table-land by a little isthmus, surrounded everywhere else by deep ravines, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the sea. The natural fortifications of tufo rock appear to have been strengthened by artificial cutting, and remains of ancient walls may be traced. The area of the town must always have been restricted, and its principal building is a castle with a tall tower. There are no remains of the temple of Venus mentioned by many classical authors, but it is supposed to have occupied the corner of the platform at the end nearest the sea. The place is almost deserted owing to the malaria, and the description of Mrs. Eaton’s visit to the neighbouring Ostia would now apply even better to this place.

‘It presented the strange spectacle of a town without inhabitants. After some beating and hallooing at the shut-up door of one of the houses, a woman, unclosing the shutter of an upper window, presented her ghastly face, and, having first carefully reconnoitred us, slowly and reluctantly admitted us into her wretched hovel.

“Where are all the people of the town?” we inquired.

“Dead,” was the brief reply.’

—*Rome in the Nineteenth Century.*

An inscription tells (erroneously) that the modern name of Pratica was given at the cessation of a pestilence, when the inhabitants were again admitted to communication (*pratica*) with the neighbouring towns. Other inscriptions, speaking of ‘Laurentes Lavinates,’ refer to a union which the inhabitants made with the people of Laurentum, after they had received a fresh colony in the time of Trajan.

The best way of reaching Pratica from Rome is the Via Laurentina, which branches off to the left from the Via Ostiense just beyond S. Paolo, and, ascending the hill, leaves Tre Fontane on

¹ Compare the relic of S. Januarius at Naples.

the left, and crossing another hill to the Ponte del Butero passes the valley of Vallerano, and proceeds by Tor di Sasso, Schizzanello, and Monte Migliore to Solfarata.

A beautiful forest road of five miles leads from Pratica to *Tor Paterno*, a lonely tower, joining a farmhouse half a mile from the coast, which used to be regarded as the site of Laurentum, though Nibby places it at Capo-Cotta, three miles distant, and inland, in contradiction of Pliny and Pomponius Mela, who describe it as near the coast. There are no ruins at Capo-Cotta, but plenty at *Tor Paterno*, though they are all of imperial date. Near *Tor Paterno*, also, are still remains of the marsh spoken of by Virgil:—

‘Atque hinc vasta palus, hinc ardua moenia cingunt.’

—*Aen.* xii. 745.

the frogs of which are celebrated by Martial:—

‘An Laurentino turpis in littore ranas,
Et satius tenues ducere credis acos?’

—*Ep.* x. 37, 5.

A road which leaves the Via Ostiense to the left after Valchetta, at about three miles from Rome, leads almost direct to *Tor Paterno*.

Laurentum was the capital of King Latinus, and according to the legend was his residence when Aeneas and his Trojan colony landed on his shore, though upon the death of Latinus the seat of government was transferred first to Lavinium and then to Alba. Laurentum was never afterwards a place of much importance, though, because it was the only Latin city which took no part against Rome in the great war of B.C. 340, the treaty which had previously existed with the Laurentines was ‘renewed always from year to year on the 10th day of the *Feriae Latinae*.’ Lucan speaks of Laurentum as among the deserted cities—‘*vacuas urbes*’—in his time (A.D. 60).

For the seven miles which separate *Tor Paterno* from *Castel Fusano*, we wander through the depths of the great forest of *Silva Laurentina*, which still covers the coast here as at the time when the Trojans are held to have landed and raided its timber:—

‘Bis senos pépigere dies, et pace sequestra,
Per sylvas Teucri, mixtique impune Latini,
Erravere jugis. Ferro sonat ala bipenni
Fraxinus; evertunt actas ad sidera pinus;
Robora nec cuneis et olentem scindere cedrum,
Nec plaustris cessant vectare gementibus ornos.’

—*Aen.* xi. 133.

Amid the huge stone pines grow gigantic ilexes and bay-trees, descendants of the ‘laurels’ which, says Aurelius Victor, gave its name to Laurentum, and whose scent was considered so salubrious that the Emperor Commodus was advised to retire to a villa in the wood during a pestilence at Rome. Here Varro says that the orator Hortensius had a villa, and a park abounding with wild

boars, deer, and other game ;¹ and near the shore, where remains of buildings may be discovered, was the favourite villa of the younger Pliny. Still, as in ancient times, the forest is beloved by sportsmen, and famous for its wild boars (Cignale).

‘ Ac velut ille canum morsu de montibus altis
Actus aper, multos Vesulus quem penifer annos
Defendit, multoque palus Laurentia, silvâ
Pastus arundineâ, postquam inter retia ventum est,
Substitit, infremuitque ferox, et inhorruit armos ;
Nec cuiquam irasci propiusve accedere virtus,
Sed jaculis tutisque procul clamoribus instant :
Ille autem impavidus partes cunctatur in omnes,
Dentibus infrendens, et tergo decutit hastas.’

—*Aen.* x. 707.

Here is still the pathless wood in which Virgil describes the tragic fate of the friends Nisus and Euryalus, the forest which :—

‘ late dumis atque ilice nigra
Horrida, quam densi complerant undique sentes ;
Rara per occultos ducebat semita calles.’

—*Aen.* ix. 381.

The most beautiful of forest-tracks, four miles long, leads from Tor Paterno direct to Porcigliano, passing at intervals the remains of an aqueduct which probably led to the villa of Commodus.

At *Porcigliano*² or **Castel Porziano**, is a rectangular castle with fifteenth-century turrets, which belonged to the Duca di Magliano, but was bought by Victor Emmanuel. It is situated beside an ancient by-road, the pavement of which has been used in its construction. *Campo Bufalaro*, near this, is supposed to mark the site of the station ‘Ad Helephantas.’ From Porcigliano two roads lead to Rome, falling into the Via Ostiense. One passes by Decimo, the other by the Osteria di Malpasso.

¹ Varro, *R. R.* iii. 13.

² Fundus Procilianus.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE DESCENT OF THE TIBER—PORTO AND FIUMICINO

Although but eighteen miles distant, it is about an hour by rail from Rome to **Fiumicino**; trains twice daily in the morning, and twice for the return in the evening; 3 l. 85 c. : 2 l. 70 c. : 1 l. 95 c. But it is more convenient to drive in about two and a half hours from Rome to Fiumicino, and a carriage with two horses for the day ought not to cost more than 20 lire.

THE road to Porto, after leaving the Porta Portese, passes for some distance between the Tiber and a hilly district, which we may call an extension of the Janiculan Hill, far more wooded and cultivated than until lately was usual in the neighbourhood of Rome. The only point calling for attention is La Magliana, seven miles from Rome, which is to be seen near the Tiber and the railroad on the left.

Those who wish to make a more intimate acquaintance with the Tiber itself should take the steamer to Fiumicino. The descent is flat and ugly, but it introduces one to a curious and new section of country, and one which is filled with classical associations.

The **Tiber** (Tevere) rises in the Apennines near Città di Castello, and has a winding course of about 150 miles before reaching Rome, forming in ancient times the southern boundary of Etruria.

‘It receives numerous confluent or tributaries, of which the most important are—the Tinea, an inconsiderable stream which joins it from the east, a little below Perugia, bringing with it the waters of the more celebrated Clitumnus; the Clanis, which falls into it from the right bank, descending from the marshy tract near Clusium; the Nar, a much more considerable stream, which is joined by the Velinus a few miles above Interamna, and discharges their combined waters into the Tiber, a few miles above Oriculum; and the Anio, which falls into the Tiber at Antemnae, three miles above Rome. These are the only affluents of the Tiber of any geographical importance, but among its minor tributaries, the Allia on its left bank, a few miles above the Anio, and the Cremera on the right, are names of historical celebrity, though very trifling streams, the identification of which is by no means certain. Two other streams of less note, which descend from the land of the Sabines and fall into the Tiber between Oriculum and Eretum, are the Himela (Aia) and the Farfarus (Farfa).’—*Smith, ‘Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography.’*

In reality, it bears much of the character of a mountain-torrent, rising and falling rapidly with increased or diminished rains.

There was a Roman tradition that the original name of the Tiber was Albula, and that it was changed because Tiberinus, one of the

fabulous kings of Alba, was drowned in its waters. Hence the Latin poets frequently call it Albula.¹

. . . 'amisit verum vetus Albula nomen.'

—*Virgil*, '*Aen.*' viii. 332.

The name Albula was applied to all sulphureous waters, but it does not apply to the Tiber, which is yellow, and is so called by Virgil in other places—

'Hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amoenus,
Vorticibus rapidis, et multa flavus arena,
In mare prorumpit.'

—*Aen.* vii. 30.

'suo cum gurgite flavo.'

—*Aen.* ix. 816.

and by Horace:—

'Vidimus flavum Tiberim.

—*Car.* I. ii. 13.

'Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere.'

—*Car.* I. viii. 8.

'Flavus quam Tiberis lavit.'

—*Car.* II. iii. 18.

Virgil at one time flatters it as blue:—

'Caeruleus Thybris coelo gratissimus amnis.'

—*Aen.* viii. 64.

But compare Elbe, also a muddy river. Moreover Alba was beside the lake-water.

The river-god or tutelary divinity of the Tiber was invoked by the augurs under the name of Tiberinus. [Here compare Tyne, Tay, Tagus, Tavy, all words for water.]

The distance between Rome and its mouth, by water twenty-seven miles, was navigable in imperial times for rowing vessels and some ships of war; but large merchant vessels discharged their cargoes at the mouth of the river, and forwarded them to Rome by barges.

After we emerge in the steamer from the walls of Rome, close to the Porta Portese on the right and passing on the left the Marmorata beneath the declivity of the Aventine, we pass under the Civita Vecchia railway-bridge. Before reaching S. Paolo, the Tiber receives, on the left, the Almo—the '*cursu brevissimus Almo*' of Ovid—at the spot where the famous emblem of Cybele was landed, when it was brought from Pessinus in B.C. 204. The stream, a mere brooklet, is now generally called *Aquataccia*.

After leaving the ugly mass of buildings enclosing the basilica of San Paolo to the left, the Tiber receives (left) the stream of the *Acque Salvie*, which is supposed to be the Petronia, described by Festus as formed by the Fons Cati.

¹ One of its early names was probably Rum, or Rumon, signifying the water, as in Rummel, Rha (ancient name of the Volga), Rhine, and Rhone, and Arrone, perhaps cognate with '*ῥέων*.'

A little farther, also on the left, a brook flows into the Tiber which has its source at the *Aqua Ferentina* in the Alban Hills.

On the right is **La Magliana**, in a situation so dismal that one wonders how it could possibly have been the favourite palace of Leo X. It is like the moated grange of Mariana, and has crumbling embattled walls. In the courtyard is a beautiful fountain. The rooms contain some decaying frescoes. Several have been removed and are in the Capitoline gallery. Those of the Annunciation and Visitation, the Martyrdom of S. Felicitas, and God the Father in benediction (a grand work) were probably designed by Raffaello, but executed by Lo Spagna. They have been beautifully engraved on the occasion.

‘Leo X. was at his villa of Magliana, when he received intelligence that his party had triumphantly entered Milan; he abandoned himself to the exultation arising naturally from the successful completion of an important enterprise, and looked cheerfully at the festivities his people were preparing on the occasion.

‘He paced backwards and forwards till deep in the night, between the window and a blazing hearth—it was in the month of November. Somewhat exhausted, but still in high spirits, he arrived in Rome, and the rejoicings there celebrated for his triumph were not yet concluded, when he was attacked by a mortal disease. “Pray for me,” he said to his servants, “that I may yet make you all happy.” We see that he loved life; but his hour was come, he had not time to receive the viaticum nor extreme unction. So suddenly, so prematurely, and surrounded by hopes so bright—he died—“as the poppy fadeth.”

‘The Roman populace could not forgive their pontiff for dying without the sacraments—for having spent so much money and yet leaving large debts. They pursued his corpse to its grave with insult and reproach. “Thou hast crept in like a fox,” they exclaimed; “like a lion hast thou ruled us, and like a dog hast thou died.”’—*Ranke, ‘Hist. of the Popes.’*

Near the station, on the left, lies the **Vigna Ceccarelli**, on Monte delle Piche, the head-centre of the ancient sacerdotal confraternity called **Fratres Arvales**, which from the remotest days of Roman history attested the pre-eminence of the Cult of the Fields, so significant to an agricultural people, such as were the early Alban emigrants, until the year A.D. 238, when it was suppressed by the Emperor Gordian III. Tradition ascribed the origin of the Brotherhood to the twelve sons of Acca Larentia, the nurse of Romulus. Their ritual vocation in life was to implore the benediction of Ceres, or Dea Dia, for the crops. Their festival, which occupied three days, beginning on May 29th, included a procession round the cultivated land of the community, with a view to charm away blight, smut, and all sinister influences. The Fratres chanting their peculiar litanies led the three sacrificial ‘*hostiæ majores*’—i.e. bull, ram, and boar—accompanied by their victimarii, or slayers, and followed by a garlanded throng, round the fields three times. After which the sacrifice took place. This is held now to be identical with the Ambarvalia. Mr. Warde Fowler, in his excellent work on Roman Festivals (p. 127), writes:—

‘Of all the Roman Festivals this is the only one which can be said with any truth to be still surviving. When the Italian priest leads his flock round the

fields with the ritual of the *Litania Major* in Rogation Week he is doing very much what the *Fratres Arvales* did in the infancy of Rome and with the same object. In other countries, England among them, the same custom was taken up by the Church, which rightly appreciated its utility, both spiritual and material; the bounds of the parish were fixed in the memory of the young, and the wrath of God was averted, by an act of duty, from man, cattle, and crops.—Cf. *Georg.*, i. 338; *Cato R.R.*, 141.

In Imperial days the cult and confraternity contracted a fresh character by undertaking special ceremonies and sacrifices for the health and preservation of the Imperial family. Henceforward, the Emperor was always a member of the *Arvales*. The '*Cæsareum*,' a ruined rotunda, once covered with marble, and having statues in its niches of illustrious members of the Brotherhood, which we see here refers to this elaboration of the ritual. Here sacrifices were offered to the deified Augustus, after which a banquet was held, at which were eaten among other ritual foods, '*panes laureatos*,' or holy loaves—*i.e.* the laurel was the essential purifier. This edifice is reduced to base uses as a '*cantina*.' Nearer the line stand remains of the pro-style Temple of *Dea Dia*; once highly enriched with sculpture, and upon whose walls were fastened the tables on which were inscribed the *Acta Arvalia*, of which numerous invaluable fragments were found by Prof. Henzen (between 1866–69) during his systematic excavation of the site; and a still greater number have been brought to light here and elsewhere since those days. The sacred wood, or '*Lucus*,' in which the *Cæsareum* stands, practically represents the formal grove of ancient days. Within it also are seen vestiges of the *Circus*; with its '*Carceres*,' and main entrance, which belong to the *Vigna Molinari*. It is considered by Prof. Lanciani a remarkable fact that the ancient grove should continue to be called '*Bosco Sacro*'; but the writer has found the *Diospyros Lotus*—the sacred *Lotus* of the *Vestals*—still denominated by country-folk '*Legno Santo*,' and crosses of it used as a charm. This sacred wood was given to Pope Damasus (366–384) by the Emperors. He erected on the abandoned site an oratorio without delay over catacombs already in existence some eighty years, and containing the tombs of *S. Simplicius* and *Faustinus*. These were denominated *Cemiterium Generosæ ad Sextum Philippi*—*i.e.* at the sixth mile of the road. The *tetrastylon*, or chapter-house of the *Arvales*, is found on the slope by the *Casino Ceccarelli*. The '*Domus Arvalium*' is not yet determined; but their baths occur between this and the *Tiber-bank*.

The *Tiber* now winds sluggishly through a flat desert overgrown with thistle and asphodel, *porazzi* the Italians call them on account of their unpleasant smell. On the left, near *Dragoncello*, where *Nibby* imagines the original mouth of the *Tiber* to have been, begins the chain of low hills called *Monte di Decima* (from the neighbouring tributary), extending in a slanting direction to the sea near *Porto d'Anzio*, and which he believed to have been once the coast-line of *Latium*. On the right is an open wilderness, where great herds of cattle graze undisturbed beside the *Rio*

Valera. It is the country where the peasant-sufferings of the summer are described in the *Improvvisatore*.

'The stranger from beyond the mountains, who, full of love for art and antiquity, approaches the city of the Tiber for the first time, sees a vast page of the world in this parched-up desert; the isolated mounds are all holy ciphers, entire chapters of the world's history. Painters sketch the solitary arch of a ruined aqueduct, and the shepherd who sits beneath it with his flock figures on the paper; they give the golden thistle in the foreground, and people say that it is a beautiful picture. With what an entirely different feeling my companion and I regarded the immense plain! The burnt-up grass; the unhealthy summer air, which always brings to the dwellers of the Campagna fevers and malignant sickness, were doubtless the shadow side of his passing observations. To me there is something novel in all; I rejoiced to see the beautiful mountains, which in every shade of violet-colour inclosed one side of the plain; the wild buffalo, and the yellow Tiber, on whose shore oxen with their long horns went bending under the yoke, and drawing the boat against the stream. Around us we saw only short yellow grass, and tall, half-withered thistles. We passed a crucifix, which had been raised as a sign that some one had been murdered there, and near to it hung a portion of the murderer's body, an arm and a foot; it was frightful to me, and all the more so as it stood not far from my new home. This was neither more nor less than one of the old decayed tombs, of which so many remain here from the most ancient times. Most of the shepherds of the Campagna dwell in these, because they find in them all that they require for shelter, nay, even for comfort. They excavate one of the vaults, open a few holes, lay on a roof of reeds, and the dwelling is ready. Ours stood upon a height, and consisted of two stories. Two Corinthian pillars at the narrow doorway bore witness to the antiquity of the building, as well as the three broad buttresses to its after repairs. Perhaps it had been used in the Middle Ages as a fort; a hole in the wall above the door served as a window: one half of the roof was composed of a sort of reed and of twigs; the other half consisted of living bushes, from among which the honeysuckle hung down in rich masses over the broken wall. The house was, as has been already said, in the very ancient times, a family burial-place, which consisted of a large room, with many small niches, side by side, in two rows, one above the other, all covered over with the most artistical mosaic. Now each was put to very different purposes; the one was a store-room, another held pots and pans, and a third was the fire-place, where the beans were cooked.

'When rain began, it sometimes continued for a whole week, and imprisoned us in the narrow room, in which was a half twilight, although the door stood open when the wind blew the rain the other way. I had to rock the baby which lay in the cradle. Domenica spun with her spindle, told me tales of the robbers of the Campagna, who, however, did no harm; sang pious songs to me, taught me new prayers, and related to me new legends of saints which I had not heard before. Onions and bread were our customary food, and I thought them good; but I grew weary of myself shut up in that narrow room; and then Domenica just outside the door dug a little canal, a little winding Tiber, where the yellow water flowed slowly away. Little sticks and reeds were my boats, which I made to sail past Rome to Ostia; but, when the rain beat in too violently, the door was obliged to be shut, and we sat almost in the dark. Domenica spun, and I thought about the beautiful pictures in the convent church; seemed to see Jesus tossing past me in the boat; the Madonna on the cloud borne upwards by angels, and the tombstones with the garlanded heads.

'When the rainy season was over, the heavens showed for whole months their unchangeable blue. I then obtained leave to go out, but not too far, nor too near the river, because the soft ground might so easily fall in with me, said Domenica: many buffaloes also grazed there, which were wild and dangerous, but, nevertheless, these had for me a peculiar and strange interest. The something demon-like in the look of the buffalo—the strange, red fire which gleamed in its eyeballs—awoke in me a feeling like that which drives the bird into the fangs of the snake. Their wild running, swifter than the

speed of a horse, their mutual combats, where force meets with force, attracted my whole attention.

'The sun burnt hotter day by day : its beams were like a sea of fire which streamed over the Campagna. The stagnant water infected the air. We could only go out in the morning and evening. I thought about the delicious green water-melons which lay one on another, divided in halves, and showed the purple-red flesh with the black seeds : my lips were doubly parched with thinking of these. The sun burned perpendicularly ; my shadow seemed as if it would vanish under my feet. The buffaloes lay like dead masses upon the burnt-up grass, or, excited to madness, flew, with the speed of arrows, round in great circles. Thus my soul conceived an idea of the traveller's suffering in the burning deserts of Africa.

'During two months we lay there like a wreck in the world's sea. Not a single living creature visited us. All business was done in the night, or else in the early hours of morning. The unhealthy atmosphere and the scorching heat excited fever-fire in my blood ; not a single drop of anything cold could be had for refreshment ; every marsh was dried up : warm, yellow water flowed sleepily in the bed of the Tiber ; the juice of the melon was warm ; even wine, although it lay hidden among stones and rubbish, tasted sour and half-boiled, and not a cloud, not a single cloud, was to be seen on the horizon—day and night always the everlasting, never-changing blue. Every evening and morning we prayed for rain, or else a fresh breeze ; every evening and morning Domenica looked to the mountains to see if no cloud raised itself, but night alone brought shade—the sultry shade of night ; the sirocco alone blew through the hot atmosphere for two long, long months.

'At the sun's rise and setting alone was there a breath of fresh air ; but a dullness, a death-like lethargy, produced by the heat, and the frightful weariness which it occasioned, oppressed my whole being. Flies and all kinds of tormenting insects, which seemed destroyed by the heat, awoke at the first breath of air to redoubled life. They fell upon us in myriads with their poison-stings : the buffaloes often looked as if they were covered over with this buzzing swarm, which beset them as if they were carrion, until, tormented to madness, they betook themselves to the Tiber, and rolled themselves in the yellow water. The Roman, who in the hot summer days groans in the almost expiring streets, and crawls along by the house-sides, as if he would drink up the shadow which is cast down from the walls, has still no idea of the sufferings in the Campagna, where every breath which he draws is sulphurous poisonous fire ; where insects and crawling things, like demons, torment him who is condemned to live in this sea of flame.'—*Hans Christian Andersen*.

This is no bad word-picture of peasant life during a Campagna summer. It is a life of absolute solitude, so thin is the population, so widely scattered the huts of the peasantry. Yet the scenes amid which they live, and the picturesqueness of that part of religion which forms their sole idea of literature and art, make their life poetical in spite of all its misery, and the Italian peasant sometimes has a keen perception of the beauties of Nature, which would be incomprehensible even to an English farmer. This is seen in nothing so much as in the songs, which are for ever on the lips of the people as they work. Here is a specimen given in the *Pilgrimage of the Tiber*.

'La prima volta che m' innamorai
Piantai lo dolce persico alla vigna
E poi gli dissi, Persico benigno,
S' amor mi lassa, ti possi seccare !

A capo all' anno ritornai alla vigna ;
Trovai lo dolce persico seccato ;
Mi butto in terra e tutta scapiglio :
Questo è segno ch' amore m' ha lassato.

Albero che l' avevo tanto a caro,
E t' innacquavo co li miei sudori,
Si son seccate le cime e le rame
I frutti han perso lo dolce sapore.

Morte, vieni da me quando ti pare,
Giacchè il mio bene ha mutato pensare.

When first the sweet pleasure of loving I knew,
I planted a peach in my vineyard one day,
And prayed, if my loved one should e'er prove untrue,
My beautiful peach-tree might wither away.

In the spring I returned to my vineyard, and found
My peach-tree was drooping, all faded and dried;
Then weeping, I threw myself down on the ground;
For this is a sign she is faithless, I cried.

My beautiful peach, that to me was so dear,
So anxiously tended and nourished with pain,
Its branches are withered, its leaves are grown sere,
Its fruits their sweet savour no longer retain.

Come, Death, when thou wilt; all my pleasures are o'er,
Since she who once loved me, now loves me no more.'

As we approach the salt-marshes of Ostia,

'Dove l' acqua di Tevere s' insala.'

—Dante, *'Purg.'* ii. 101.

the river bends considerably to the right, leaving, to the left, Ostia, which already in the days of Strabo was called 'a city without a port, on account of the alluvial deposits continually brought down by the Tiber.' Julius Caesar was the first to form a plan for a new artificial port,¹ but it was Claudius who carried out the work, and who, finding it hopeless to attempt to cleanse the original port of Ostia at the mouth of the Tiber, constructed an entirely new harbour two miles north of the old one, opening upon the sea, and protected by two long banks, which had an insulated breakwater between them, carrying a lighthouse.

'Claudius formed the harbour at Ostia, by carrying out circular arms on the right and on the left, with a mole protecting, in deep water, the entrance of the port. To secure the foundation of this mole, he sank the vessel in which the great obelisk² had been brought from Egypt, and built upon piles a very lofty tower, in imitation of the Pharos at Alexandria, on which lights were burnt to direct mariners in the night.'—*Suetonius*, '*Claud.*' xx.

This harbour is described by Juvenal:—

'Tandem intrat positas inclusa per aequora moles,
Tyrrhenamque Pharon; porrectaque brachia rursum
Quae pelago occurrunt medio, longeque relinquunt
Italiam—non sic igitur mirabere portus
Quos natura dedit—sed trunca puppe magister
Interiora petit Baianæ pervia cymbae
Tuti stagna sinus.'

—*Sat.* xii. 75.

¹ Plutarch, *Caes.* 58.

² Now in front of S. Peter's.

and by Valerius Flaccus :—

‘Non ita Tyrrhenus stupet Ioniusque magister
Qui portus, Tiberine, tuos, claramque serena
Arce Pharon princeps linquens, nusquam Ostia, nusquam
Ausoniam videt.’

—*Argon.* vii. 83.

It is now not easily identifiable.

In course of years the port of Claudius became also choked, and a new harbour, hexagonal in form, was begun in A.D. 103, by Trajan, united with the port of Claudius on the north-west, and with the Tiber by a canal, Fossa Trajana, which, with the ever-increasing filling up of the old bed of the river, has become the Tiber itself, and is now the only branch which is navigable. The port was surrounded by wharfs and warehouses. The new harbour became known as Portus Ostiensis, Portus Urbis, or, simply, Portus. It was chiefly used for the vast importation of corn for the supply of the capital, which, as its population increased, was almost entirely dependent upon foreign produce. Minucius Felix, who lived A.D. 207, describes Porto as a place ‘where the spirit enjoyed repose and the body recovered health. Romans went there to give themselves up to the delight of treading the sand of the seashore, which yielded softly beneath their feet, and to breathe that light breeze which restored lost vigour to their fatigued limbs.’ The importance of the harbour was realised when Rome became attacked by barbarian forces, and especially in A.D. 409, when the Gothic king Alaric, by making himself master of Portus, and so cutting off the supplies, obliged the Roman senate to accept whatever terms he chose to dictate. Rome was in similar distress under Belisarius, when Vitiges, in 537, seized Portus.

In the 10th century, the port of Trajan had been so neglected and allowed to fill up, that it had become a mere pool, entirely separated from the sea, and only connected with the Tiber by a ditch. This drove trade for a time into the older branch of the river, and gave a passing importance to mediaeval Ostia, where a fortress had been built by Gregory IV. (827–44), in the preceding century. Tassoni describes in his time

‘Il porto di Trajano
Lacero e guasto in misera ruina.’

But in 1612 the canal of Trajan was once more cleared out by Fontana under Paul V., and connected with a little port, called Fiumicino, and has ever since been the only way by which vessels can ascend the Tiber, the other branch having been almost entirely closed up by sand near its mouth.

The imperial palace of Portus was long entirely lost, but was rediscovered by a man hunting a badger, who, upon following it into the hole down which it disappeared, found himself in a vast hall, which led to a labyrinth of other halls and corridors. He lost the badger. In the last century much of the building was standing, and was known as *Il Palazzo delle Cento Colonne*. The ruins have

been thoroughly explored in the 19th century by Prince Torlonia, the owner of the soil, who has drawn thence many of the ruined masterpieces of sculpture which adorn his various villas.

The port of Trajan, still called **Il Trajano**, is now a basin of shallow water, surrounded by low underwood; along its sides the quays and warehouses by which it was once surrounded may still be traced. Near it, by the roadside close to the Villa Torlonia, is placed an inscription recording the cutting of the canals of Claudius (Fossæ Claudianæ) in A.D. 49.

This inscription has generally been understood to convey that the work of Claudius was due to his anxiety to relieve the inundations of the Tiber; but Burn, in his *Rome and the Campagna*, explains that the words 'operis portus caussa' would show that the primary object of the fossæ was to supply the port with water, and that the advantage of preventing inundations at Rome was only subordinate.

Through a picturesque gateway with effective stone-pines, now called *Arco di Nostra Signora*, and originally a decorative arch only, we reach the little group of buildings which is all that remains of the mediaeval town of **Porto**, consisting of the Bishop's Palace, the little Cathedral of Santa Rufina, with a 10th-century tower and an early cemetery. The place, in spite of the walls with which Constantine had surrounded it, was ruined at an early period, owing to the Saracenic invasions, and though many Popes have made attempts to recolonise it, these have always failed. As early as A.D. 1019 there were no inhabitants save a few guards in the tower of Porto, albeit it was the seat of a bishop, and has always given a title to the sub-dean of the College of Cardinals.

The meadows near Porto, which are encircled by the two branches of the Tiber, form the **Isola Sacra**, a name first given to it by Procopius, who describes it:—

'Tum demum ad naves gradior, qua fronte bicorni
 Dividuus Tiberis dexteriora secat.
 Laevus inaccessis fluvius vitatur arenis:
 Hospitis Aeneae gloria sola manet.'

—i. 169.

but perhaps due to its having become church property.

The island is described by Aethicus, who wrote in the fifth century, as beautiful and fertile—'Libanus Almae Veneris; ' now it is in great part overgrown with asphodel and mallow. The cattle on Isola Sacra are always peculiarly inquisitive when they notice people on foot and in town-clothes. It is best to keep near the palings, or staccionata. The name of its church with the tall mediaeval campanile—**S. Ippolito**—will recall the famous Bishop of Porto.

In the first half of the third century, during the troubled pontificates of Zephyrinus and Callistus, when various heresies on minute points of Christian doctrine were agitating and dividing the Church, the great defender of the faith, the author of *The Refutation of all the Heresies*, who did not hesitate to resist and condemn one Pope,

and actually excommunicate another, was Hippolytus, Bishop of Porto, who was afterwards (under Maximin) banished to Sardinia, and eventually, according to the poetic story in Prudentius, suffered martyrdom in the suburbs of Rome.

'The Roman Church comprehended, besides its Bishop, forty-six Presbyters, and seven Deacons, with their subordinate officers. Each Presbyter doubtless presided over a separate community, each with its basilica, scattered over the wide circuit of the city; they were the primary Parish Priests of Rome. But besides these were suburban Bishops of the adjacent towns, Ostia, Tibur, Porto, and others (six or seven), who did not maintain their absolute independence on the metropolis, each in the seclusion of their own community; they held their synods in Rome, but as yet with Greek equality rather than Roman subordination; they were the initiatory College of Cardinals (who still take some of their titles from these sees), but with the Pope as one of this co-equal college, rather than the dominant, certainly not the despotic, head.

'Of all these suburban districts at this time Portus was the most considerable, and most likely to be occupied by a distinguished prelate. Portus, from the reign of Trajan, had superseded Ostia as the haven of Rome. It was a commercial town of growing extent and opulence, at which most of the strangers from the East who came by sea landed or set sail. Through Portus, no doubt, most of the foreign Christians found their way to Rome. Of this city, Hippolytus was the bishop, Hippolytus who afterwards rose to the dignity of saint and martyr, and whose statue, discovered in the Laurentian cemetery, now stands in the Lateran. Conclusive internal evidence indicates Hippolytus as the author of the *Refutation of all Heresies*. If any one might dare to confront the Bishop of Rome, it was the Bishop of Portus.'—*Milman, 'Hist. of Latin Christianity.'*

Here Dante makes the rendezvous of the happy souls, whom the celestial pilot is presently to transport to purgatory.

'sempre quivi si ricoglie,
Qual verso d' Acheronte non si cala.'

—*Purg.* ii. 104.

The mouth of the Tiber is very different now to that which Virgil describes:—

'Atque hic Aeneas ingentem ex aequore lucum
Prospicit. Hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amoeno,
Vorticibus rapidis, et multa flavus arena,
In mare prorumpit. Variæ circumque supraque
Assuetæ ripis volucres et fluminis alveo
Aethera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant.
Flectere iter sociis, terræque advertere proras,
Imperat; et laetus fluvio succedit opaco.'

—*Aen.* vii. 29.

From Porto, two miles of road, or river, lead to **Fiumicino**, a fishing village, which derives its name from its situation on the smaller branch of the Tiber, and which stands at the present mouth of the river. A row of modern houses was erected by the late Government, but it commands little view of the sea, owing to the sandbanks. The handsome castellated tower, with a lighthouse on the top, was built by Clement XIV. in 1773, almost on the edge of the sea. It is now seven hundred yards distant.

On the shore, half way between Fiumicino and Palo, the site of ancient Fregeneæ is marked by the tower and farm of *Maccarese*,

near the mouth of the river Arrone. The latter flows from Bracciano. The marsh called 'Stagno di Maccarese,' noted for snipe, answers to the description of Silius Italicus.

. . . 'Obsessae campo squalente Fregellae.'

—viii. 477.

It was hence that Tarquinius Priscus summoned Turrianus, a native artist, to make a terra-cotta statue of Jupiter for his temple on the Capitol. It became a Roman colony c. B.C. 245. This can be reached from Leprignano on the Via Aurelia from Rome.

CHAPTER XXVIII

CERVETRI

The best way of reaching this wonderful place is to go to **Palo**, on the Civita Vecchia line, by rail, and walk or cycle from thence. Sometimes it is possible to obtain a hired gig at Palo, by writing to order it from Cervetri. Places in the omnibus, 1 lira. Albergo Rossi, Caffè Passeggeri. 2000 inhabitants.

PALO (48 kil. from Rome) consists now of a tiny fishing hamlet, with a xvth century fortress on the sea-coast, marking the site of **Alsium** (on the ancient Via Aurelia), where Pompey had a villa, to which he retired in disgust when refused the dictatorship. Julius Caesar possessed a villa here, where he landed on his return from Africa, and to which all the nobles of Rome hastened to greet him. The Emperor Marcus Aurelius also had a villa here, to which several of the epistles of Fronto are addressed, who speaks of the place as 'maritimus et voluptarius locus.' Nothing now remains of the ancient town but some foundations of the villas near the sea-shore. The origin of Alsium is ascribed by Silius Italicus to Halaesus :—

'Necnon Argolico dilectum litus Halaeso
Alsium.'

—viii. 476.

Even from the station, the white walls of Cervetri may be descried under the low-lying grey hills on the right. The distance by the fields is about four miles, but by the high road it is nearly six. The former path turns off to the right, just after the road has crossed the Vaccina rivulet, and is not difficult to find, but it is impervious in times of flood, as near Cervetri another brook has to be crossed upon stepping-stones. This is the 'Caeretanus Amnis' of Pliny which is mentioned by Virgil :—

'Est ingens gelidum lucus prope Caeritis amnem,
Religione patrum late sacer; undique colles
Inclusere cavi et nigrâ nemus abiete cingunt.
Silvano fama est veteres sacrasse Pelasgos.'

—Aen. viii. 597.

'It is the **Caeritis Amnis** on whose banks Tarcho and his Etruscans pitched their camps, and Aeneas received from his divine mother his god-wrought arms, and the prophetic shield eloquent of the future glories of Rome,

"clypei non enarrabile textum,
Illic res Italas, Romanorumque triumphos,
Fecerat Ignipotens."

The eye wanders up the shrub-fringed stream, over bare undulating downs,

the *arva lata* of ancient song, to the hills swelling into peaks and girt with a broad belt of olive and ilex. There frowned the dark grove of Silvanus, of dread antiquity, and there, on yon red cliffs—the ‘ancient heights’ of Virgil—sat the once opulent and powerful city of Agylla, the Caere of the Etruscans, now represented, in name and site alone, by the miserable village of Cervetri. All this is hallowed ground—*religione patrum late sacer*—hallowed, not by the traditions of evanescent creeds, nor even by the hoary antiquity of the site, so much as by the homage the heart ever pays to the undying creations of the fathers of song. The hillocks, which rise here and there on the wide downs, are so many sepulchres of princes and heroes of old, coëval, it may be, with those on the plains of Troy; and if not, like them, the standing records of traditional events, at least the mysterious memorials of a prior age, which led the poet to select this spot as a fit scene for his verse. The large mound which rises close to the bridge may be the *celsus collis* whence Aeneas gazed on the Etruscan camp. No warlike sights or sounds now disturb the rural quiet of the scene. Sword and spear are exchanged for crook and ploughshare; and the only sound likely to catch the ear is the lowing of cattle, the baying of sheep-dogs, or the cry of the *pecorajo* as he marches at the head of his flock, and calls them to follow him to their fold or to fresh pastures. Silvanus, ‘the god of fields and cattle,’ has still dominion in the land.’—Dennis, ‘*Cities of Etruria*.’

The most conspicuous feature in distant views of the town is the ugly castle (1674) of Prince Ruspoli, who is Prince of Cervetri, and to whom most of the land in this neighbourhood belongs. The people all work in gangs, long lines of men and women in their bright costumes digging the land together. Most travellers who come upon them thus, will be struck with the rude songs with which they accompany their work, one often leading, and the rest taking up the refrain in long melancholy cadences.

Cervetri was called Agylla by the Pelasgi, and Caere by the Etruscans. Tradition says that the latter name was given to it because when the Etruscan colonists were about to besiege it, they hailed it, demanding its name, and a soldier on the walls answered *Xaïpe*—‘hail!’ which, upon its capture, they afterwards chose for the name of the city.

The earliest mention of Agylla is to be found in Herodotus. Its Tyrrhenian inhabitants, having conquered the Phocaeans in battle, cruelly stoned to death the prisoners they brought back with them. Afterwards every living creature who approached the spot where this tragedy had been enacted was seized with convulsions or paralysis. The oracle of Delphi was consulted how the wrath of the gods might be appeased, and the people of Caere were commanded to celebrate the obsequies of the slain, and annually to hold games in their honour, which, says Herodotus, was done until his day.

Virgil indicates its early importance, by describing that its ruler Mezentius sent 1000 men to assist Turnus against Aeneas.

‘*Haud procul hinc saxo incolitur fundata vetusto
Urbis Agyllinae sedes; ubi Lydia quondam
Gens bello praeclara, jugis insedit Etruscis.
Hanc multos florentem annos rex deinde superbo
Imperio et saevis tenuit Mezentius armis.*’

—*Aen.* viii. 478.

In the time of the Roman monarchy Caere was one of the twelve confederated towns of Etruria. When Tarquinius Superbus was expelled from Rome, Livy relates that, with his two younger sons, he took refuge there. In B.C. 365, during the Gaulish invasion, Caere became the refuge of the Vestal Virgins and the Flamen Quirinalis, and its people are said to have successfully attacked the Gauls who were returning with the spoil of Rome, and to have taken it from them, which is unlikely. From the belief that Etruscan priests of Caere first instructed the Romans in their mystic religious rites has been deduced the word ceremony—'Caeremonia' (Caeremunus).

In the early times of the Empire the town is described by Strabo as having already lost all trace of its ancient splendour, but in the time of Trajan its medical waters—Aquae Caeritanae (Bagni del Sasso), the same which Livy mentions as flowing with blood—led to some return of its former prosperity. From the fourth to the eleventh century it possessed a cathedral and a bishop. The Lombards had meanwhile occupied it. Since then it has increasingly decayed, part of the inhabitants removing to a town on another site—Ceri Nuova—and leaving to the old city the name of Caere Vetus—Cervetri. As we pass the ruined church of 'La Madonna dei Canneti' in the reedy hollow, and ascend the hill of Cervetri, the walls and towers built by its Orsini barons rise picturesquely along the crest of the hill, constructed with blocks of orange-coloured tufo, taken from the Etruscan fortifications. They end in a picturesque mediaeval gateway.

Here we must enter the town to engage the custode of the tombs and insist upon his accompanying us, which, with true Italian love of '*far niente*,' he is not always very willing to do. Lights must also be taken. The ancient city, which was of oblong form, was nearly five miles in circuit, and filled the tufo promontory, one small corner only of which is occupied by the mediaeval town. Of all this scarcely anything, except a few fragments of wall rising upon the cliffs, can be discovered; but it is not so with the Necropolis.

One must descend the path which turns to the right outside the gateway, leading immediately under the walls over some waste ground covered with the Virgin's thistle, and down a steep path into the ravine of '*La Buffalareccia*,' watered by the stream called '*Ruscello della Madonna de' Canneti*.' Mounting the opposite hill, we find ourselves on high breezy downs overgrown with sweet basil and violets, and with a delightful view towards the sea, as well as to the mediaeval city rising on its orange crags, half-buried in bay and ilex. This hill-side is called '*La Banditaccia*'—from being *terra bandita*, land set apart by the commune, while the final syllable of the name is due to its unproductive character; and this was the Necropolis of Caere. Many of the tombs were hollowed in the cliffs as in Northern Etruria, but the largest and most remarkable are burrowed out of the tufo beneath the upland turf, and are often quite plain. In other cases they are indicated by a tumulus, or a pyramid.

Many of the tombs are worth visiting, but that which is far the most striking is the furthest in the line, the **Grotta dei Bassi-Rilievi**, which is often filled with water, and difficult of access. When we first visited Cervetri, we considered this vast sepulchral chamber, adorned as it is with huge shields and other weapons, sculptured in the boldest relief out of the solid rock, and casting long shadows in the glare of the torchlight, to be one of the most striking sights we ever looked upon. But during later visits the tomb has been inaccessible from the water with which it was filled.

The **Grotta de' Tarquinj** (found 1846), the tomb of the Tarquins, the family of the last of the Roman kings, is most interesting. It consists of two storeys, the lower chamber is reached from the upper, and is covered with inscriptions rudely cut and painted in red or black, in which the name of Tarchnas occurs at least thirty-five times.

The **Grotta dei Pilastri** is supported by two fluted columns. It is surrounded by the usual shelf, with divisions all round for two bodies in each, and has an inner chamber for Heads of the family.

The **Grotta de' Sarcophagi** still contains three large tombs of alabaster—'a kind from the Circean Promontory.' One of these is in the shape of a temple, with lions and sphinxes at the angles. Two of these support grand figures of warriors. One lies flat upon his back like a Templar, the other has turned away upon his side toward the wall. The third sarcophagus bears no figure, and is beautifully transparent. It is so seldom that monumental effigies can still be seen *in situ* in the Etruscan sepulchres, that this tomb is most interesting, as well as impressive. It is often filled with water, but it is possible to enter, by creeping round the couches upon which the sarcophagi are laid, and the reflection of the torches in the water adds to the effect of the scene.

The **Grotta del Triclinio** is covered with nearly-effaced paintings of an archaic character, banqueting-scenes, repeated again and again, and animals. Bas-reliefs of a boar and panther are sculptured near the entrance. The paintings in this tomb are especially interesting, because Pliny mentions ancient paintings, believed to be of earlier date than the foundation of Rome, as existing in his time at Caere.

These are the most remarkable of the tombs on 'La Banditaccia,' but there is another tomb on the other (S.) side of the road, leading up to Cervetri, which should be visited, not so much for what it is now, but as the place where the most remarkable of the Etruscan ornaments now in the Vatican were discovered (1836). This tomb is called the **Grotta Regulini-Galassi** from its discoverers, the arch-priest Regulini of Cervetri and General Galassi. The opening to the tomb is a rude arch surmounted by a block of *nenfro*, formerly under a low bank in a ploughed field. This gives entrance to two chambers.

'In the outer chamber, at the further end (when the tomb was opened), lay a bier of bronze, formed of narrow cross-bars, with an elevated place for the head. The corpse which had lain on it had long since fallen to dust.

By its side stood a small four-wheeled car, or tray of bronze, with a basin-like cavity in the centre. On the other side of the bier lay some twenty or thirty little earthenware figures, probably the lares of the deceased. At the head and foot of the bier stood a small iron altar or tripod. At the foot lay also a bundle of darts, and a shield; and several more shields rested against the wall. All were of bronze, and beautifully embossed, but apparently for ornament alone. Nearer the door stood a four-wheeled car, which, from its size and form, seemed to have borne the bier to the sepulchre. And just within the entrance stood, on iron tripods, a couple of cauldrons, with a number of curious handles terminating in griffons' heads, together with a singular vessel—a pair of bell-shaped vases, united by a couple of spheres. Besides these articles of bronze, there was a series of vessels suspended by bronze nails from each side of the recess in the roof. The tomb had evidently contained the body of a warrior.

'The door of the inner chamber was closed with masonry to half its height, and in it stood two more pots of bronze, and against each doorpost hung a vessel of pure silver. There were no urns in this chamber, but the vault was hung with bronze vessels, and others were suspended on each side of the entrance. Further in, stood two bronze cauldrons for perfumes, as in the outer chamber; and then, at the end of the tomb, on no couch, bier or sarcophagus, not even on a rude bench of rock, but on the bare ground, lay—a corpse?—no, for it had ages since returned to dust, but a number of gold ornaments, whose position showed most clearly that, when placed in the tomb, they were upon a human body. The richness, beauty, and abundance of these articles, all of pure gold, were amazing. There were, a head-dress of singular character—a large breastplate, beautifully embossed, such as was worn by Egyptian priests—a finely-twisted chain, and a necklace of very long joints—earrings of great length—a pair of massive bracelets of exquisite filigree work—no less than eighteen *fibulae* or brooches, sundry rings, and fragments of gold fringes and laminae, in such quantities, that there seemed to have been an entire garment of pure gold. Against the inner wall lay two vessels of silver with figures in relief,'—Dennis, '*Cities of Etruria*.'

'Now comes the grand wonder—this had been a woman! Whether a warrior queen or a priestess, none can tell. Greatly honoured and sovereign in power she had certainly been, and her name was 'Larthia,' which, as 'Lars' means 'sovereign or greatly exalted man,' probably means 'sovereign or greatly exalted woman.' A quantity of vases were in the tomb, some of them bearing the names of 'Larthia,' and others of 'Mi Larthia.'—Mrs. Hamilton Gray, '*Sepulchres of Etruria*.'

On the edge of Monte Abetone, where Canina placed the sacred wood of Silvanus mentioned by Virgil is the tomb called **Grotta Campana** (1850), a single chamber, divided into three parts by Doric columns. The first chamber displays a remarkable fan-like decoration on the ceiling. On the walls are reliefs in stucco, and the number of curious vases found here are preserved in their places.

The **Tomba del Vestibolo Rotondo** is on Monte d'Oro. On Monte Padula, a mile off, occurs another important tomb, having a central chamber, a vestibule, and dependent small chambers. The Grotto Torlonia, with quasi-Greek pilasters in its vestibule, is not distant. The first chamber contains fifty-two sepulchral shelves.

The ancient **Baths** are to be found at Orta della Paola, two miles west towards the sea, beyond the picturesque village of Sasso, which latter commands a beautiful prospect.

It is a twelve miles' walk of great attractions from Cervetri by Castel Giuliano to Bracciano.

Three miles east of Cervetri is *Ceri Nuova*, the mediaeval town fortified by the Orsini.

(In the hilly country between Corneto and Civita Vecchia, picturesquely situated in a wild district, is *Tolfa*, much resorted to in summer on account of the mineral baths in its neighbourhood for the cure of rheumatism, gout, and neuralgia. A little to the west of this is *Aluminiera*, with very remunerative alum-mines.)

CHAPTER XXIX

CORNETO

(Corneto, 6300 inhab., may easily be seen in the day from Rome by taking the earliest train on the Leghorn Railway, and returning by the latest; or it may be combined with a second day's excursion to Ponte del Abbadia. There are three tolerable inns at Corneto—Alberghi di Filippo Benedetti: Piazza Cavour, Gius. Giudizi; Via dell' Indipendenza.

A visit to the magnificent Etruscan collection in the Vatican ought both to precede and follow an excursion to Corneto, and will give it a double interest. In the Vatican also are copies of the most important paintings in the Corneto tombs, which, having been taken when the originals were less injured than they are now, will explain much that is of necessity hastily and ill seen by the flickering torchlight. The careful study of *Dennis' Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria* will also add greatly to the pleasure of seeing the places he describes.

The first care of every one on arriving at Corneto should be to secure the services of the custode of the tombs on the Monterozzi, who will also supply lights, though wax tapers—'cerini'—may with advantage be taken out from Rome.)

THE journey as far as Palo has already been described. Beyond Palo, passing on the left the square tower called *Torre Flavia*, Ladispoli, a modern bathing place, and Casa di Furbara, we reach the station of **S. Severa**, with a picturesque mediaeval castle projecting into the sea, and built upon a foundation of polygonal blocks of masonry, being a remnant of the ancient walls which may be traced for some distance enclosing a quadrangular space about half a mile in circuit, and which marks the site of Pyrgi (turres), the 'Pyrgi veteres' of Virgil,¹ the port and arsenal of Caere, from which it is six miles distant (63 kil. from Rome).

Pyrgi was famous for its temple of Eleithyia,² or Leucothea³ (identified by late Romans with their Dea Matuta), founded by the Pelasgians, and so wealthy, that when in B.C. 384 Dionysius of Syracuse descended upon Pyrgi, he carried off treasure from it to the amount of 1000 talents. There are no remains of the temple existing. Strabo speaks of the town as a small one, and in the time of Rutilius it was only a large villa.

'Alsia praelegitur tellus, Pyrgique recedunt;
Nunc villae grandes, oppida parva prius.'

—*Itin.* i. 223.

¹ *Aen.* x. 184.

² Strabo.
274

³ *Arsit.*

The Via Aurelia next passes the site of Panapione.

We next reach the station of **S. Marinella**, with another mediaeval castle overhanging the sea, and a palm-tree in its garden. It marks the site of the Roman station of A.D. *Punicum*. An ancient bridge survives, by which the Via Aurelia crossed the Castrica. A mile from hence in the direction of Civita Vecchia is the *Puntone del Castrato*, where some Etruscan tombs, lined and roofed by large slabs of stone, were opened by a Duchess of Sermoneta in 1840.

The tower called **Chiaruccia** (Cape Linaro) now marks the site of Castrum Novum, another station on the Via Aurelia, and soon after this **Civita Vecchia** comes in sight. This, the ancient Centumcellae, is a place utterly devoid of interest, and in the eyes of those who arrive at Rome by sea, used only to be associated with much discomfort and an ardent desire to get away. The origin of the place was due to the construction of its port by Trajan, of which Pliny has left an account.¹ (Alberghi Orlandi, Ternale, Europa.)

The town was strong enough in A.D. 528 to successfully resist Totila; but in 820 the Saracens destroyed it utterly. The walls are the work of the short-lived Urban VII. (1596.)

The Duomo (S. Firmina) is not interesting; but the Fortress, SW. of the town, was designed by Michelangelo, and actually built by San Gallo.

‘Ad Centumcellas forti defleximus Austro;
Tranquillâ puppes in statione sedent.
Molibus aequoreum concluditur amphitheatrum,
Angustosque aditus insula facta tegit;
Attollit geminas turres, bifidoque meatu,
Faucibus arcetatis pandit utrumque latus.
Nec posuisse satis laxo navalia portu,
Ne vaga vel tutas ventilet aura rates.
Interior medias sinus invitatus in aedes
Instabilem fixis aëra nescit aquis.’

—*Rutilius*, i. 237.

Apollodorus was the architect, who also built Trajan's Forum. The opening is defended by three forts, and the area within covers 132,000 square yards. The Arsenal was designed by Bramante. The Aqueduct of Trajan was restored by Innocent XII.

‘Whoever has approached the Eternal City from the sea must admit the fidelity of the above picture. As Civita Vecchia was 1400 years since, so it is now. The artificial island, with its twin-towers at the mouth of the port: the long moles stretching out to meet it; the double passage, narrowed almost to a closing of the jaws: the amphitheatre of water within, overhung by the houses of the town, and sheltered from every wind—will be at once recognised. It would seem to have remained *in statu quo* ever since it was built by Trajan. Yet the original town was almost utterly destroyed by the Saracens in the ninth century; but when rebuilt, the disposition of the port was preserved, by raising the moles, quay, and fortress on the ancient foundations, which are still visible beneath them.’—*Dennis*, ‘*Cities of Etruria*,’ ii. 1.

Monotonous plains, covered with lentisk, cork, and myrtle, separate Civita Vecchia from Corneto. Half-way between the two

¹ *Ep.* vi. 31.

the railway crosses the little river Mignone, anciently the Minio, mentioned by Virgil.

‘Qui sunt Minionis in arvis.’

—*Aen.* x. 182.

At its mouth stands the solitary tower of *Bertaldo*, marking the site of the Roman station **Rapinium**. It is popularly called **S. Agostino** from the charming story of the Bishop of Hippo which is associated with the spot.

‘While busied in writing his *Discourse on the Trinity*, S. Augustine wandered along the sea-shore lost in meditation. Suddenly he beheld a child, who, having dug a hole in the sand, appeared to be bringing water from the sea to fill it. Augustine inquired what was the object of his task? He replied, that he intended to empty into this cavity all the waters of the great deep. “Impossible!” exclaimed Augustine. “Not more impossible,” replied the child, “than for thee, O Augustine! to explain the mystery on which thou art now meditating.”’—*Jameson, ‘Sacred Art.’*

After passing Porto Clementino on the left, **Corneto**¹—‘the Queen of the Maremma’—crowns a long inland ridge of hills with its twenty-five towers, and, beyond it, rises a barren crest, which is the site of ancient Tarquinii.

A winding road ascends from the station, crossing the Aurelia to Corneto, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile distant. As we near the town its battlemented walls are very picturesque. Close to the gate in Piazza Cavour is the magnificent old Gothic palace of Cardinal **Vitelleschi**, whose splendid flamboyant windows are so little appreciated by the inhabitants of Corneto, that it has obtained the name of *Il Palazzaccio*—the great ugly palace. The court-yard has a beautiful cloister, with open galleries above, is now turned into a noble museum.

Cardinal Vitelleschi, who built this palace, is mentioned by a contemporary chronicler as ‘the most valorous captain of his time,’ and, for his services as General of the Papal armies, was strangely rewarded with a Cardinal’s hat by Eugenius IV. (1431–47). In his honour, also, an equestrian statue was erected in the Capitol by the Roman Senate, with the title of Pater Patriae, which had been bestowed upon Augustus; and, at the same time, because they were his fellow-townsmen, Roman citizenship was conferred upon all the inhabitants of Corneto. After rising to the highest point of prosperity, Cardinal Vitelleschi was suspected of treason by Pope Eugenius, and he was arrested as he was passing the castle of S. Angelo, but received so many wounds in attempting to defend himself and escape, that he died in the fortress, after only four days of imprisonment, in 1440. His shield of arms, with two heifers in allusion to his name, still hangs over his palace gate, and Corneto still possesses the bells of Palestrina, which he carried off, when, by order of that Pontiff, he took and totally destroyed that fortress of the Colonnese, as it were, in imitation of Boniface VIII., six generations previously.

¹ Probably from *Cornus arbor*, the cornel, which also gave its name to the Cornelian Gens. But this is not certain.



[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

E. END OF PLATEAU OF NECROPOLIS. CORNETO



[F. F. Tuckett, Esq.]

STA. MARIA IN CASTELLO AND GATEWAY. CORNETO

A lane, behind the palace, leads to the **Cathedral**, S. Maria di Castello—a good specimen of twelfth-century architecture (1121), having three naves and terminal apses. It contains a curious **pulpit** of 1209, by Giov. da Guidone, with lions on its staircase, a beautiful opus-alexandrinum pavement, an altar with a baldacchino inscribed 1060, and some tombs of bishops. The **baptistery** is octagonal, surrounded with slabs of different-coloured marble. Separated from the church stands its massive square campanile, shorn of one-third of its original height, and of the statues of horses from Tarquinii, which are said once to have stood on the angles at the summit.

The other churches are **S. Pancrazio**, in the central town, likewise with a separate campanile; **S. Francesco**, A.D. 1200; S. Giovanni, 1270; and **S. Maria di Valverde**, restored by Julius II. 1506; and S. Margherita, the present Duomo, containing good frescoes, but restored 1877. In the ex-convent of **S. Marco** stands a fine sarcophagus belonging to the Mezzopane.

One kilometre distant along the ridge, well out of the town, stands the *Villa Bruschi-Falgari*, rich in Etruscan antiquities, and possessing a beautiful garden with cypresses, and decorated with Etruscan vases and tombs. It commands a glorious view over the sea and islands toward the promontory of Argentara.

In one of the convent churches in the town, of which the family had been patrons, the body of Letitia Bonaparte—'Madame Mère'—(who died at Rome) with that of her brother, Cardinal Fesch, reposed for some years, but they are now removed to Corsica, to a church which the Cardinal had founded.

The hill of Turchina, separated from that of Corneto by a deep fossa through which flows the Sarriva, was the site of Tarquinii itself. It derives its name from Tarchon, a legendary companion of Aeneas in two wars against Turnus and Mezentius, who is said to have founded the city 1200 B.C., and to have been possessed of such wonderful wisdom, even from childhood, that he was born with a hoary head.¹

Silius Italicus² speaks of 'superbi Tarchontis domus': and Virgil says:—

'Ipse oratores ad me regnique coronam
Cum sceptro misit, mandatque insignia Tarchon,
Succedam castris, Tyrrhenaque regna capessam.'

—*Aen.* viii. 505.

Other authorities attribute the foundation of the city to Tages.

'Here, in the neighbourhood of Tarquinii, and about the period of its foundation, it came to pass, said the Etruscan tradition recorded in the sacred books of the nation, that as a certain peasant was ploughing the land, and chanced to make a furrow deeper than usual, up sprang a wondrous being, a boy in appearance, but a patriarch in wisdom, Tages by name, the son of a Genius, and grandson of Jove. The peasant, amazed at this apparition, uttered a loud cry: a crowd gathered round: and, "in a short time," says Cicero, who relates the story, "all Etruria was assembled on the spot." The

¹ Strabo, v. 219.

² viii. 475.

mysterious boy then made known to them the practice of divination by the inspection of entrails and the flight of birds; they treasured up all he had said or sung, and committed it to writing; and these records formed the code of the sacred Discipline of the Etruscans, which regulated their entire polity, civil and religious, and was by them transmitted to the Romans.—*Dennis, 'Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria.'*

“ At nymphas tetigit nova res, et Amazone natus
Haud aliter stupuit, quam quum Tyrrhenus arator
Fatalem glebam mediis asperxit in arvis,
Sponte sua primum, nulloque agitante, moveri;
Sumere mox hominis terraeque amittere formam,
Oraque venturis aperire recentia fatis—
Indigenae dixere Tagen; qui primus Etruscam
Edocuit gentem casus aperire futuros.”

—*Ovid, 'Met.' xv. 552.*

From its connection with the legend of Tages and his mystic rites, Tarquinii became the religious metropolis of Etruria, and continued to be regarded as the city especially honoured by the gods.

In the first century of Rome, Demaratus, a rich Corinthian merchant, migrated to Etruria, owing to political dissensions in his own country, and settled at Tarquinii, where he married an Etruscan lady, by whom he had two sons. He first taught the Etruscans alphabetical writing, and he brought with him Cleophantus the painter, and Euchir and Eugrammus, workers in terra-cotta, who instructed the people in their respective arts. The younger son of Demaratus, Lucumo or Lucius, married a noble Etruscan lady named Tanaquil, but nevertheless found every avenue to distinction closed to strangers amongst the Etruscans. Thus, after he had succeeded to his father's wealth, on his elder brother's death, his wife Tanaquil, who had the national gift of reading the future, urged him to emigrate to Rome. An augury confirmed her words; for when they reached the top of the Janiculan, an eagle swooped down, lifted the hat of Lucumo into the air, and, returning, replaced it on his head. He was welcomed to Rome, received the rights of Roman citizenship, changed his name into Lucius Tarquinius, was made guardian of the king's sons, and eventually was himself raised to the throne as Tarquinius Priscus.

The people of Tarquinia, mindful of their consanguinity to the Tarquins, joined with the people of Veii in attempting to reinstate the last king when he was exiled. After this they were frequently at war with Rome, success alternating pretty equal between the two cities. In the fifth century of Rome, Tarquinia fell completely under its dominion. In the eighth and ninth centuries of the Christian era it was devastated by the Saracens, and in 1307 it was entirely deserted and its buildings were utterly destroyed by the people of Corneto, then called Cortuessa, when the seat of the bishopric (founded in 465) was removed, under its fifth occupant, to the new town.

Behind and beyond Corneto stretch the barren rugged heights of **Monterozzi**, the Necropolis of old Tarquinia. Nothing is to be seen above ground but low mounds scattered over the tableland. The

number of tombs it contains has, however, been computed at not less than two millions, and the Necropolis is considered to be sixteen miles in extent! Above 2000 tombs have been opened, but only a few can be visited. Of these the most remarkable are:

The *Grotta Querciola* (1832), so called from its owner, surrounded by a double frieze of frescoes, representing, in the upper series, a banquet with musicians and dancers, and, in the lower, a boar-hunt in an oak-forest, with horses and dogs, and men brandishing spears for the attack and axes for cutting their way through the thickets. The latter fresco has sometimes given the name of '*Grotta della Caccia del Cignale*' to this beautiful tomb, which is much injured by damp. It was discovered in April 1831.

The *Grotta del Triclinio*, or *Del Convito Funebre*, was discovered in 1832. Five figures at the upper end of the chamber are reclining at a banquet, attended by a boy with a wine jug, while a man is piping to them. Above, are vines, with men gathering the grapes. Along the walls are figures, male and female, violently dancing, in different attitudes, and separated by trees and flowers, with birds on their branches, and rabbits beneath, perhaps indicating that the feast took place *al fresco*. On either side of the entrance is a man on horseback, and above them, two panthers. The sloping sides of the vaulting are painted with chequers in colours, and its broad central beam is adorned with ivy and lotus leaves.

The *Grotta del Morto*, opened 1832, is one of the most interesting of the series of tombs, though one of the smallest. In its frescoes an aged Etruscan lies on his deathbed, while his daughter is about to give him a last kiss; other figures stand near in attitudes of grief. The word '*Thanarsela*' is written above the head of the lady, and '*Thanaeil*' over that of her father. On the opposite side of the chamber naked figures are dancing and drinking at a feast in honour of the dead. Funeral wreaths hang round the walls of the tomb. In this, as in all the tombs, the flesh of the males is painted red, but that of the women left uncoloured. The paintings here are greatly effaced.

The *Grotta de' Pompei*, or *Grotta del Tifone*, discovered 1832, is deeper than the others, and of great size. The roof is supported by a square pillar, like those at Cervetri, and a triple tier of stone seats surrounds the chamber. On these are a number of stone sarcophagi, once surmounted by recumbent figures, of which two only remain perfect. One of the paintings which decorate the walls, considered by Dennis to be 'of much later date and higher style of art' than those in the other tombs, represents a miniature procession, in which the dead, a youth and a girl, are driven by demons to Hades. One of them has his claw upon the shoulders of the youth, and brandishes a hammer, the emblem of supernatural power, in the other hand. The heads of both are twined with serpents:—

'Serpentelli e ceraste avean per crine
Onde le fiere tempie eran avvinte.'

—Dante.

There is something very attractive in this picture, with its lost story. Mrs. Hamilton Gray thinks that Dante must have seen it before he wrote of Francesca da Rimini, and that in the agonised faces of those who are led away he read:—

‘Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.’

—*Inferno*, v.

In front of the central pillar is a square mass of rock which is supposed to have been an altar, on which sacrifices were made to the Manes. The front of the pillar itself bears an Etruscan inscription of nine lines, almost obliterated. Three sides of the pillar also are painted, one with a female figure ending in foliage, the others with Typhons.

‘One of these two figures is particularly fine. The attitude of the body—the outspread wings—the dark massy coils of the serpent-limbs—the wild twisting of the serpent-locks—the countenance uplifted with an expression of unutterable woe, as he supports the cornice with his hands—make this figure imposing, mysterious, sublime. In conception, the artist was the Michael Angelo of Etruria.’—*Dennis*.

The *Grotta del Cardinale*, in a hollow which leads toward the site of the city, was discovered in 1699, and finally opened in 1780 by Cardinal Gerampi, Bishop of Corneto. This is the largest of the tombs, being fifty-four feet square, with a low flat ceiling, divided by concentric squares, and supported by four massy pillars of the natural rock.

The paintings in this tomb have been greatly injured by the shepherds, who used to light their fires here, before it was protected by the Papal Government. Only the outlines can be traced, and that with difficulty. The figures represent, for the most part, a contest of good and evil spirits for the souls of the departed, like those which so long after were depicted by Orcagna at Pisa, and by Luca Signorelli at Orvieto. In one striking part of the series a soul is being wheeled in a car before the judge by good and evil genii, who try to draw different ways. The evil genii are all black.

‘There is one scene from this tomb of very remarkable character, delineated by Byres,¹ which is not now to be verified, as it has too much perished. It represents two children, Cupid and Psyche, the latter with butterfly wings, embracing each other; with a good genius on one side, and an evil one on the other. They appear to have the same symbolical meaning as the Cupid and Psyche of the Greeks, for the evil genius is drawing Cupid, i.e. the bodily appetites and passions, towards the things of this world, represented by a tree and a labourer hurrying along with a huge stone on his head, as if to intimate that man is born to trouble, and his lot below is all vexation of spirit; while, on the other hand, Psyche, or the more exalted part of human nature, draws him back, and her persuasions are seconded by the good genius, who, he it remarked, does not seize the soul, like the antagonist principle, but tries, with outstretched arms and gentle looks, to win it to herself. Behind her is a gate, through which a soul is calmly passing, as if to contrast the tranquil bliss of a future existence with the labour, unrest, and turmoil of this. It is a simple truth, eloquently and forcibly told.’—*Dennis*.

¹ *Hypogaei: or the Sepulchral Caverns of Tarquinia*, by James Byres, 1842.

These are the most important of the tombs. The next group of sepulchres is further on across the Monterozzi, two miles from Corneto.

The *Grotta delle Bighe* is covered with much-injured but once brilliant frescoes, representing on the end wall a banquet, on the side walls dances. The paintings are in a double frieze, the lower and larger of the two having a red ground. The smaller frieze is crowded with figures, and among them are several *bigae*, or two-horse chariots, whence the name given to the tomb. In the pediment over the door are two leopards and two geese, in the pediment above the banquet is a large amphora with a small naked figure on either side, and, beyond these, seated figures crowned with myrtle and olive.

The *Grotta del Mare* consists of two small chambers measuring fifteen feet by ten, and derives its name from four sea-horses painted upon the pediment of the outer chamber.

The *Grotta del Barone*, so called from Baron Stachelberg, by whom it was discovered in 1827, is decorated by a single narrow frieze, with a border of coloured stripes. The subject seems to be a race and the distribution of prizes.

The *Grotta Francesa*, discovered by Chevalier Kestner in 1833, is decorated with representations of a funeral dance, with pipes and castanets.

The *Grotta delle Iscrizioni*, discovered in 1828, is unlike the others. It is not situated in flat tableland, but is entered from the face of the cliff opposite the hill of Turchina. It is sometimes called the 'Grotta delle Camere Finte' from the false doors, which form part of its decorations, one in each wall. Between these are different pictures, games and dances being the subjects. Two figures seem to be playing at dice, two naked men are boxing, two others are wrestling. In another compartment is a horse race, in another a Bacchic dance. On the right of the entrance is a boy sacrificing a fish upon an altar, before which stands the divinity with a rod in his hand. Above the entrance are two panthers, and beyond them, on either side, a recumbent fawn and a goose. On the opposite pediment are panthers, lions, and stags.

'The inscriptions in this tomb give us some insight into its history. The first is a long semicircular line of letters, and may be translated—"The Priestess Caesanna Matuessa calls these games in honour of the Lar deceased, the glory of his age, the protector of our temples and our commerce." Following this comes the funeral procession. First, the newly-elected Lar Matuesius, perhaps brother to the priestess—then the families of the Lucumones, who are his nearest of kin, or whose offices oblige them to bear a part in his funeral train. One individual only is given of each family, on account of the confined space in which they are represented. Here we see (identified by the names inscribed on the walls) the Leneæ and the Pompey, both very noble houses of Tarquinii. Following them, the Prince Aruns Athvinacna representing the younger branches of the ruling house. Aruns means a cadet prince. After this come the Laris Phanuris or sacred mourners for the king, and the Velthuri or presidents of the various games and sacrifices. The races are contested by the royal guard, here called "Laris Larthia" or "Guardia Nobile." The wrestling is between Nucertetes, or Nicotetes, and "the Greek," perhaps some celebrated freedman or slave.

The boxing is between Anthasi and Verenes the son of Mea. This at least is a probable version of the story, and satisfied us after a very long and careful study of this tomb. The deceased Lar himself is not mentioned amongst the inscriptions, for his name and simple epitaph would be deeply engraved upon his ponderous collar, which lay, with his likeness in full length upon the lid of it, on one side of this painted chamber.'—*Mrs. Hamilton Gray.*

'To recapitulate these painted tombs in the order of their antiquity. First I should place the Grotta delle Iscrizioni. Second—the Grotta del Barone, as partaking of the same archaic character, yet with advancement in certain of the figures. Third—the Camera del Morto, as being of very similar style yet with less rigidity. Fourth—Grotta del Triclinio, which, though retaining certain archaisms in attitude and design, shows much of Greek feeling. Fifth—Grotta Francesca, which, though of inferior merit to the last-named tomb, shows more freedom, its defects being rather the result of carelessness than of incompetence. Sixth—Grotta della Scrofa Nera (almost impervious to visitors), which, though of less pure Greek feeling than the Grotta Triclinio, betrays more masterly design, and less of that conventionality which in various degrees characterises all the preceding. Seventh—Grotta Querciola, which displays great advancement in correctness and elegance, and much of the spirit of Hellenic art. Eighth—Grotta delle Bighe, whose upper band shows an improvement even upon the Querciola. All these must be referred to the time of Etruscan independence; for not one arrives at the perfection of the later painted vases, which date as far back as the fifth century of Rome. To a subsequent period belong—Ninth—the Grotta Cardinale; and, tenth—the Grotta Pompei, which can hardly be earlier than the latter days of the Roman Republic.

'It is worthy of remark, that all the painted tombs now open are beneath the level surface: not one has a superincumbent tumulus, though such monuments abound on that site. More than six hundred, it is said, are to be counted on the Monterozzi alone: and they may be considered to have been originally much more numerous. They seem to have been all circular, surrounded at the base with masonry, on which the earth was piled up into a cone, and surmounted probably by a lion or sphinx in stone, or by a *cippus*, inscribed with the name of the family beneath. After the lapse of so many ages, not one retains its original form, the cones of earth having crumbled down into shapeless mounds, though several have remains of masonry at their base. One (popularly known as "Il Mausoleo") is nearly perfect in this respect. It is walled round with travertine blocks, about two feet in length, neatly fitted together, but without cement: forming an architectural decoration which, from its similarity to the mouldings of Norchia and Castel d'Asso, attests its Etruscan origin. It rises to the height of five or six feet, and on it rests a shapeless mound, overgrown with broom and lentiscus. The entrance is by a steep passage, leading down to a doorway beneath the belt of masonry. The sepulchral chamber is not in this case remarkable: but beneath a neighbouring tumulus is one of very peculiar character. The rock is hollowed into the shape of a Gothic vault, but the converging sides, instead of meeting in a point, are suddenly carried up perpendicularly, and terminated by a horizontal course of masonry. The form is very primitive, for it is precisely that of the celebrated Regolini tomb at Cervetri, one of the most ancient sepulchres of Etruria, and also bears much resemblance to the Cyclopean gallery of Tiryns in Argolis.'—*Dennis.*

The excavations of Corneto are being constantly carried on, and many more important tombs have been opened since this account was written.

Beneath one of the tumuli of the Monterozzi, the Gonfaloniere of Corneto, Carlo Avvolta, opened, in 1823, the wonderful virgin tomb, whose discovery led to all the other excavations near Corneto. He was digging for stones for road mending, when he came upon a

large slab of *nenfro*. Gazing through a crevice beneath it, he says :—

‘I saw a warrior stretched on a bed of rock, and in a few minutes I saw him vanish, as it were, under my eyes : for, as the atmosphere entered the tomb, the armour, entirely oxidised, crumbled away into the most minute particles ; so that in a short time scarcely a vestige of what I had seen was left on the couch. . . . Such was my astonishment, that it would be impossible to express the effect produced upon my mind by this sight ; but I may safely affirm that it was the happiest moment of my existence.’

Turning down from the Monterozzi by the Grotta del Cardinale into the valley, the tourist should not fail to mount the opposite heights of *Turchina*, or *Piano di Civita*, for, though there are no remains of the city except a few blocks of the masonry which formed the foundations of its walls, the view is most beautiful of the orange-coloured cliffs which are crowned by the towers of Corneto, and, beyond, of the wide expanse of blue sea with the beautiful headland of Monte Argentario, its neighbouring islets of Giglio and Giannuti, and, in the distance, Elba, and even Monte Cristo.

Some extraordinary caverned tombs, once adorned with bas-reliefs, which may still be traced here and there, exist at the spot called *La Mercareccia*, about a mile from Corneto, reached by a lane which turns off to the left above the road to Civita Vecchia.

CHAPTER XXX

VOLCI (PONTE DEL ABBADIA)

(It is possible for those who wish to visit **Volci** to find rooms at Montalto, not in the (Locanda Minnetti) inn, but in a private house. But those who are not greatly pressed for time will do better to sleep at Corneto or Civita Vecchia, and go by the first morning train to Montalto, whence it is a drive or walk of six miles to Volci.)

Volci [Ponte del Abbadia] should be visited in the winter or early spring. A rough country cart is the only conveyance to be obtained at Montalto.)

SOON after leaving Corneto the railway crosses the little river Marta, close to the mouth of which, on its northern side, are some remains of Roman buildings, and a large arch of Etruscan masonry, with traces of a quay and port, which have been identified by Dennis¹ with Graviscae, the port of Tarquinii. The place is still as fraught with fever as in classical times, but its pine trees have disappeared.

‘Inde Graviscarum fastigia rara videmus,
quas premit aestivæ sæpe paludis odor.
Sed nemorosa viret densis vicina lucis,
pineaque extremis fluctuat umbra fretis.’

—*Rutilius*, ‘*Itin.*’ i. 279.

A little south of this is the little port of *S. Clementino*, whence corn and salt are exported in large quantities. Here Gregory XI., brought at last from Avignon though fatally-diseased, by the remonstrances of S. Catherine of Siena, landed October 18, 1376, thus ending what Petrarch rightly termed ‘the Babylonian captivity of the Papacy.’

Pursuing the Via Aurelia, at **Montalto di Castro** there is nothing to be seen save the sea. The rather dismal walled town stands on a hill around its castle about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the station, and is only remarkable as having given a Cardinal’s title to Sixtus V., whose father, Peretto Peretti, a gardener, had lived there in the utmost poverty, till driven by his debts to Fermo, shortly before the birth of the future Pontiff. Two miles south of it is the site of Forum Aurelii.

A desolate track leads from Montalto to Ponte del Abbadia, exposed to every wind, and, when we visited it in March, to

¹ *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, ii. 393.

driving snow-storms. The country is piteously bare, and owing to the prevalence of malaria is entirely uninhabited. A tumulus called the Cucumella is the only feature which breaks the bare outline of the treeless moors.

This gloomy prelude makes the transition all the more striking, when a path, turning down a hollow to the right, leads one directly into the beautiful ravine of the sparkling river **Fiora** (Armenita), which forces its way through a rocky chasm overhung with wealth of ilex, arbutus, and bay, and is one of the loveliest streams in Italy. The views near the bridge no one will omit, but there is a spot about a mile lower down the river called 'Il Pelago' (where an Etruscan bridge once existed), at which the river forms a rocky pool overhung by rocks and evergreens, which should also be visited, and, if possible, be painted.

Hence an ill-defined path along the edge of the cliffs leads to the **Ponte del Abbadia** (so-called from a Cistercian Abbey), which is one of the most glorious scenes in this land of beauty. A gigantic bridge 250 feet long, spans the river at a height of 100 feet, striding from one great orange-coloured cliff to another by a single mighty arch (65 feet), while on the other side, close to the bridge, rises a picturesque mediaeval castle with a tall square¹ tower. From bridge and rocks alike, hang stupendous masses of stalactites, often twenty feet in length, giving a most weird character to the scene, and formed by many centuries of dripping water, 'charged with tartaric matter.' The whole view is filled with colour; the smoke of the large fires which the guards at the castle burn to keep off the malaria adds to the effect, and the desolation of the surrounding country only renders it more impressive.

'The bridge is of different dates. It has three projecting piers of red tufo, much weather-worn, which are obviously of earlier construction than the neat and harder *nenfro* masonry which encases them. Both are in the same *emplecton* style, like the walls of Sutri, Nepi, and Falleri; and the *nenfro* portion is, in part, rusticated. The return-facing of the arch, however, is of travertine, and may with certainty be referred to that people, as it possesses features in common with bridges of undoubted Roman origin—the Ponte d'Augusto at Narni, and the celebrated Pont du Gard near Nîmes. The aqueduct, also (which occupied the parapet of the bridge), I take to be Roman, simply because it passes over arches of that construction; for the skill of the Etruscans in hydraulics is so well attested as to make it highly probable that to them were the Romans indebted for that description of structure. The tufo buttresses are very probably Etruscan, for they are evidently the piers of the original bridge. The *nenfro* and travertine portions are, in any case, of Roman times, whatever be the antiquity of the tufo piers.'—*Dennis*.

Scarcely anything is known of the history of **Volci**, one of the twelve confederated towns of Etruria, beyond the fact of the defeat and conquest of its people, together with those of Volsinii, in B.C. 280, by the Roman Consul Titus Coruncanius. The city, however, was not destroyed then, and continued to exist in imperial times, as is proved by inscriptions which have been found there, including

¹ Not round, as in the engraving in Dennis' book.

even some early Christian epitaphs. Now, however, scarcely a trace of the ancient city remains, and only a few fragments of wall, of imperial date, stand here and there above ground on the table-land which it once occupied upon the right bank of the Fiora, and which is still known as the 'Pian di Voce.'

Comparatively little also is now to be seen in the famous Necropolis of Volci, which occupied the summits of the cliffs on both sides of the Fiora about a mile below the Ponte del Abbadia, for though they are absolutely inexhaustible in the treasures they have afforded and continue to afford, the proprietors of the soil are so greedy of space, that a sepulchre is no sooner rifled of its contents, than it is filled up again. The tombs were first discovered by the earth falling in when some men were ploughing, in 1828. After that, Lucien Bonaparte, who had bought the Principality of Canino on the advice of Pius VII., made considerable *scavi*, appropriating the riches they afforded, and these excavations were afterwards continued by his family.

The points best worth visiting are on the left bank of the Fiora. Here is the before-mentioned sepulchral mound of *La Cucumella*, 200 feet in diameter and above forty feet high, once encircled by a wall of masonry. It was opened in 1829, but has been closed again. Two towers, one round and the other square, have been disclosed in the upper part of the mound, and it is supposed that there may have been once five of these towers on cones, as in the so-called tomb of Aruns near Albano. Beneath the towers were found two chambers approached by long passages, guarded by the sphinxes which are now at Musignano.

Near this is a walled tumulus called *La Rotonda*; and beyond it, near the Fiora, another smaller mound, called *La Cucumelletta*, which was opened in 1832. Near these an enormous tomb was discovered in 1857, consisting of a principal chamber with a pyramidal roof, surrounded by a series of smaller crypts, and approached by a passage 100 feet long. The principal tomb is surrounded by paintings:—Achilles sacrificing to the Manes of Patroclus: Ajax and Cassandra at the altar of Minerva: Masarna releasing Caeles Vibenna from his bonds, and other subjects, in good preservation. A tomb, opened in 1840, and reclosed, called the 'Grotta d' Iside,' was very curious, as containing painted ostrich-eggs, vases, and ointment pots decorated with figures of Isis, all evidently of Egyptian origin, as well as the effigies of the two ladies in whose honour it was constructed, one a miniature full-length marble figure, the other a bronze bust. On the opposite side of the Fiora, a tumulus, opened by Campanari in 1835, contained the skeleton of a warrior, with helm on his head, ring on his finger, and a confused mass of broken and oxidised weapons at his feet. The 'Grotta del Sole e della Luna,' opened in 1830, consists of eight chambers, with walls and ceilings carved in regular patterns.

Beyond that part of the Necropolis known as *La Polledrara*, the little river Timone flows under a natural arch called the Ponte Sodo, a miniature of that at Veii, and Ponte Terra, near Tivoli.

'On the painted pottery, found at Volci, it were needless to expatiate. Every museum in Europe proclaims its beauty, and, through it, the name of Volci, never much noised in classic times, and well-nigh forgotten for two thousand years, has become immortal, and acquired a wider renown than it ever possessed during the period of the city's existence. Volci has none of the tall black ware with figures in relief, which is peculiar to Chiusi and its neighbourhood; but of painted vases there is every variety—from the earliest, quaintest efforts, through every grade in excellence, to the highest triumphs of Hellenic ceramographic art. Of the early, so-called Doric, pottery, little is found at Volci; nor of the perfect style, which is predominant at Nola, is there so great an abundance here; the great mass of Volcian vases being of the Attic style—of that severe and archaic design, which is always connected with black figures on a yellow ground. The best vases of Volci, in the chaste simplicity of their style, closely resemble those of Nola and Sicily; yet there are characteristic shades of difference, in form and design, which can be detected by a practised eye. On this site, more than on any in Etruria, have been found those singular vases painted with eyes, so common also in Sicily, the meaning of which continues to perplex antiquaries.

'Although thousands on thousands of painted vases have been redeemed from oblivion, this cemetery still yields a richer harvest than any other in Etruria. No site has been so well worked by the excavator—none has so well repaid him; yet it seems far from exhausted. Nor is it rich in vases alone. Bronzes of various descriptions, mirrors with beautiful designs, vessels, tripods, *candelabra*, weapons—are proportionally abundant, and maintain the same relative excellence to the pottery. That exquisite *cista*, or casket, now in the Gregorian Museum, and which yields not in beauty to any one of those very rare relics of ancient taste and genius, was found at Volci. No site yields more superb and delicate articles in gold and jewellery—as the Cabinets of the Vatican and of Cavaliere Campana (now in the Louvre) can testify; none more numerous relics in bone—spoons, needles, dice, to wit—or more beautiful specimens of variegated glass.'—*Dennis*.

A visit to Volci finds its natural sequel at the *Palace of Musignano*, five miles distant, the property of Prince Torlonia, who bought it in 1854 from the Roman Bonapartes, with whom it was a favourite residence. It is an ordinary villa built on the site of the Cistercian Abbey ('*Abbadia*') which gave a name to the bridge at Volci. The gate and courtyard are adorned with griffins and lions from La Cucumella, but the collections of antiquities within, formed by Lucien Bonaparte and his widow, has been long since dispersed. The gardens and shrubberies, which are of great extent, are now overgrown and neglected. There is a lake with an island planted with willows from the grave at S. Helena.

The little town of **Canino**, which gives a princely title to the descendants of Lucien Bonaparte, is about two miles from the villa at the foot of the hill called *Monte di Canino*. In the church is a monument by Pampaloni to Prince Lucien, who died at Viterbo and is buried here, with his second wife. The Monte di Canino is 1380 feet in height, and, in its lonely position and limestone formation, greatly resembles Soracte. It is possible to proceed in a carriage from Canino to Toscanella, about nine miles distant, but as it is difficult to sleep there, and impossible to pass the night in the wretched locanda of Canino, it will be better to return to Corneto, and make the excursion from the latter place.

CHAPTER XXXI

TOSCANELLA AND CENTRAL ETRURIA

Toscanella (Albergo Porzi) is easily reached, either from Viterbo, eighteen miles by a good road ; or from **Corneto**, seventeen miles distant. (Locanda : Mancinelli.) If possible, the visitor should take an introduction to some private family in the town. The Etruscan sites beyond Toscanella are seldom visited, and can only in some instances be approached on horse-back or on foot. The accommodation is of the humblest description.

TOSCANELLA (anciently *Tuscania*), is visible from a great distance, on a height above the valley of the *Marta*.

‘ Vedemo Toscanela tanto anticha
Quanto alcun altra de questo paese.’

—*Fazio degli Uberti.*

Toscanella is mentioned by Pliny as amongst the municipal communities of Etruria, but otherwise unknown to history. It is situated on the right bank of the *Marta*. Its early importance has probably been exaggerated, owing to the discovery of a single tomb of great magnificence, which ought rather to be considered to attest the wealth and importance of an individual family. There are few traces of the Etruscan city, and only small vestiges of reticulated walling to mark the Roman settlement which followed it. The mediaeval remains of Toscanella are far more important. The hill of *S. Pietro*, which is $\frac{3}{4}$ mile outside the later town, was probably the *arx* of the Etruscan city. It is surrounded by a band of square mediaeval towers, which are double—‘a tall slender tower being encased, with no intervening space, in an outer shell of masonry.’ On this height also is the **Duomo** (*S. Pietro*), a most interesting building, partly of the ninth, partly of the eleventh century. It consists of a triple-recessed round-headed central door, above which runs a small open gallery of eleven arches. To this succeeds a magnificent wheel-window of elaborate design flanked on each side by a light of two slender arches. Above it, a rich corbel-table leads to an ordinary rough pediment. The wonderfully rich central section of this façade is adorned with figures of men, devils, and beasts, possible and impossible, in high relief. The side portals are closed. Within, the church is a museum of pagan relics: the columns which divide the nave from the aisles are Roman, the font rests on a pagan altar, and the crypt beneath the high-altar, said to have been a Roman bath, has twenty-eight ancient columns, some of them fluted.

'The date of the interior is known. It forms part of a church which was built, about the middle of the seventh century, when the bodies of the saints Secundiano, Marcellino, and Veriano, were discovered (at Celli in 628) and brought to Toscanella. A splendid crypt was, as usual, prepared for their reception beneath the sanctuary.

'The front must have been rebuilt at much later times. The style is very peculiar. In the works of the Lombards we find an abundance of dragons and serpents, but we do not find them coursing down the front, from the eaves to the portal, as in the present instance. At Viterbo, however, which is at the distance of only a few miles from Toscanella, traces of the same peculiarity exist. The same extraordinary animals, though injured by time, and half-concealed by whitewash, may still be perceived on the front of the Church of San Giovanni in Zoccoli in that city. That church is known to have been complete in 1037. It may therefore be safely assumed that the existing front of San Pietro of Toscanella was built in the first half of the eleventh century.

'The ruined building which adjoins the church is the remains of the episcopal palace. The bishop's chair, which had been removed from Santa Maria to San Pietro in the seventh century, was again removed to the church of S. James in the sixteenth century, when 'Toscanella' had shrunk to its present limits.'—*H. Gally Knight*.

'This great church stands in splendid solitude on a hill outside the city, and occupies the site of an ancient citadel. It is built on the Basilica-plan with a very deep presbytery. Its detail is quite rudimentary, but there is a certain fortress-like quality about the building, and a feeling for broad masses of masonry, which give one a favourable impression of the instincts of these early builders.'—*Reginald Blomfield*, in '*Quarterly Review*,' April 1903.

Near S. Pietro is the still older and exceedingly curious church of *S. Maria* (founded in the eighth century), whose façade of the tenth century with three round-headed doors, is richly decorated with an arcaded gallery, followed by a bold wheel window. The church ends in an apse containing a fresco of the Last Judgment (School of Giotto), and over the high-altar is a ciborium. The font is octagonal. The pulpit is a beautiful work of the thirteenth century. Ughelli (*Italia Sacra*) mentions that the episcopal chair was removed from S. Maria to S. Pietro in the middle of the seventh century, which proves that at least in the early part of the seventh century this church must have been in existence, and it is almost certain to have been in existence in the sixth century also, as the signature of a bishop of Toscanella occurs in A.D. 595.

The church was reconsecrated in 1206.

'We may conclude that **Santa Maria** was a finished building at the close of the sixth century: and the style of the interior of the church corresponds with that time. It is a studious, and not an unsuccessful, imitation of the Roman. All the pillars have foliage capitals, with no admixture of imagery: but, in the cornice, are seen a few of the symbolical figures which, at that period, began to make their appearance in churches.'—*Gally Knight*.

San Silvestro is also worth a visit.

After the beautiful churches, the chief attraction at Toscanella is the Etruscan museum and garden of the brothers Carlo and Secondiano Campanari, to whom the excavations of Tuscania are due, and who have largely contributed by the sale of their antiquities to all the important Etruscan collections of Europe. It is situated in the lower portion of the town. In the garden is a facsimile of an Etruscan tomb, opened by the Campanari, and inscribed 'Ecasuthinesl'

over the entrance. It contained the ten sarcophagi found in the original tomb. Upon each lies the owner, half reclining, as if at a banquet, who seems to be pledging his neighbour with the goblet in his hand. The flower-beds are fringed by sarcophagi, with Etruscans, male and female, reclining on the lids, leaning upon their left arms, and looking at the spectator,—and strange is the effect! In the tomb called *Il Calcarello*, opened by the Campanari in 1839, no less than twenty-seven sarcophagi were found, those of the women forming an inner circle, outside which lay their husbands. All the sarcophagi are of *nenfro*.

The tombs of Tuscania are chiefly hewn out of the cliffs in the neighbouring ravines. They have no architectural decorations. The most remarkable is that called *Grotta della Regina*, half a mile from the town, beneath the Madonna dell' Olivo. A long passage opens upon a square chamber supported by two columns, and behind it winds a labyrinthine passage, which leaves the tomb on one side, and, after many twists and turns, returns to it on the other. To visit this, lights are necessary.

Fourteen miles north of Toscanella on Via Clodia is *Ischia* (Locanda Saffi), an Etruscan site (Maternum), with ravines containing tombs and an unfinished mediaeval castle. Two miles west of this is *Farnese*, a walled townlet, also of Etruscan origin. Three miles further is *Castro* (Castremonium), where the hill-side is covered with the ruins of a flourishing city, utterly destroyed, cathedral and all, by Pope Innocent X. in 1647, because its bishop had been murdered by Ranuccio Farnese, Lord of Castro! The See was at the same time removed to Acquapendente. Castro is a beautiful place with ravines overhung with ilexes, two ruined bridges, and tombs and columbaria hewn in the cliffs.

Five miles west of Ischia is **Valentano** (Albergo del Sole), looking down upon the lake of Bolsena, and having a fine gate by Vignola, whence a bridle-path leads twelve miles to *Pitigliano*, passing on the way the little *Lake of Mezzano*, supposed to be the *Lacus Statoniensis*, mentioned by Pliny and Seneca. Pitigliano is a large place, picturesquely situated, like Civita Castellana and many Etruscan sites, on a tongue of land, surrounded by ravines. Close outside the city gate, called *Porta di Sotto*, is a fine fragment of the ancient wall in eight courses of tufo blocks. The neighbouring ravines are exceedingly beautiful, especially near the little waterfall called 'La Cascatella.' The height called *Poggio Strozzi* was once occupied by a castle of the Orsini, said to have been ruined after the last count, in a fit of jealousy, flung his wife into the ravine from the bridge above the Cascatella. Two strange figures lie here hewn out of the rock. The people call them 'Orlando and his wife.' Unfortunately they are only of cinque-cento origin, colossal ornaments of the Orsini villa.

Five miles NE. of Pitigliano is **Sorana**, also an Etruscan site, and almost picturesque place.

'In the centre of the town rises a precipitous mass of rock, whose summit commands one of the most romantic scenes in this part of Italy. The town

clustering round the base of the height—the grand old feudal castle, with its hoary battlements, crowning the cliffs behind—the fearful precipices and profound chasms at your feet—and the ranges of mountains in front, rising in grades of altitude and majesty, to the sublime icy crest of Monte Amiata.’

—Dennis.

The site was afterwards occupied by the Roman colony of Suana mentioned by Ptolemy and Pliny. The existing village stands on a tongue of land, ending on one side in the square tower of the cathedral (for it is still the see of a bishop), and, on the other, in a picturesque mediaeval castle. It was the birthplace of Hildebrand—Gregory VII., and in 1240 sustained a siege from Frederick II.

Sorana should be visited in the winter or early spring: it is ruined by the malaria.

‘Such is the summer scourge of “ariaccia,” that even the wretched hamlet to which the city has dwindled is well-nigh depopulated, and most of its houses are ruined and tenantless. It may well be called, as Repetti observes, “The city of Jeremiah.” It is but the skeleton, though a still living skeleton, of its former greatness. Pestilence, year after year, stalks through its long, silent street. The visit of a stranger is an epoch in the annals of the hamlet.’

—Dennis.

The finest of the tombs at Sorana is that called *La Fontana*, discovered by Mr. Ainsley in 1843, till which time Sorana was unknown to Englishmen. It is on the opposite side of the ravine which is reached by the western gate of the town. Above an arched recess, is a Doric frieze, followed by a pediment sculptured in bold relief with figures of a mermaid and a winged genius. The tomb is about seventeen feet wide and seventeen high, the pediment occupying seven feet. A long line of tombs, of Egyptian character, occupies the face of the cliff (Poggio Prisca) beyond *La Fontana*, but they are almost concealed by the brushwood. On the opposite side of the valley is the *Grotta Pola*, with a front cut in the tufo like the portico of a temple, having once had apparently four columns, of which only one now remains. In the same cliff (Poggio Stanziale) are many more Egyptian-like tombs, and some ‘house-tombs’ with ribbed and ridged roofs, one of them decorated with a colossal head on its pediment.

Sorana may be reached from Acquapendente or Orbetello as well as from Valentano.

Eight miles west from Sorana is **Saturnia**, reached by a bridle-path which fords the Fiora. It occupies a striking position above the valley of the Albegna, and is surrounded by fortifications of the fifteenth century. The present city, however, only covers a small part of the ancient area, of which fragments of the walls, of true polygonal masonry, may still be seen. Near the *Porta Romana*, by which the *Via Clodia* passed through the town to Rome, is a mass of travertine in which steps have been cut to the top, where are three graves or sarcophagi sunk in the level summit.

The Necropolis of Saturnia is ten miles distant from the city, on the opposite bank of the Albegna, at the spot called by the people *Pian di Palma*. The tombs here, for which the native appellation

is not *sepolcri* or *grotte*, but *depositi*, differ from all others in Etruria, being more like the cromlechs of Cornwall, and are supposed to be the work of the Aborigines, to whom Dionysius attributes the foundation of Saturnia.

‘They are quadrangular chambers, sunk a few feet below the surface, lined with rough slabs of rock, set upright, one on each side, and roofed over with two large slabs resting against each other so as to form a rude pent-house; or else with a single one of enormous size, covering the whole, and laid at a slight inclination, apparently for the same purpose of carrying off the rain. Not a chisel has touched these rugged masses, which are just as broken off from their native rock, with their edges all shapeless and irregular; and if their faces are somewhat smooth, it is owing to the tendency of the travertine to split in laminar forms. They are the most rude and primitive structures conceivable; such as the savage would make on inhaling his first breath of civilisation, or emerging from his cave or den in the rock. Their dimensions vary from about sixteen feet square to half that size, though few are strictly of that form. Many are divided into two chambers or compartments for bodies, by an upright slab, on which the cover-stones rest. In most there is a passage, about three feet wide, and ten or twelve feet long, leading to the sepulchral chamber, and lined with slabs of inferior size and thickness.

‘These tombs are sunk but little below the surface, because each is enclosed in a tumulus; the earth being piled around so as to conceal all but the cover-stones, which may have been also originally buried. In many instances the earth has been removed or washed away, so as to leave the structure standing above the surface.’—*Dennis*.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE ETRUSCAN SHORE

(Few, except thoroughgoing Etruscan antiquaries, will care to examine the shore of Etruria, partly owing to the difficulties which beset such an excursion, partly from the risks of fever, and partly from the miserable accommodation for travellers in this part of Italy. There are tolerable inns at Orbetello, Grosseto, and Campiglia, but they frequently change hands, so that it is not safe to give definite recommendations.)

TRAVELLERS from Rome to Leghorn, who are neither antiquaries nor artists, are generally oppressed by the ugliness of the lonely country through which they travel. The malaria, which affects the inhabitants, naturally causes the greater part of the country to be left untilled, and it is for the most part covered with low brushwood, or dank grass and thistles, which grow where they will over the windstricken uplands.

The wood which covers other districts is such as Dante describes :

‘Noi ci mettemmo per un bosco
Che da nessun sentiero era segnato.
Non frondi verdi, ma di color fosco,
Non rami schietti, ma nodosi e involti,
Non pomi v’eran, ma stecchi con toscò.
Non han sì aspri sterpi nè sì folti
Quelle fiere selvagge che in odio hanno
Tra Cecina e Corneto i luoghi colti.’

—Dante, ‘*Inf.*’ xiii. 3.

In summer, when the country is far less repellent, few see it, for it is more dangerous. Then it is—

‘The green Maremma!—
A sunbright waste of beauty—yet an air
Of brooding sadness o’er the scene is shed;
No human footstep tracks the lone domain—
The desert of luxuriance glows in vain.’

—Hemans.

Before the mysterious pestilence was known, this country was thickly populated, and students who have patience, in the safe winter months, to search for its hidden cities, and endurance to undergo a certain amount of self-denial while seeking for them, will be well rewarded.

“In the Maremma,” saith the proverb, “you get rich in a year, but—you die in six months:” *in Maremma s’arricchisce in un anno, si muore in sei*

mesi. The peculiar circumstances of the Maremma are made the universal excuse for every inferiority of quantity, quality, or workmanship. You complain of the food or accommodation. My host shrugs his shoulders, and cries, "*Ma che—cosa vuole, signor? siamo in Maremma*"—what would you have, sir? we are in the Maremma. A bungling smith well-nigh lamed the horse I had hired? to my complaints he replied, "*Cosa vuole, signor? è roba di Maremma.*" "Maremma-stuff" is a proverbial expression of inferiority. These lower regions of Italy, in truth, are scarcely deemed worthy of a place in a Tuscan's geography. "*Nel mondo, o in Maremma,*" has for ages been a current saying. Thus Boccaccio's Madonna Lisetta tells her gossip that the angel Gabriel had called her the handsomest woman "in the world or in the Maremma."—*Dennis*.

While the country is a desert, even the later cities are half-deserted and ruined.

'Guarda, mi disse, al mare; e vidi piana
Cogli altri colli la Maremma tutta,
Dilectivole molto, e poco sana.
Ivi è Massa, Grosseto, e la distructa
Civita vecchia, e ivi Populonia,
Che a penna pare tanto è mal condotta.
Ivi è ancor ove fue la Sendonia.
Questa città e altre chio non dico,
Sono per la Maremma en verso Roma,
Famose e grande per lo tempo antico.'

—*Fazio degli Uberti*.

The one highly picturesque point passed between Leghorn and Rome is where the salt lake of **Orbetello** (Albergo Nazionale, 3 kil. from the station) opens upon the right of the railway, across thick scrub, reaching in a shimmering expanse of silvery water, to the abrupt purple cliffs of isolated Monte Argentaro. On either side it is enclosed by long tongues of sand (Tomboli). Strabo¹ mentions this salt lagoon as the 'seamark,' and it adds greatly to the unhealthiness of the country, which, however, it abundantly supplies with fish. If it were deeper it might be more healthy. It is only five feet deep at present. Orbetello is surrounded by walls built in the seventeenth century by the Spaniards. On the side toward the sea they rest upon huge blocks of polygonal masonry. Several Etruscan tombs have also been found, but to what lost city these remains belonged has never been discovered.

At the point where the Feniglia, the southern sand-bank extending from Monte Argentaro, joins the mainland, stand the polygonal towered ruins of **Ansedonia** (375 feet), the Etruscan Cosa. It is a drive of five miles from Orbetello to the foot of the hill, and here, in a lane on the right of the high road, is a house called 'La Selciatella,' where a guide may be procured.

The conical hill which is occupied by the remains of Cosa rises 600 feet above the sea. The ancient road may be traced all the way up the ascent.

'The form of the ancient city is a rude quadrangle, scarcely a mile in circuit. The walls vary from twelve to thirty feet in height, and are relieved, at intervals, by square towers, projecting from eleven to fifteen feet, and of more horizontal masonry than the rest of the fortifications. Fourteen of

these towers, square and external, and two internal and circular, are now standing, or to be traced ; but there were probably more, for in several places are immense heaps of ruins, though whether of towers, or of the wall itself fallen outwards, it is difficult to determine.

‘Of gates there is the orthodox number of three ; one in the centre of the northern, southern, and eastern walls of the city respectively. They are well worthy of attention, all of them being double, like the two celebrated gateways of Volterra, though without even the vestige of an arch. The most perfect is that in the eastern wall. It is evident that it was never arched, for the door-post, still standing, rises to the height of nearly twenty feet in a perfectly upright surface ; and as in the Porta di Diana of Volterra, it seems to have been spanned by a lintel of wood, for at the height of twelve or fourteen feet is a square hole as if for its insertion.’—*Dennis*.

The interior of the walls of Cosa is now a mere wilderness of brambles. The view from the ramparts is most beautiful—Elba is visible, and, in the near distance, the island of Giannutri, the ancient Artemisia. Cosa is believed to have become a Roman colony B.C. 280 ; afterwards the fidelity of its people to the Romans, during the second Punic war, is spoken of by Livy.¹ Rutilius mentions the tradition that the inhabitants were finally hunted away from the town by an army of mice :—

‘Cernimus antiquas nullo custode ruinas,
Et desolatae moenia foeda Cosae.
Ridiculum cladis pudet inter seria causam
Promere ; sed risum dissimulare piget.
Dicuntur cives quondam migrare coacti,
Muribus infestos deseruisse lares.
Credere maluerim Pygmeae damna cohortis,
Et conjuratas in sua bella grues.’

—i. 285.

A delightful excursion may be made to *M. Argentaro*, anciently Mons Argentarius. On the summit of one of its two peaks is the Passionist Convent called *Il Ritiro*.

‘Necdum decessis pelago permittimur umbris,
Natus vicino vertice ventus adest.
Tenditur in medias Mons Argentarius undas,
Ancipitique jugo caerula rura premit.
Transversos colles bis ternis millibus arctat,
Circuitu ponti ter duodena patet.
Qualis per geminos fluctus Ephyreus isthmus
Ionias bimari litore findit aquas.’

—*Rutilius*.

At the base of the mountain on its south-eastern shore is **Porto d’Ercole**, the ancient Portus Herculis, in a most beautiful situation.

‘Haud procul hinc petitur signatus ab Hercule portus ;
Vergentum sequitur mollior ora diem.’

—*Rut.* 1.

This was the port of **Cosa** (Portus Cosanus), in the territory of which town Mons Argentarius was included. Thus Tacitus² calls ‘Cosa, a promontory of Etruria.’ Hence Lepidus embarked for Sardinia, when driven from Italy by Catulus in B.C. 78.

¹ xxvii. 10.

² *Ann.* 11.

It is about eight miles inland from Orbetello to **Magliano**, a miserable village with an old castle, lying between the Osa and the Albegna. Near this place, Dennis was led by the descriptions of Tommaso Pasquinelli, an engineer, to make researches, which have resulted in the identification of an undoubted Etruscan site (round which the circuit of walls, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles in circumference, may with difficulty be traced), with the long-lost and much-sought city of **Vetulonia**, a place of first-rate magnitude, one of the five cities which vainly undertook to assist the Latins against Tarquinius Priscus, and one of the twelve great towns of Etruria. Moreover, the place whence Rome derived its lictors and fasces and the use of brazen trumpets in war.

‘*Maeoniaeque decus quondam Vetulonia gentis.
Bissenos haec prima dedit praecedere fasces,
Et junxit totidem tacito terrore secures ;
Haec altas eboris decoravit honore curules,
Et princeps Tyrio vestem praetexuit ostro ;
Haec eadem pugnas accendere protulit aere.*’

—*Sil. Ital.* viii. 485.

Several painted tombs have been opened near this, though they have been reclosed; and many small Etruscan ornaments have been found.

‘To those who know Italy, it will be no matter of surprise that the existence of this city should have been so long forgotten. Had there even been ruins of walls or temples on the site, such things are too abundant in that land to excite particular attention; and generation after generation of peasants might fold their flocks or stall their cattle amid the crumbling ruins, and the world at large remain in ignorance of their existence. Thus it was with Paestum: though its ruins are so stupendous and prominent, it was unknown to the antiquary till the last century. Can we wonder, then, that in the Tuscan Maremma, not better populated or more frequented, because not more healthy, than the Campanian shore, a city should have been lost sight of, which had no walls or ruins above-ground, and no vestige but broken pottery, which tells no tale to the simple peasant?’—*Dennis*.

After leaving Orbetello, the railway crosses the river Albegna, and four miles further, the Osa, where there are remains of the ancient bridge by which the Via Aurelia crossed the river. At the point of the headland beyond this is another Etruscan site, in a village with a castle still bearing the old name, **Telamone**, which tradition says was derived from Telamon, the Argonaut. This is supposed to have been the port of Vetulonia. Here Regulus and many brave Romans fell in a magnificent victory over the united Gauls, B.C. 225. It was here that Marius landed on his return from Africa in B.C. 87. The few ruins remaining are all of Roman times. The *Torre della Bella Marsilia* records, in its name, the legend that a beautiful girl of the Marsilj family was carried off thence by pirates and taken to Constantinople, where she was raised by her charms to the dignity of Sultana.

This story is the subject of one of the most popular of the

refrains, with whose melancholy cadences the Maremma peasants still make the shores resound. It begins:—

‘I Turchi son venuti nella Maremma,
E hanno preso via la bella Marsilia.’

Eighteen miles north of Telamone is (on the railway) the fortified cathedral town of **Grosseto** (Stella d'Italia), five miles from which are the ruins of *Rusellae*. A guide should be taken from the hot springs called I Bagni di Roselle. Nothing remains except the walls, which enclose a space two miles in circumference, and which are for the most part ‘composed of enormous masses piled up without regard to form, and differing only from the rudest style of Cyclopean in having the outer surfaces smoothed.’ The ruins are almost inaccessible from the growth of the thorny shrub ‘*marruca*’ (holy thorn), with which they are surrounded.

Rusellae is believed to have been one of the twelve great cities of Etruria, and was one of those which united against Tarquinius Priscus. Livy mentions that in B.C. 300 the consul, M. Valerius Maximus, led an army into the territory of Rusellae, and there broke the might of the Etruscans: and in B.C. 293 Rusellae was again attacked, by Postumius Metellus, the consul, who took 2000 prisoners, and slew almost as many round the walls of the city. Rusellae continued to exist after the fall of the empire, and had a cathedral till 1138, when, owing to the number of brigands who infested the country, the bishopric was transferred to Grosseto.

West of Grosseto, the river *Ombrone* enters the sea. Pliny represents it as navigable.

‘Tangimus Umbronem! non est ignobile flumen,
Quod toto trepidas excipit ore rates;
Tam facilis pronus semper patet alveus undis,
In pontum quoties saeva procella ruit.’

—*Rutilius*, ‘*Itin.*’ i. 337.

North of Grosseto, the high road runs inland, passing the fever-bringing fens of the *Lago di Castiglione*, the Lacus Prilis of Pliny. On the left, it passes under the wooded hill of *Colonna*, supposed to have been the ancient Colonia, near which the before-mentioned ‘battle of Telamon’ took place, when the Cisalpine Gauls were defeated by an unexpected conjunction of two Roman armies under the Consuls Æmilius Paulus and C. Attilius, and the latter consul was slain.

On the coast beyond this is *Porto di Troja*, the ancient Portus Trajanus, and, near it, the little *Lake of Caldano* and *Porto Falese*, the Portus Faleriae.

‘Laxatum cohibet vicina Faleria cursum,
Quamquam vix medium Phoebus haberet iter.
Et tum forte hilares per compita rustica pagis
Mulcebant sacris pectora fessa jocis.
Illo quippe die tandem renovatus Osiris
Excitat in fruges germina laeta novas.’

Egressi villam petimus, lucoque vagamur ;
 Stagna placent septo deliciosa vado.
 Ludere lascivos inter vivaria pisces
 Gurgitis inclusi laxior unda sinit.'

—*Rutilius*, i. 371.

On the right of the road is **Massa**, occupying a knoll, with a small 13th-century cathedral dedicated to S. Cerbone. The place has so bad a reputation for malaria as to give rise to the proverb,

'Massa, massa,
 Salute passa.'

The high road rejoins the coast at **La Fallonica**, where there are extensive ironworks, founded by a Grand Duke of Tuscany. Fallonica occupies the centre of the bay of Piombino, in front of which lies Elba, and, nearer, the islets of Palmajola and Cerboli. The bay is closed by the peninsula of **Piombino**, the Ποπλώνιον ἄκρον of Ptolemy, which gives the title of Prince to the Buoncompagni family. The small town of Piombino is quite without interest, but, five miles distant, on the other side of the peninsula, is **Populonia**, with a picturesque mediaeval castle.

'The ancient family of the Desiderj have been the hereditary lords of Populonia for centuries; and they still dwell within the castle walls, in the midst of their dependents, retaining all the patriarchal dignity and simplicity of the olden time, and with hospitality in no age surpassed, welcoming the traveller with open doors.'—*Dennis*.

The walls of the Etruscan town Pupluna remain, and are about a mile and a half in circumference. They consist of rude masses of stone in horizontal layers. This is supposed to have been the most important maritime city of Etruria, and was the only Etruscan town which had a silver coinage of its own. The coins were stamped with the Gorgoneion, resembling the coins of Solon struck at Athens. It probably derived its importance from its nearness to the island of Elba (Ilva), the iron found there being taken to Populonia to be smelted, and exported to other places; but it must have also been an emporium for Campanian Greek trade of all kinds. Virgil speaks of it as a city of smiths. In B.C. 205, when Scipio was preparing his fleet for Africa, and the Etruscan cities brought him contributions, Populonia supplied the iron.¹ The town never recovered a siege from Sulla, and in the time of Strabo only the temples and a few houses remained in the old city on the height, though the port was still used, and a new town had grown up around it. In the time of Rutilius the place was nothing but ruins, though he mentions a beacon tower for ships on the highest point of the hill.

'Proxima securum reserat Populonia litus
 Qua naturalem ducit in arva sinum.
 Non illic positas extollit in aethera moles,
 Lumine nocturno conspicienda Pharos,

¹ Livy, xxviii. 45.

Sed speculam validae rupis sortita vetustas,
 Qua fluctus domitos arduus urget apex.
 Castellum geminos hominum fundavit in usus,
 Praesidium terris, indiciumque fretis,
 Agnoscere nequeunt aevi monumenta prioris;
 Grandia consumpsit moenia tempus edax.
 Sola manent interceptis vestigia muris;
 Ruderibus latis tecta, sepulta jacent.
 Non indignemur, mortalia corpora solvi;
 Cernimus exemplis, oppida posse mori.

—*Rut.* i. 401.

Gregory the Great, in the sixth century, describes the complete decay of the place, though it continued to be an episcopal see. The view is beautiful from the hill of

'sea-girt Populonia,
 Whose sentinels descry
 Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
 Fringing the southern sky.'

—*Macaulay.*

The hot springs, which were known as *Aquae Populoniae*, are those now called *Le Caldane*, at the foot of the hill of Campiglia, which is capped by mediaeval ruins. The Italian poet, Giosuè Carducci (*Enotrio Romano*), is a native of Serra near Populonia, and describes the desolate scenery of this district in his poems.

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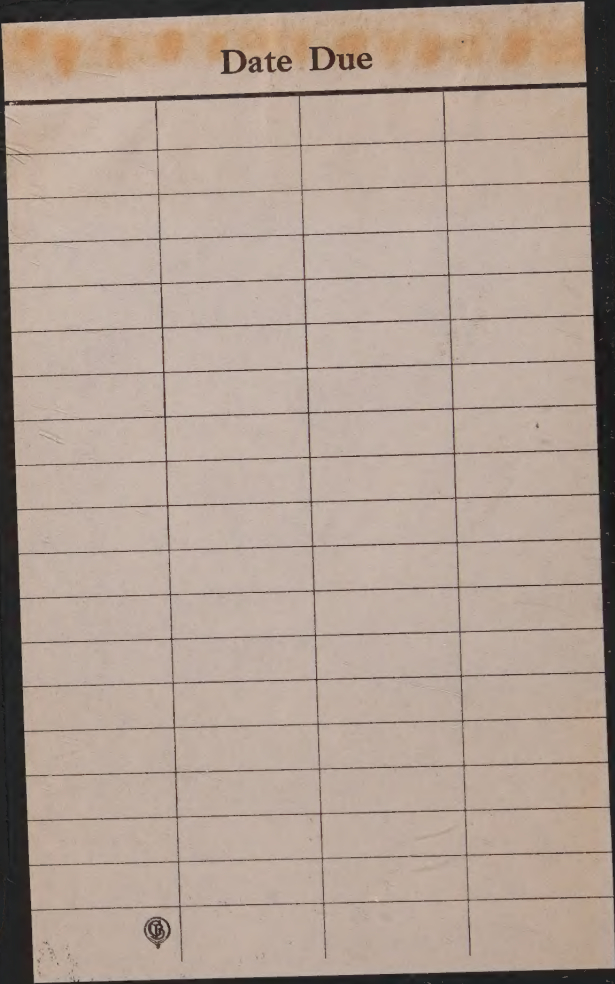
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